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THIRTY-SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT.

IN THREE PARTS. PART III.

His voice brought the whole group back, and the light showed the body of Thomas Green, a tumbled bloody heap on the floor of his own wagon. Thinking there had been some accident, they lifted out the yet warm body, and tried to believe he was not dead. The lawyer, alert and suspicious, was the first to say, "How could he have been hurt in his wagon so as to die? If we had found him bleeding by the roadside it would not have been so strange, — but in his wagon!"

They laid it back, stretched out with face upturned to the sky. There was no longer any thought of life.

The little group closed together again, and each man looked in his neighbor's face for some suggestion of what to do next.

"His mother is a widow woman, and alone; it would be a pity to take him back to her sudden," said the one who had offered to drive the lawyer.

"An' it wouldn't be any better to take him to Janet Wareham's," said another.

The lawyer struck in here with a wholesome suggestion: "Take him to the nearest doctor, and let him find out what has really killed him."

They clustered together around Cher-

ry's head, one man leading her. The lantern swinging in the station-master's hand threw a fitful light on the road, on the feet of the men, but left the wagon and its dead owner in deep shade.

The little village was black and silent, — not a light nor a sign of life. It was with the greatest difficulty that the doctor was knocked, rung, and pounded awake. At last he appeared in a dressing-gown, combing his hair with a pocket comb as he came hurriedly out the door. It was his habit, although it had horrified more than one patient, and he did it now, with his hat in the other hand, and talking all the way between the door and the gate.

"I have known the Green family and its constitution these forty years," said he, "and I did not expect any of them to die suddenly. It must have been an accident."

"We found him lying on his face," said the lawyer, answering a question of the doctor's. "He was bloody and still warm."

"The Greens never died of apoplexy," said the doctor. "Thomas was not of full habit, — he could not have had a fit. I met him two days ago, and never saw clearer eyes or a healthier skin." As he spoke he handled the body with a

skill which showed that he knew his profession, if he had lived twenty years in an obscure village, and acquired not a few eccentricities.

"The blood did not seem to have come from anywheres, as we could find," said a by-stander. "But then the mare had been going so hard and so long, it might have tumbled him round so's not to be easily found."

"The Greens were sensitive about the head," muttered the doctor, as he turned from his rapid feeling of the limbs to the face. "No wound there — the skull uninjured." The doctor's face began to lengthen. "This blood must have come from somewhere. Hold that light nearer — Ah!"

He tore away cravat and collar. "There it is! — a little wound, but in the right place. A pin-prick there would be surer than a bludgeon on the top of the head. Nobody can meddle with the spinal marrow and the medulla oblongata and live afterward."

The doctor, with a mixture of grief and professional satisfaction at having finally found the cause, pointed to a small wound in the back of the neck. "It is a clean little cut, and whoever did it knew where to strike."

"Whoever did it!" repeated a voice sharp with horror. "Then there has been murder!"

The words, the voice, struck a terror to the hearts of those standing round, and the gloom of the night seemed to deepen as each man suddenly realized what subtle treachery must have been at work in the wide darkness around them. The deep sleep of the village had been broken by the strange tumult and the lights at the doctor's door. Windows were raised, heads popped out, questions sharply asked and quickly answered, and the crowd had increased in numbers.

"We must see to this," said the same voice. "Has he been robbed?" The pockets of the dead man showed no signs of having been disturbed.

"Then it was not his money. Boys, we must take him back to his mother — or to — to — no, to his mother. Some of you do that, and the rest of us will go ahead, find the wagon tracks, and see where this was done. I harnessed the mare to-night, and I know he meant to leave home about 'leven. Somewhere on the road we shall find the marks of this."

It was Caleb who spoke, and his words appealed at once to that desire for action which comes after the first paralyzing influence of a great shock.

Other lanterns were brought and carried carefully along the road. It was easy to trace the wheel tracks; the mare had swerved here and there from the beaten ruts, as if with great shuddering fits and starts at the thought of the load she carried. For two miles beyond the village there was no other sign; then at the beginning of the narrow pass, which led through the grove of pines they found a hat, — his hat, — and it was carefully laid on the seat above the dead man's head. Here, about half-way down the length of the gorge, the wagon tracks ceased their deviations, and could no longer be distinguished from other wheel tracks.

Caleb stopped and held up his lantern, speaking again in that sharp, hollow voice which had chilled his hearers before, "He stopped guidin' her here, — it was done here, and we shall find the traces." Every lantern was lowered to the ground, throwing the strongest possible light around. They scanned the road with care, but Caleb's prophecy was not fulfilled. There was not a leaf disturbed among the ferns and grasses at the foot of the rocks, not a footstep except what they had made themselves. The lightning might have struck from the clouds and left more trace of its passage than they found here.

"Nevertheless," said Caleb obstinately, "it was done here. Them pine-trees could tell, if they would stop their ever-

lastin' sighin' and groanin'. I've always hated 'em. Well, I suppose we must go on."

They went; but from that place nothing was found that could give the slightest clue to the murder.

There was a light in the window of Janet's parlor, and as the roll of the wagon wheels sounded through the stillness the little procession saw it move up and down; then the door opened, and a low, sweet call sounded through the darkness. The men drew together, and one whispered, "It's her, — that's her call. I've heard her before, once. Shall we tell her? He will never answer her."

"No," broke in Caleb; "let her alone to night. She will hear quickly enough in the morning."

The house of Jack Osborn, a little further up the road, was dark and still when they went past, as if the inmates had been asleep for hours. Caleb eyed it keenly, as if he would penetrate the shadows and learn if all there slept the sleep of the just, or if there might not be one who wrestled with the horrors of a guilty conscience.

Mrs. Green was expecting her son with a guest, and as the wagon rolled slowly to the door and stopped they saw the light pass from one window to another and then pause in the hall. The men, too, paused and whispered, as when they went by the other house where there was an expectant watcher. Who was to tell her? The lawyer stepped forward. "I will meet her and break it to her as gently as I can. It will not be quite as hard for me, a total stranger, as for you who knew them both. Wait here, so as to bring it in."

They waited ten minutes and heard nothing; then the lawyer called from the door, "Come in here, some of you."

Mrs. Green was lion-hearted. She did not faint. Caleb wished she had, as he helped carry the body of her dead son past her into the house. She stood stiff in the position in which the lawyer had

first met her, and then she turned and followed the regular tread of the four bearers, and then stood stiff again when they laid it down. There was no softening the awful blow, and the stout heart had to bear it as it best could. Caleb took charge, and worked or gave orders, as were needed. He sent down and called up Jack Osborn's mother to come up and stay with Mrs. Green; he thought of everything, and was as skillful, thoughtful, and tender as a woman. Late in the night, when some measure of quietness was restored to the house, he remembered Cherry, and went out to feed her. As he stood by her manger the mare turned her fine-pointed ears restlessly back and forth, and looked at him with soft, dark eyes full of wistful questioning. He patted her neck. "Poor old girl, you will miss him, too. You would tell if you could, — and you have made me think of something; so eat your oats, and let me think," which he did to such purpose that the earliest light of the August morning found him on the way to the pine grove. He walked fast and talked to himself to relieve his feelings.

"Le's see — the fellow would have come from this direction, if my guess is right, and there would be some mark on the bank above where the wheel tracks showed Cherry begun to run." As he spoke, he reached the top of the bluff, and looked cautiously over; the tracks were to be easily discerned, but the bank was smooth, with not a trace of displaced stones or turf. Undiscouraged, he went back along the brow. "Perhaps he done it here, and Cherry did not realize it until she got a little farther along — E-h-h-h!" The mingled horror and satisfaction of that exclamation were tremendous, yet all that he discovered was a spot of moss on the edge of the bluff recently torn up, and below on a shelf of rock a bunch of sorrel crushed by the weight of feet. Caleb had made out his case to himself clearly. He folded his

arms and grimly surveyed the spot as the light of the sun fell redly on it.

"A fellow that can jump like a leopard, as he can, would n't make nothin' o' that, — 'specially if he was mad with hate. That's the way it was done, and he done it, or I miss my guess. I did n't know why it made cold shivers run down my legs when I saw him jump on that cow and kill her so quick, but I guess it was a kind of forerunnin'. I'll measure that stab in the back of his neck when I git back to the house, and in a day or two I'll have a chance at that long narrer knife blade, — if he's got it yet. Perhaps he might — have dropped it," and at the words Caleb stopped his meditation and began to hunt about. But a few minutes' careful search gave no return. "'Tain't likely he'd have dropped it, any way, — he'd have been much too cool-headed for that. He'd remember that that knife was known; too many seen it a month ago when he used it. He'd know it would testify against him if 't was found here. Oh-h-h! you cunning, creeping devil!" Caleb shook his stout old fists in the direction of Jack Osborn's house, and then went back.

He found the lawyer, intending to make out the case to him, but was ruthlessly snubbed by that acute individual before he had spoken ten words.

"I see; you suspect some one of being the murderer. Do not say anything about it to me; that sort of thing is not in my line. I am not a criminal lawyer."

His words had no effect on Caleb, to whom a lawyer meant merely a man conversant with law and skilled on any point. He overwhelmed the man by his simply inability to understand, made him listen, and interested him in spite of his determination to the contrary. He became thoughtful. "It looks plausible, and I should think there might be ground for an investigation, at least. But there is one point you must be clear on before you say anything about it and cast sus-

picion on what may be, you know, an innocent man."

"He — innocent!" Caleb ground out the words through set teeth "Somebody must ha' done it."

"No doubt. Nevertheless, before you can make your case clear, you must find out where your man was between the hours of ten and half past eleven, last night. If he cannot account for himself satisfactorily during that time, then you may begin to make a case of it; but if you cannot do that, I advise you to leave the matter alone, and keep your suspicions to yourself."

This looked like an easy thing to Caleb: one or two questions asked in a free and easy way of some of Jack's household would undoubtedly give the desired information, and he left the lawyer, to assume the new character of detective.

When the quivering messenger, sent to Janet the next morning, told the terrible news, her eyes dilated with horror at the thought, and for a time it was all the feeling she had. Taken from her ruthlessly, violently, at one stroke! She could not realize that he was gone, that the call he had given the night before was the last sound she was to hear from him. She went immediately to the house, and stayed with Mrs. Green, but would not go in to see her dead lover.

"I cannot, — do not ask me. I wish to remember him only as I saw him last, alive and well. How can I carry with me, all the weary years that are stretching out before me, a recollection of him as pale and cold, not answering to my look, or holding out his arms to me?"

So she pleaded with tearless eyes, and they said no more. Mrs. Green was large-hearted enough to see the force of her reasoning, and Mrs. Wareham said to herself, "Sorrow has many forms; my daughter's is different from what mine was for her father, but then Thomas was not her husband."

For days the expectancy of seeing him lingered with Janet, and she restlessly awaited him as of yore; then, as he did not come, the full sense of her loss began to fold and close in upon her. This had been the foreboding thought when she spoke of "the long, weary years to come;" they stretched out before her a desolate waste, full of the sorrow which gets up and lies down with one, and knows no interval of peace. Tears sometimes eased her for a moment, but they were rare. Her mother would have comforted her, but could not.

"There is no comfort," said she. "Time and use may dull the edge of my sorrow, but I cannot be comforted. How could I, unless he were given back to me? That is what I want, and of that there is no hope."

Both Mrs. Green and Janet talked over Thomas's great discovery, and decided, if it were possible, to give it to the public at once, and they both turned to Jack Osborn for help. He had been a little distant and absent in manner since the death of Thomas; yet he gave Janet a sense as if he were hovering round to help her, but would not intrude a word or an act. She sent for him one day, a month after the event which had so changed her life, explained to him what they wished to do, and said, "Jack, you can do this best. Thomas told you more of the details than he ever did me. I often prevented him from telling me, because I wanted to keep my eyes on the bright side when he came to me despondent with failure. But you were with him in his laboratory, and used to see him experimenting. You can understand those curious machines and the papers covered with figures and odd names, if any one can."

Jack made a pretense of objecting at first. "No, no," said he, "you can do it as well as I. You could learn all the signs and abbreviations in a day, and you ought to have the privilege." He looked at her, and her clear, sad eyes met

his, — his with a spark of anger at the lines of sorrow in her face, but with never a spark of remorse. For the time the whole strength of his nature was given over to its passion for her, and nothing else found room.

"No, you must do it. You were his dearest friend and best knew his plans. You must be the greatest friend to his mother and his — widow, I almost said."

Jack gave a little start at the words. "No, not that. Give me the key to the laboratory, and I will go in now, since you wish it so much, and take a look at things."

Mrs. Green handed it to him, and he passed up the stairs, opened the door of the little room, and went in.

He was bending over a sheet of manuscript, when something, a feeling of a presence, although there had been no sound of footsteps, made him turn round. Old Caleb stood close behind him, looking at him silently. How could those stubbed, cowhide boots have brought him into the room so quietly! It gave Jack a feeling of resentment. "How like a cat you can walk, Caleb! I would not suppose that three inches of sole leather could be carried so still. You crept in like a wild cat."

"When he means mischief, eh? I ain't equal to nothin' of that kind. I could n't come creepin' and crawlin' up behind a man, and jump on him tiger-cat fashion, and send him rolling in his blood afterward. I come to ask if ye could give me the measure of that knife ye had the day ye stuck the cow in the back of the neck so handsome."

Caleb had one satisfaction in his new career of detective: he made Jack Osborn wince for a moment. For a moment that supple, nervous hand hesitated; the eyes wandered round the room uneasily, and could not brook the old man's keen glance. With a wavering movement he took the knife from a pocket at the hip, and gave it to Caleb without asking what he wanted it for.

"Five inches long, and an inch wide at the widest part. A knife, like that don't make a very wide cut, but if it goes deep enough in the right place it's just as good. Thankee, Mr. Osborn. I'll remember ye when ye want any favors of me."

It was all the satisfaction Caleb was ever to have, that single interview with Jack, in which the latter lost his presence of mind a little. The link which would have made his case was never found. Janet had seen Jack at eleven, and at half past eleven he was heard by several members of his family going up the stairs to his own room. Caleb, knowing the capacity of Jack's wiry frame, believed that the deed had been done in that half hour; but who else would believe that a man could go a mile to the pine gorge, commit a deed which required a jump like that, and get back again to his bed so quickly? The amateur detective was baffled here and thrown utterly off the track. Nobody else had suspected Jack, and Caleb was too honest a man to breathe his suspicions unless he had proof enough to sustain him. Day after day went by, and he felt that his chance grew less and less. Jack was never off his guard, — was never again betrayed into anything which even to the watchful Caleb seemed like a flicker of guilt.

Meantime, Jack worked over the papers that Thomas had left. At first he thought he should easily succeed in arranging and reading them. So many theories had been confided to him and talked over with him by Thomas, he had seen so many experiments tried and had them explained to him, that he did not dream of any difficulty. But as he went on, he found greater and greater difficulties. As usual, Jack had been mistaken in his estimate of Thomas. Thomas had a trifle more man of the world in him than even the latest revelations of his character had let Jack suppose. The latter found out that, intimate as they had been, Thomas had never dropped a word,

or explained an experiment, by which any one could follow closely the labyrinth of his plans and imitate the conclusion to which he had arrived. Jack worked steadily a week, and then did his late friend's character that posthumous amount of justice. He threw down the papers one day in a fit as nearly like despair as his temperament would allow.

"Where a man has invented arbitrary signs to describe chemical results following upon the use of certain chemical constituents of which one has no idea, how is it possible to see what he means! Then add to that a system of values known only to himself, expressed by letters, and both signs and letters used in equation and formulæ, and where are the Egyptian hieroglyphics, I should like to know — a mere A B C by the side of this. I am not superstitious," and he glanced up at a picture of Thomas which Janet had hung on the wall that day, saying that it would serve as an inspiration, "but if I were, I should say that that photograph was mocking my failure."

Failure! The word stung him like an insult; it was something which had never overtaken him yet. Wherever he had really given his whole soul to a thing, he had succeeded sooner or later. He could not give up this, so rich a prize, so near him.

"I must find it, — I must get the secret," he murmured. "Then the patent I shall persuade Mrs. Green to have made out for Janet; then when I marry her I shall" — He stopped there, not from remorse or fear, — the time for those had not come, — but simply because he would not blind himself by thoughts of his success. For several days he abandoned all effort with the papers, intending to take hold freshly after the interval of rest thus obtained.

Caleb, the faithful, had attached himself to Janet and Mrs. Green, as if he belonged to them by right. He religiously carried out on the farm all the

plans Thomas had so much as hinted at, and used his best endeavors to prevent Mrs. Green from selling the place.

"Nothin' will ever seem like home to ye as this place has," said he. "You 're too old and set in your ways to like new places, and as sure as you try it you will have a great hankerin' after the house you have lived in for forty year, and you won't nowhere find nothin' like it. You 'll want to be seein' them smooth, green fields without a rock in 'em, thanks to the great invention, when you look out the window, and you 'll miss 'em if you are away from 'em."

There was truth in this which struck Mrs. Green, though she knew that there were two sides to the argument. She needed a change of some kind; to live there alone was impossible. She offered to rent half her house to Janet and Mrs. Wareham, an offer which they accepted at once, understanding that it meant companionship and consolation, and also that they would be near the laboratory and Jack.

The way in which Caleb contrived to give his suspicions of Jack Osborn to Janet, and to her alone, would have been a curious psychical study. She would not at first recognize that she shrank from Jack as she never had before; she was continually obliged to force herself to be open and friendly and on the old terms with him. Finally, the effort became too great to be ignored any longer. She took hold of it with her strong reason; looked at it in different lights; asked herself sternly if she could show just cause for shrinking from the most intimate friend of Thomas, who was trying to help her, trying to put the discovery of her lover before the world, doing her a great favor with entire unselfishness. She turned her feelings about, scrutinized them thoroughly, and found not a shadow of justification for her aversion, and therefore decided she would have none. She hunted and chased her feelings out and shut the door, and there

they were again, — impalpable, formless, below reason, and uncontrollable. She began to wonder if there could be any truth in the popular idea that women were unreasonable beings guided by a few instincts, like will-o'-the-wisps, and not amenable to the same mental laws as men.

Caleb first put her feelings into a shape which her reason could pronounce worthy of attention. He went from his work one evening in the twilight past the house of Janet. She had gone back there to nail up an Ayrshire rose which had been blown from its fastenings by the wind. It was a thrifty briery climber, and as she scratched her hands with the long sprays there arose a vivid memory of Thomas and herself as he helped her train it two years before. Caleb came along, and paused at the gate.

"Good evenin'," said he.

Janet responded kindly, as she always did, knowing his worth and his devotion to the memory of Thomas.

"I've got a fine new knife, Miss Wareham, just like the one your friend Jack Osborn always carries." He took it out and brought it to her. She showed a little aversion to taking hold of it, which those clear old blue eyes instantly saw. "'T ain't like his exactly, Miss Janet; there ain't no blood on it."

She shivered and looked in his face, wide-eyed, and with suspicions gathering and pressing in formless crowds. He waited a moment to let them take shape, and nodded without speaking. "Caleb, Caleb," she stammered, putting her hand on his arm, "what is all this? There has been something in the air, I think, for weeks, which I have felt, but could not explain. Do you feel it too?"

"I feel it, but it's not in the air; it's in my mind. Perhaps I spiritooally conveyed it to you, though I hain't ever set up for a meejum."

"Do you know anything, Caleb? Has any one found out who the — who it was?"

"Nobody but me, and I always knew. But it ain't no use. The lawyer said it would n't be, and it ain't. Who'd believe that anything but a leopard or a tiger could go a mile, do a thing like that, and get back to bed inside of half an hour! It's my belief that he slowed the clock that his mother said struck the half hour just as he came in and went up-stairs, — slowed it before he went out. He is smart enough for that. But there's no proof."

Janet questioned a little more, and her mind, quickened in action by the horror of the thought, soon straightened and made clear Caleb's somewhat disconnected story, — how his suspicions were first aroused, what he had seen at the gorge, and also that he had measured the wound inflicted on the body, and found it the same width as Jack's knife blade at the widest part.

"But you see it's all circumstantial, the lawyer said, and there's a link wantin', besides. I dunno as I should have thought of it, to begin with, if I had n't been lookin' at the mare's ears, and thinkin' how she knew, and wishin' she could tell; and it seemed a'most as if she did tell me when she heard me say so out loud."

Janet saw as clearly as Caleb that there was not proof enough to make a formal accusation; nevertheless, the conviction sank into her heart, like a stone into a well, that Jack was the murderer.

Later, when she was half-way home, she met Jack, and he, turning back, walked along with her, talking in his low, pleasant tones and most genial mood. She met him with all the awfulness of the belief that he had killed her lover fresh in her mind, and her looks, her tone, must have showed that there was something wrong. Yet his manner gave no token of anything unusual in her. She felt her suspicions begin to die down a little. It could not be possible. If he were such a guilty creature, how could he meet her eyes with

that soft, approving glance which always made her feel that everything she did was agreeable to him? How could he take her hand in the easy way he now did and draw it through his arm, remarking something about the darkness coming on? Human nature was not equal to such heights of deception, such depths of wickedness. Surely, if he were guilty, the sense of it ought to be on her as strongly in his presence as in his absence. She did not understand how the magnetism, the fascination, which the powerful nature of the man exercised on all that came near him could restore in a great measure the old charm of their intercourse.

As they entered the house, he turned to go up the stairs toward the laboratory, and then pausing said, "After a week of rest, I am to have a night of work;" and added in a lower voice, the tones of which were full of longing and defiance curiously blended, "Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered."

Her startled eyes met his, and for a second he seemed to search hers to their depths and find the secret she was trying to hide. He went on up the stairs three steps at a time. He had felt her changed manner — he felt every shade of change in her; sometimes to his discouragement — to-night the marked difference stung him to his work. His determination not to fail strengthened with every inch of the gulf that was widening between them. Never had his whole will and energy been so wrought up and concentrated; he felt that if it were necessary he could almost penetrate the veil between him and the unseen, to wrest its secret from the spirit that had passed through.

As the hours went on, his intellect working at its best, he began to perceive a clue to the meaning of the calculations which covered sheet after sheet of manuscript in a close hand. He followed it with the silent, cat-like intensity characteristic of his nature. He made no

movement, save occasionally to stretch out his hand for another sheet with a quiet, gliding motion, but sat, his limbs tense with excitement, his face pale, his eyes broadly opened, as if he saw the moment drawing near when he could spring upon the desired object. The night was dark with a velvety blackness, different from that blue darkness which the presence of stars gives, and so still and warm as to be oppressive. The windows and blinds were thrown open, and some moths, attracted by the light, came in and scorched themselves in the flame of the lamp, after the manner of their kind; and after the manner of mankind, while they fluttered with pain, they were unable to resist temptation.

As hour after hour went by, the stillness and blackness of the night began to be deepened by the heavy mutterings of thunder and by gleams of lightning. The storm came nearer, bringing a warning force of electricity on its black wings that awoke the deepest sleepers far and near in every house.

Jack heard and saw nothing save that he was drawing near the end of his quest; he was at last reading the problem aright. Opposite the window, on a low platform, stood a complicated and delicate machine, — an orderly, glittering combination of wheels, chains, bolts, and glass, ending in a plate-glass retort, steel-hooped, and with a slender, pointed cap of solid steel riveted on at the turn of the neck. Manuscript in hand, he went over the machine carefully, and felt sure he understood the method of its working.

"There is neither cold nor hail to-night," he said to himself; "but I must put this into operation." As he spoke, he hooked chains, fastened bolts, inserted staples, with quick-moving fingers, and lastly connected the whole with a bright steel rod that ran upward through the roof. Lightning immediately began to play down this and over the instrument in pale blue flickers. He smiled a

little and bent nearer, to see any effects that might have begun to appear. There was a roar that shook the house from chimney-top to foundation stone, and brought each living person in it to his feet. It was thunder, — yet not thunder alone. What mighty spirits had Jack invoked other than the lightning?

When silence came at last, and the three terrified women mustered courage to move and speak again, they went as by a common instinct to the little laboratory. It was easy to enter, — the splinters of the door strewed the staircase from top to bottom. Clinging to Janet, who was the calmest of the three, although her hand shook as she held the lamp above her head, they saw the inside of the room completely gutted by the tremendous forces that had been at work; and under the twisted, shivered, blackened ruins of the machine lay the body of Jack Osborn, with the pointed cap of the retort driven into his brain. After the terror of the first moment was over, Mrs. Green, hoping that there might be some life in him yet, wished to get into the room. But Janet was at first cold and silent, and then resolutely turned away, and would offer no assistance, give no encouraging advice. If she opened her lips, or permitted herself a word, she feared she should say, "It is retribution. Let him lie, as a better than he has lain." Her passive resistance prevailed, though Mrs. Green never understood it, and Jack lay there, until a little later the voice of Caleb was heard at the door, and they hastened to let him in.

"I kind o' scented that something was wrong, and so I come over. My spirit-uality is pretty wide awake these days, Miss Janet." It was Caleb who made his way through the wreck and ruin of the room, and who said to Mrs. Green, lamenting that she had not been able to do it herself, "T wa n't no sort of use; he was stone dead before you got here. It's likely he never knew himself what killed

him, it was done so quick," and an odd tone of regret, as if he wished it could have been a longer agony, was in the old man's voice, but no tinge of sorrow.

And so the secret of the great discovery was lost.

— "To be found," said Areto, "centuries later, by another race of men, and applied to a civilization then undreamed of." He rolled up the yellow leaves of the manuscript, and the group began to rouse themselves from the spell which the story had cast over them, and to separate. Hamas was left with Areto.

"I am conceited enough," said the former, "to think that we Maoris have advanced in all points far beyond this race. Their civilization in some respects had reached a high pitch, yet it was uneven. In this day it is hard to imagine a man going about with murder lying dormant in his heart, as the Jack Osborn does in this story, and yet associating on equal terms with a woman like Janet and a man like Thomas."

"We are beyond them in our general average of advancement," said Areto; "yet I think people could be found among us as full of evil possibilities and capacities as that handsome, fiendish, interesting Jack."

"Doubted," replied Hamas. "Ages of culture have had their effect on us. The evil has been educated out of the natures of the fathers, and the children have inherited a less capacity for it, and their children still less, and so on down the generations, until in our day to carry envy to such a point that it can provoke murder is as unimaginable by us as that we should rack and torture our neighbors and burn them at the stake. Very likely the Yankee of 1879 could not imagine how his ancestors four hundred years before could do that."

Areto smiled, and answered, "So you have been reading that Fox's Book of Martyrs and believing it. It lay in the ruined house where it was found along

with a book three hundred years younger, — a navigator's book, upon which we have made no improvement, boast as we may. But, as I said, we may be beyond them in our average civilization, yet there are not now among our own women any finer, stronger characters than this Janet Wareham showed."

"Still, that it must have been a rare character is evident by the whole tone of the story. All the women of her time were not like her."

"That must be true, Hamas; for even to you as well as to me she is a remarkable person. Think what qualities she showed: such entire sympathy with her lover's work, — she could have understood it in its smallest details, if she had chosen, — and then such splendid practical knowledge; how she got the patent for his rock-burner; what strong self-control not to breathe her suspicions of Jack, for she did positively know he was guilty! I can fancy that her life after the death of Thomas was one of devotion to his memory and of kindness to his mother. I am certain she never married, but died at last leaving a void in the hearts of all that knew her. What a pity that she had to die, — that she is not living now!"

"Areto, I believe you have fallen in love with this maiden eighteen hundred years old. Why do you not try to find some trace of her? The manuscript speaks of her having a house in some city. Who knows but it was this one; and who knows but that somewhere in it there may be found some personal trace of her, — a jewel with her name on it, a ring, something by which you will be able to realize her to yourself?"

"That is my dream," said Areto, in an intense tone, "and you spur me on to new efforts. I hoped in every pause of my reading that I might hear a shout from my men, and that in the new excavation I should find some trace of her. What happiness it would be to find anything that actually belonged to her!"

"Why may you not?" said Hamas.
"The story speaks of a picture" —

"It does; and in this very city it was left, as you may remember."

"Ah," said Hamas, "then you know it was this city?"

"Yes," replied Areto, looking a little confused. "I have reason to think so. The name in her letter is the same as part of that on the stone panel which I said was Hartford Fire Insurance. She uses the first part only, Hartford, which may have been a colloquial expression for the whole."

"I believe, Areto, you have certainly fallen in love with her. If you should meet her counterpart in the course of your life, you would immediately love her."

"Her counterpart, — there could be no one like her."

"Why not? Does nature never repeat herself? You know there is a tradition that a remnant of that Yankee nation survived as late as two hundred years ago. If that is so, there may be descendants who would still have a touch of that blood and many of the characteristics."

"Would it might be so! But that tradition is obscure, and those survivors were far from here, and all is so uncertain."

"True, true; and yet far back among my own kindred there is a story of an ancestress from one of these very people. I will look into it."

"Why trouble yourself, Hamas? If it were so, would there be any one like this girl? I trow not." So they separated, and each went to his own house.

The next day Areto explored again the ruin in which the manuscript had been found, half hoping that it might prove to be the house he wanted. Not a lump of earth but was broken, lest it should contain some treasure; not a particle of brick or mortar but was carefully taken up, lest there might be something under it, but he received no reward for

his search. As he climbed out from the pit, an outcry was heard among his men, who were still digging at the spot where the rustling leaf of manuscript had been wafted by the wind. His heart beat quickly, and he flew toward the spot.

"We have come upon a house, we think," said the foreman, "but Gioglio has fallen in. He is not hurt, however, and we shall soon dig him out."

The deep, strong substratum of red clay, nearly as hard as the red sandstone which lay still further below, had been penetrated only by severe labor with the picks; but at the last it had suddenly caved in, betraying the fact that there was a room or cellar below. This was an unusual thing, and Areto gazed down into it with the most ardent hopes. The form of the man Gioglio was already emerging from the débris in which he had fallen, and in another moment he was dragged out and found unhurt. The labor of clearing away the solid pieces of clay from the interior and of uncovering the rest of the room took an hour or two more, and then Areto sent away his men, and stood alone on the floor of what had been a small marble-paved vestibule, the traces of the wall dividing it from a larger room being perfectly apparent. The outer walls were standing to the height of six feet, having been preserved by the stiffness and weight of the clay. In the larger room some glimmering remains of color showed that the wainscot had been painted, and as he slowly traced out the design he felt a keen pulsation of joy. The glimmering gold of the groundwork was not all gone, and on it was the dull green stem, the blue blossom, of the blue-weed which Janet Wareham had written about so many years before. He would not believe it fully until, with further search, he discovered the delicate tracery of the morning-glory between each stiff, upright stem. Then he stood back in the middle of the room, and for a few minutes allowed himself the full belief that he had at last found the

long-sought house, — that he at last stood in the very room which this girl had once brightened with her presence. He drew a sigh of contentment, and then sprang to renewed search. To the floor he now looked; the dry, hard clay had preserved the different articles as in a sheath, or as a fossil fish is sometimes found in a geode. A large lump of clay gently cracked revealed a small bronze figure, the Florentine flying Mercury, with its exquisite proportions, the little wings of the cap and ankle-a-flutter with the instinct of flight which pervades the limbs.

“Good work, — good work,” muttered Areto, “but copied. That is not the Yankee type of limb and face, if I have studied these ruins aright.”

The next thing was a bronze vase, rough with writhing dragons and fighting birds. “Good again in its way,” said he, “but not native art. This people must have borrowed all that was beautiful from every nation under the sun. Could not they sit still long enough to invent something typical of themselves alone?”

But one treasure greater than all the rest waited to reward his patient search. Near the wall, as if fallen from it, incrustated with mud, stained and crocked, but not ruined, he found a picture painted on a plate of ivory. As he wiped off the stains, the face began to reveal itself, and his heart beat quicker, his hand moved faster, as he began to recognize it in a faint, dreamy way, as he had the pattern on the wall. Somewhere that face had been described to him; his practiced hand trembled as he went on cleansing the ivory surface. It was, it certainly was, the face of Janet Wareham which at last looked at him; proof positive was at hand. The straight line of the nose just above the nostrils showed faintly, but distinctly, the little scar which she had said was gained in a desperate conflict with a Maori chieftain.

“If an ancestor of mine did it,” thought

Areto, “I give him my blessing, for now I know that it is she, and that she is — what I dreamed.”

He stood lost in contemplation, realizing to himself all she must have been, when a voice roused him.

“What is it, Areto, holds you so fast? I have spoken three times, and you have not answered.”

Areto held the picture toward Hamas, whose entrance he had not heard. Hamas gazed at it with a little start, and then with a thoughtful, inquiring look.

“It is a beautiful face,” said he, quietly. “She has a restful look, — not that anxious, self-conscious air we noticed in those pictures you showed us the day we first came here.” Areto felt that his friend was a little cool and unsympathetic, and Hamas went on: “Her place in life made it possible for her to be at ease.”

“No doubt,” replied Areto, adopting the cool, reasonable voice of his friend, “she was at ease pecuniarily. She had, evidently, no petty ambitions to give her a restless air, and the current of her life flowed with an even, deep smoothness, except for the interruptions of those two deaths. But do you not see more, Hamas?”

The answer of Hamas was an abrupt change of the subject. “Come to me this evening,” said he, “and let nothing prevent you. I have something to show you;” and then he went away without further ceremony.

Areto felt for a moment longer a little pain at the lack of sympathy in his discovery, but forgot it soon in the renewed contemplation of the picture. He studied it long and deeply, taking it more and more into his soul. He returned to it again and again in the rest of the time he spent in the ruin, and nothing else had any value after that. He took the picture home wrapped in a fold of soft wool, and carried it up into his own room. No eyes but his own and Hamas’s had seen it, and he felt as if no other could.

"You shall have a shrine, my angel," said he, addressing the face as if it could understand, "of fair carved ivory and gold, and you shall dwell always here, — here and in my heart."

It was late before he remembered the invitation of Hamas, — an invitation in form, but in the tones a command, which he now recalled for the first time. He must go, however much he might wish not. Changing his dress for one not less easy, but lighter and more festal in style, he turned toward the door, first covering the picture, saying, "I leave you, but I carry you in my heart."

Then he went out and walked through the streets which separated his house from that of Hamas. In that city it was the law that houses should be built with an open space of at least twenty-five feet around them on all sides, so that even in the business quarters there were small lawns or well-kept gardens around every building. The streets were wide, and there was no sense of being shut in, no feeling of being barred away from air and sky. Everywhere pleasant breezes blew and the circulation of air was free. This, with the perfect system of sewerage, made the city as wholesome and sweet as a broad sweep of open country. The pavement was smooth and solid, yet the wheels of vehicles moved over it with little noise, and there was neither dust nor mud. The faces of the people were strong and serene, — the face of a race that has conquered its way to an easy life, but has not grown effeminate. As Areto passed along, occasionally meeting a friend, each noticed a little look of care on his face, an unusual thing in that day. It made his countenance more like the Yankee nation of which he had been thinking so much lately, and less like the high-bred Maori he was. Could it be that the thought of that fair face would actually give him that look?

The house of Hamas, low and wide, with broad doors and many windows, stood in the centre of a beautiful gar-

den where grew semi-tropical plants. A giant orange-tree stood like a warder at the gate and shook down fragrant blossoms on his head as he passed underneath.

The daughter of Hamas met him at the door, a child of ten. "Thou hast come," she said, — on that day the children addressed their elders using the beautiful thee and thou; it was considered appropriate, — "thou hast come," she said, "and art crowned with orange flowers, like a wedding guest."

Areto put his hand to his head, and feeling the tender petals answered with careless smiles, "Perhaps it is to a wedding I am come."

"There is a beautiful girl here," replied the child, looking at him with an air of amused gravity; "there may be a bridal wreath for her and thee."

"Lead on to thy father," replied Areto, "that I may tell him why I came so late."

The small damsel danced on before him, until in the last of several large rooms he saw Hamas among a group of friends and acquaintances. They were standing about talking, the perfect language they spoke seeming to lend an added charm to their full, soft voices.

Areto greeted his host and one and another of his friends, and felt a sensation of mild astonishment that his presence had been so particularly commanded when there seemed no occasion. His thoughts reverted to the picture he had left behind, and he was becoming a little absent-minded, when Hamas, touching his sleeve, said, "This is my object in causing you to come this evening without fail." He led the way, followed by all the guests, to a small room having at one side a recess in the wall usually filled with flowering plants and climbers. These had been removed, and the softly shaded light of two or three lamps fell upon a picture placed on an easel. As the eyes of Areto rested upon this he felt a thrill traverse his frame from head

to foot. It was a portrait of larger size, but otherwise exactly resembling the one he had that day found. He could not speak, but devoured it with his eyes. There was the noble, serene look, and yet the arch, bright expression lighting it up; there were the straight line of the dark brows, the smooth breadth of forehead, the soft golden curls and puffs, the full white throat with the quaint necklace. He stood as if petrified, while a murmur rose around him.

"A face much like those we have among us to-day," said a brother professor standing near Areto. "The head is fine in its outlines, and the mouth is exquisite."

"You say, Hamas, that she was one of the race long since extinct whose remains we occasionally find among those buried ruins, a mile or two from this city," said another.

"She is a descendant of that race, and has reproduced, apparently, its types and characteristics," answered Hamas in a guarded voice, so different from its usual frank sweetness that it pierced the torpor which had seized Areto, and a wild thought sprang up in his heart. He turned a flashing look on Hamas, which the latter met with a smile.

Areto began to move forward slowly, crossing the line Hamas had asked his friends to keep as giving the best view of the picture. At every step the color on that fair cheek deepened, or else the

light flickered strangely on it; in a moment more he stood by the frame, and the beautiful lips quivered with an arch smile, the eyelids slid down over the eyes embarrassed by his fixed, ardent gaze. Conscious of nothing but the overwhelming thought that this face he loved seemed to have crossed the shades of eighteen hundred years to meet him in life, he held out his hand. At the motion she made in giving hers, with its warm, convincing touch, he at last drew a long breath, and murmured, "It is she — and she lives."

Hamas and those of the guests to whom he had revealed the secret smiled as they saw what the end of this meeting would be. Others asked an explanation.

"It is a theory of mine," said he, "that nature occasionally goes back to first principles and gives us our great-grandmothers again, after we have forgotten that we had any. Areto disagreed with me. This lady is a distant cousin of mine, and a remote ancestress of our family was a descendant of the Yankees. Areto found to-day in his ruined city a portrait of one of that race, and my cousin simply from race connection bears the strongest resemblance to it. I determined to give him this little surprise, and you see how he recognized it at once; all the types of that nation have appeared in her after a lapse of many generations."

PURITAN BOSTON.

SAMUEL SEWALL, who was for thirty-six years a justice, and for ten of these the chief justice, of the highest court of the province of Massachusetts, came of a good and prosperous family in England, and was brought hither by his parents in 1661, being then in his tenth year. The

family left their English home soon after the coronation of Charles II., being in sympathy with the Puritanism of our first colonists. The youth graduated at Harvard in 1671. Soon after this he began to write a journal, which he continued till just before his death, in 1730.

The manuscripts left by Judge Sewall have, for more than a hundred years of the century and a half since they were closed, been occasionally consulted by such historical students as were privileged to have access to them, or extracts have been furnished by the very careful and cautious guardians into whose hands they fell in family descent. They were purchased twelve years ago by the Massachusetts Historical Society of their last private owner, and are now appearing in print, edited by a committee of that society.

Sewall's memory will in no way be clouded, nor will the respect and repute which he enjoyed in life be one whit reduced, for any one who shall read his guileless and self-revealing record. He appears upon every page sincere, high-minded, candid; for his day, intelligent, generous, forgiving, often magnanimous, thoroughly devout after the pattern which he followed, warmly benevolent and sympathetic, and as applying to himself even a more rigid scrutiny of motives, principles, and daily conduct than he turned upon others. The most trivial details on his pages—and there are many such—have their use in reproducing for us the aspects, usages, and manners of an older time. But it so happens that our means of information in historical papers of various kinds about public men and events, the drift of affairs, and some of the undercurrents of life in Boston are most scanty and uncommunicative during our provincial period, and about these Sewall furnishes us much of value. When Sewall came upon the stage, in full manhood, the town of Boston, and substantially the colony of which it was the metropolis, represented a community of a peculiar, indeed a unique, character. The half century which had passed since its settlement had been a period sufficiently extended to make the homogeneous class of its inhabitants distinctly and strongly defined as a people, in their civil, relig-

ious, social, and domestic qualities. With scarce an exception they were thrifty, living comfortably and frugally, most of them having reserved means for the future. It was under the strongly-working influence of the principles, habits, and institutions which had then secured power and authority that Boston and its people acquired the character and repute that have ever since attached to them,—alike to their commendation by those who appreciate the better side, and for the satire and raillery of those who find matter of censure and contempt in the limitations and scruples of the old Puritan traditions. Rapidly enough, however, have all these local characteristics yielded to the relaxation of restraints and the coming in among the present population of the most heterogeneous elements.

To those who had been born here, or had been brought hither in early youth, the views, habits, and circumstances under which they had been trained had naturally come to be identified with the favored and superior conditions of life, carrying with them the authority of certified trial and good fruits. The first comers, stealing over the ocean with the charter for a mercantile company intended for administration in England, and setting up under it a local government here, had started with high and serious aims. The troubles of the mother country had left them long enough, unwatched, to their own schemes and devices to root them in strength, in self-confidence, and prosperity. Labors on the soil and a lively commercial traffic, and a strict, but not niggard, economy had gathered the means which supported their own government, and which had, up to this time, enabled them to bear the expense of many substantial public improvements, and the drain upon them of Indian and French wars, without asking the aid of the mother country. They thought well of themselves. They were in fact as independent then as their de-

scendants are now, and the degree of attachment which they might feel for the old home was the measure of the only kind of allegiance which they owed it. The control of their affairs in policy and authority had always been with the best and wisest among them. Evidence there is, for those who will search for it, that the rigid and sterner quality of the Puritan sway was by no means congenial to all, or willingly acquiesced in. A latent restlessness, discontent, alienation, and a feeble spirit of protest occasionally asserted themselves in antipathy and opposition. They were suppressed or overruled only by the high hand of the more austere in place and power.

Very marked are the tokens of class and rank and social distinctions in the old Puritan town and its neighborhood. The clergy and the high magistrates were the chief in consideration and dignity. Official position secured public deference, but eligibility to office in the main depended upon previous social or personal advantage. So natural and reasonable seemed the assumption that "the government should be of the better sort," and so well rooted was the custom consequently established, that even after the war of the Revolution and the recognition of an avowed democracy among us it was taken for granted, till quite down to the last half century, that, though the people were free to assign places of honor and trust to whom they would, they were bound to assign them to the class of men who would have held them under an aristocracy through birth, privilege, or station. The title of Mr. or Master was carefully restricted to those who by birthright or good service were called gentlemen; while Worshipful or Right Worshipful was reserved for the highest magistrate, and Esquire was an affix to be granted, not assumed. The term "Goodman" was a kindly, neighborly epithet, used for the recognition of worthy men in humble life or callings. There is an entry

in Sewall's journal which is curiously suggestive on this point. The meeting was for the choice of a minister. "October 3, 1707, had a Meeting of the [South] Church & Congregation; But very thin. Several came not, because Mr. Pemberton [the pastor, in previously calling the meeting] said, 'Gentlemen of the Church & Congregation.' They affirmed they were not Gentlemen, and therefore they were not warned to come." *Not gentlemen!* They were honest, well-to-do men, — mechanics, tradesmen, artisans; among them was the father of Dr. Franklin, tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; and they hoped and believed that they were Christians. But they did not claim nor answer to the title of gentlemen. Some years hence, perhaps, a student of words may think it worth his while to inquire when the terms *lady* and *gentleman* came to be used inclusively of all of either sex, instead of, as once, distinctively of a portion of each. Doubtless these States will be credited with the extension of the terms, and Sewall may help as to the dates. Again, under date "March 6, 1711," we read, "At the Meeting for the free School at Mr. Pemberton's, Mr. Bridgham declining to sign [a petition] saying it was not fit for him to sign with persons so much above him; I said pleasantly, We are at Foot-ball now; and then he presently signed."

But while respect and deference were thus paid according to gradations of rank, and men and women "knew their own places," there was practically in the community a common, all-inclusive, tender, human interest and sympathy. A feeling of good neighborhood, fostered by religious and social relations, secured to all the dwellers in the town, mechanics, artisans, traders, and laborers, a respectful recognition. The humblest person or family might, by name, "put up a Bill," to be read by the minister in public worship before his prayer, giving "thanks for mercies received" on

the birth of an infant, or asking religious comfort in sickness, bereavement, on leaving home by sea or by land, and on recovery or return. The body was democratic, although the head was aristocratic. It is curious to note, as one may in Sewall's journal, how faithfully and aptly, while recognizing distinctions between man and man, he makes his religious views not a leveling, but a harmonizing and reconciling medium. His punctiliousness is obvious, although not obtrusive.

At feasts and at funerals there was alike a recognition of ranks and orders. Sewall tells us how ministers, magistrates, and distinguished strangers were disposed at the dinner table, and how the viands and beverages of the feast were sorted to suit the company. The dead were then actually *borne* by the living, and not, as now, driven, still less trotted, to their resting-places. Sewall records his serving frequently as a bearer, and faithfully gives us, when not one himself, the names of others. These he always arranges in couples; for there was meaning in that method, also. The bearers were carefully selected as the associates and intimates of the departed, — six for adults, two for a child. We read also of the order in which friends and relatives followed the bier, and who "led" one or another of the women in the procession. Scarves, gloves, and rings were presented on the occasion, with the same reference to social and personal considerations. On rare occasions we find mention of an escutcheon and a led-horse.

The population of the town during Sewall's life-time of seventy-seven years ranged between nine and twelve thousand. The peninsula must then have furnished many attractive homes. The gentry occupied large, detached dwellings, — there were no blocks in those days, — with spacious gardens and pastures, with coach and cattle barns, trees and orchards, around them. The houses

were substantially built, and furnished with solid and rich furniture. Calashes and coaches and public hacks were first introduced in Sewall's time, and he soon provided himself with his own equipage. His wealth put him on a level with his most prospered neighbors. The having one's "picture drawn" was rather a distinctive privilege of the higher class, when a "limner" presented himself. Mechanics, small traders, and even many large merchants lived over their own shops or warehouses. Every trade and handicraft had its indented apprentices. The bookstores were the ready meeting places of the scholarly classes, and the exchange, or market-place, under and near the town-house, was the scene of popular concourse for the daily news. It was intended that a rigid rule and espionage should be kept over all inns, ordinaries, and places of doubtful repute, the visitors in which were required to go home at the ringing of the nine o'clock evening bell. Magistrates and citizens of station took their turn in patrolling the streets at night, especially on the eve of celebrations and illuminations, to suppress disorders; and the constables watched and were watched. Sewall writes of being challenged by an officer in the street when he attended a midwife at midnight on an occasion for her services at his house, and when he had told his errand the constable wished him "Godspeed." We have many entries like this: "Nov. 5. I walk'd at night with Col. Townsend, Mr. Bromfield, Constable Williams & a man or two. Find y^e Town quiet & in good order. Were jealous the 5th November might have occasioned disturbance."

Among the alleviations of the prevailing austerity of manners were many old-fashioned amenities and courtesies, and a most generous fleshly and vinous hospitality. Even on occasions of the frequent religious meetings at private houses of groups of neighbors, and on fast-days, abstinence from food or drink

was by no means practiced. But on all public days and on family festivals the cheer was lavish for guests and hosts. Here is an entry after the marriage of one of Sewall's daughters: "In y^e even I invited y^e Gov. & Council to drink a glass of Wine with me. About twenty came." The dignitaries are named. "Gave them a variety of good Drink, & at going away a large piece of Cake wrap'd in Paper. They very heartily wished me joy of my Daughter's marriage." The ingenuity with which Sewall evaded occasions of health-drinking on royal commemorative days, or church festivals, about which he had conscientious scruples, proves that his principles controlled his appetites.

The following entry in the journal, under date of January 16, 1701-2, presents to us a characteristic scene and occasion, showing an interior with a charming display of simple, hearty hospitality. It must be premised by the statement that Mrs. Sewall had on the second day of the month given birth to her fourteenth child, and therefore had for years afforded large employment to the class of helpful women thirteen of whom are here named.

"My Wife Treats her Midwife & Women. Had a good Dinner, Boil'd Pork, Beef, Fowls: very good Rost Beef, Turkey-Pie, Tarts. Madam Usher carv'd. Mrs. Hannah Greenlef, Ellis, Cowell, Wheeler, Johnson, Hill, Hawkins, Mrs. Goose, Deming, Green, Smith, Hatch, Blin: Comfortable, moderate wether: & with a good fire in y^e Stove warm'd the Room."

We read occasionally of excursions down the harbor. The "castle" there served as a sort of neutral ground for the license indulged under the control of crown officers, when, with the coming of the new charter, the old Puritan stronghold became a royal fort. Colonel Romer was the officer in the construction of it, but still it was managed by the provincial council. Sewall records this visit

of the functionaries: "Aug. 11, 1701. Go down to y^e Castle to try to compose y^e differences between y^e Capt. & Col. Romer. I told y^e young men that if any intemperat language proceeded from Col. Romer, 't was not intended to countenance that, or encourage their imitation: but observe his direction in things wherein he was Skillful & ordered to govern the work; or to that effect. Lest Should be thought y^e Council had too much wink'd at his cursing & swearing, wh. was complain'd of."

Sewall's life-time covered the period of continuous warfare with the French and Indians, with all its miseries and atrocities. The province, with prowess and patriotism, maintained itself and its rights through all the dreary perils of that strife. The town stood in constant dread of two calamities, worse for them than an Indian alarm. These were the small-pox and fires, which were often disastrous in their visitations. Bating these, the community was an eminently prosperous one, and it would have been difficult to have then found on the earth one more favored.

Boston needed at the time all these attractions as a place of residence, because its advantages of deep water as a sea-port were offset by difficulties of communication with the adjoining country. The original pear-shaped peninsula was attached by a stem-like neck to the mainland. This neck being often flooded by the waters of the bays on either side, and being low and marshy, Boston became an island, and the access to it was attended by serious risks. In open weather, a ferry to Charlestown and another to Winnisimmet afforded additional ways of egress from the town; but broad marshes with changing tide levels caused much annoyance. In front of the Dane Law Hall, at Cambridge, still stands an old mile-stone giving the distance to Boston as eight miles; the route being over the neck to Roxbury, through Brookline, and by a short bridge

over Charles River from what is now Brighton. Here are two incidents, described by Sewall, of the perils of the way:—

“Jan’y 11, 1704-5. The Governour [Joseph Dudley] & his Lady essaying to come from Charlestown to Boston in their Slay, 4 Horses, 2 Troopers riding before them, First y^e Troopers fell into the water, & then y^e Governour making a stand, his four Horses fell in, & the Two Horses behind were drown’d, the Slay pressing them down. They were pull’d up upon y^e Ice, & there lay dead, a sad Spectacle. Many came from Charlestown with Boards, Planks, Ropes, &c., & saved y^e other Horses. ’Tis a wonderfull Mercy that y^e Governour, his Lady, Driver, Postillion, Troopers escaped all safe.”

“Jan’y 19. The Governour coming to Town [from his residence in Roxbury] the way being difficult by Banks of Snow, his Slay was turned upon one side against the Fence next Cambridge, and all in it thrown out, Governour’s Wigg thrown off, his head had some hurt; and my Son’s Elbow. The Horses went away with y^e foundation, & left y^e Superstructure of y^e Slay & the Riders behind.”

This latter disaster, however, may be paralleled during any winter on the “Brighton road.” The loss of “y^e Governour’s Wigg” Sewall would not have grieved over, had it not been for the consequent hurt to his head. His son was the husband of Dudley’s daughter. It may be mentioned in this connection that one of the royal governors of Massachusetts came to his death from the perils of the way from Cambridge to Boston. Governor William Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, and who had for a godfather William of Orange, being overturned in his carriage when approaching the ferry, August 30, 1729, was immersed in the river, took a fever, and died a week afterwards.

The fundamental change consequent

upon the abrogation of the colony charter began its work just as Sewall was mature in years and most stiff in the convictions and ways of his characteristic Puritanism. What that type of Puritanism was may be learned more satisfactorily from the manifestation and expression of its most significant elements and traits as made by him than from the ablest essay that has ever been written upon the now unattractive theme. It was not at that time Puritanism in its first self-assertion or on its defense, but Puritanism as ratified, as triumphant, as for a brief period established in full working order on its own well-won field, with its immunities and prerogatives assured by a bold front and a firm sway. Precious memories, stern trials, cherished sanctities, habits, usages, and institutions of its own gave to Puritanism in this town and neighborhood an authority which identified it with the divine order of things, and insured to it permanency and extension if only those reared under it were but faithful in their generation. Some of Sewall’s contemporaries, from homes and an education like his own, had in their manhood visited England—a few of them the European continent. Occasionally we note in the less grave and rigid of these wanderers, on their return here, tokens of their having relaxed their New England austerity under more genial and indulgent foreign influences. Contact with free-livers, courtiers, and churchmen induced some in feeling, and even avowedly, to prefer and conform to what they had been taught to regard as ensnaring and demoralizing. Probably subjection to such influences accounts in a measure for the pliancy of Governor Joseph Dudley, the son of the old age of Governor Thomas Dudley, himself the sternest and most rigid of the original stock. The son had lived many years abroad, had been deputy-governor of the Isle of Wight, a member of Parliament, a courtier and trimmer; he was generally mis-

trusted here, and intensely hated by the Mathers and their party. Sewall himself, though their children had intermarried, has many entries in his journal about his miffs with this crown officer, his suspicions of him, his doubts about his motives, and disapprobation of his acts. But Dudley had many more liberal judges among good men here. If he acquired his pliancy by foreign residence, certainly a visit of a year in England by Sewall did not wean him in any measure from his first love; for while abroad he mostly confined his relations and his intercourse to the dissenters. Increase Mather, the man of foremost influence in the colony, returned from several years of wide social converse with public men and affairs more skilled in human nature, but no less a Puritan. The abrogation of the charter set in action several agencies, all contributing to effect a change in the order of things, rapid in its work, radical and sharply grievous to those of the old stock and training. By that now annulled instrument, the colonists had been to all intents and purposes a self-governing and independent people; choosing their own governors and other magistrates and judges from among themselves, and making and ratifying their own laws. Increase Mather and his associate agents, sent over after the English Revolution in the vain hope of reinstating the charter, had got in its place the best one which their faithful zeal could secure, though they received small thanks at home for what they had accomplished. By the new charter, our chief officers were to be commissioned by the crown; our legislation was subject to the royal veto; the Puritan commonwealth was paralyzed and prostrated; the preponderating sway of the clergy was broken; the exclusive prerogative of church members in the franchise was taken from them; and the people most fondly rooted in the old order were disheartened. Among these there was no one to whom the change brought a deeper

sorrow and dismay, with darker dreads and more melancholy apprehensions for the future than to Sewall. The effort by which he rallied his spirit under it, and the conscientious fidelity with which, in yielding to it, he tried to make the best of it, while discharging the high trusts which fell to him, will win to him the respect of those who read the sad or the resigned and bracing reflections and resolves on his sincere pages. At heart, in principle, preference, usage, and every detail of conduct in private and public, he was unswervingly loyal to the old ways. During his later years the very last of the original comers here, and most of the first-born from them on this soil, passed away. With tender pathos he records of these on their departure, with gentle touches for those whom he accounted the best, "He was a lover of New-England," "Was a very pious woman, & a true lover of y^e first ways of N. England."

With the assumption by the crown of the direct control and government of Massachusetts came in, of consequence, many incidental influences, all of which tended directly to introduce new and uncongenial elements into the public and the private life of the community. Every change and interference caused a shock or a wound. The officials of the crown paid slight deference to those whom they came to supersede, or to the usages, formalities, and conventionalities which were not to their taste. The attachés and subordinates of these officials, who soon were numerous, the "more ungodly sort" of them especially, asserted their own immunity from the austere standard of the place, and often vented their ridicule or contempt. The vessels of war and the transports sent into our harbor to coöperate with the English forces and our own provincials in the long-protracted rivalry with the French for dominion here had many rough officers, sailors, and soldiers, requiring a large increase in the number

of "ordinaries" and places of resort for dubious purposes, which were numerous enough before. Many of these foreign visitors felt themselves free of the old Puritan jurisdiction, as their loyalty was due on the other side of the ocean. They indulged in "Scandalous & riotous carousings" by night, and did not heed "y^e nine o'clk. bell" which summoned them to go to their homes, nor the Puritan rule which began the quiet and awe of the Sabbath with the setting sun of Saturday. The occasions for commemorating royal births, accessions, and marriages, by illuminations, bonfires, and health-drinking, were sad ones to those of the colonial breeding. But the deepest and sharpest heart-pang caused to Sewall by the changed order of things under the new regimen, one presenting itself all through his journal onward, was that which came from the contemptuous slight cast upon the ecclesiastical order and institutions of the colony. With the first coming hither of those agents of mischief, Randolph and Andros, under Charles II. and his brother, the repudiated Church of England demanded recognition with all the prestige and prerogative of its supremacy in the mother country. It seemed as if those crown emissaries wantonly sought to irritate by teasing the most sensitive spot in the hearts of those to whom the old order was the dearest. Against the earnest remonstrance and protest of the proprietors, one of the three meeting-houses of the town was taken possession of for the uses of the English church. Sewall indignantly refused the earnest request that he would sell some of his land, once owned and occupied by the sainted John Cotton, for a church edifice. No! he said. Mr. Cotton, a faithful minister of the church, hounded out of it for non-conformity, had come to the wilderness to get rid of everything belonging to it, and his land should not be desecrated for any such purpose. The baffled churchmen were compelled to appropriate, by

right of eminent domain, and without a deed or purchase, a corner of Boston's earliest burial-place, where King's Chapel now stands. The disaffected and the uncovenanted in the community were glad to attach themselves, more or less, to the easier communion. Even an occasional backslider from the Puritan fold would excuse his breach of covenant, with his escape from "watch and ward," by professing Episcopacy.

Then with the church came church days, and "papistical" observances, — Christmas, Ascension Day, Good Friday, Shrove Tuesday, and other profanities, a woful burden to the soul of the good judge. With grim satisfaction he enters in his journal, under December 25th, for successive years, all the tokens he could note of the little regard paid for it in an as yet ungenial clime: "Shops open, wood carts, teams with marketing come into y^e town as usual." Deeply was he scandalized when, as he notes, the church bell was tolled and its funeral rites were performed over "a notoriously Atheistic & debauched person." He had been aggrieved on attending the funeral of a friend where he thought the burial service had been unfitly obtruded. So he writes a few days after, "Remembering what I had met with at her Sister's Burial at Dorchester last Satterday, I slipt from y^e company up to my Daughter's, & so went home & avoided y^e funeral. The office for Burial is a Lying, very bad office; makes no difference between y^e precious & the vile. Jer. xv. 19. They ought to return to us, & not we go to them by sinfull Compliances." Again, we read, "Lord's Day, April 23, 1704. There is great Firing at the Town, Ships, Castle upon account of its being the Coronation-day, wh. gives offence to many: See the Lord's day so profan'd. Down Sabbath, Up St. George." There is an entry in the journal which to readers of our day may be quite unintelligible, but which, when accompanied by the com-

ment that it requires, will furnish the true key to and the fullest exposition of the style of Sewall's Puritanism, and the root and ground of his stiff faith. It seems that, very naturally, the services of the church in King's Chapel offered a tempting attraction to some of the youth reared in the hard and naked home and meeting-house religion of their parents, and that they would occasionally steal in upon holy-days, where they might hear an organ, something more like music, and responsive worship, and see the minister alternately in a black and white robe, with the evergreen decorations. Under date of December 25, 1697, Sewall writes: "Snowy day. Shops are open, and Carts & sleds come to Town with Wood & Faggots as formerly, save what abatement may be allowed on account of the wether. This morning [in family worship], we read in course the 14, 15 & 16th Psalms. From the 4th verse of the 16th Ps. I took occasion to dehort mine from Christmas-keeping, & charged them to forbear." His little son Joseph, the future pastor of the South Church, tells him at night "that though most of the boys went to the Church yet he went not." Now if the reader turns to the Psalm referred to, to see its injunction against "Christmas-keeping," he will read these words: "Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips." A blind text, seemingly, for the use for which it is quoted! No. In Sewall's full-hearted loyalty to his Puritanism it was most apt and forceful. The Bible was for him the all-sufficient, the sole authority in religion, because wholly divine. "The church," so called, with its ecclesiastical inventions, devices, and impositions, he regarded as wholly human, an external, rival, antagonistic system in teaching and authority, and as representing "another god" than the God of the Bible, another kind of worship, and another set of "offerings" than

those which the Book required and allowed. He would have nothing to do with this rival, hostile system, the device of men, an idolatrous will-worship! Sewall and his Puritan contemporaries regarded the Bible and revered its contents with an enthralled and unquestioning confidence, which would not have been one whit intensified if they had taken the book, just as they received it, from out of a cloud in which it had been passed down to them from the Divine Hand. They found in it all they wished for. They simply read it, obeying it in the letter even more devoutly than they caught or were guided by its spirit. It is noticeable as the marked characteristic of this entire concentration of trust and reverence upon the Book that those Puritans never made the slightest discrimination in its contents. It was all alike. A sentence from any part of it, like a slice or a crumb from a loaf of bread, even from the crust, conveyed the full quality of consistency and nutriment that was in the whole of it. One may read, if he chooses, a ton of printed or manuscript Puritan theology, and he will not find the faintest suggestion of even a possible error in, or a reasonable amendment of, the English translation of the Bible; still less will he detect any consciousness of the discrepancies, the anachronisms, the perplexities raised by chronological, historical, or scientific questions, which make the staple of modern biblical criticism. A Scripture reference or example was always in order and always decisive. Puritanism, in fidelity to its first principles, — the repudiating the church system, made up of human traditions and inventions, and committing itself wholly to the Bible, — did not care to make selections or to allow exceptions for what was beautiful or edifying in the church system. It would be fatal to make any terms with it, or to indulge its trespassing at any point. The compromise which the English church had made with "popery" gave it, to the

Puritan, only a second-hand shabbiness and disrepute. Puritan scruples reject-ed the appropriation of Friday as the day for fasts and executions, and substituted Thursday. So we read in the journal that Thursday, October 22, 1702, having been designated for a public fast, "the Governour moved that it might be Friday, saying, 'Let us be Englishmen!'" I spake against making any distinction in y^e Days of the Week: Desired y^e same Day of y^e Week might be for Fast & Thanksgivings." Here is Sewall's method of dealing with the proof sheets of an almanac: "Aug. 18, 1708. Yesterday the Gov^r comitted Mr. Holyoke's Almanack to me; & looking it over this morning, I blotted against Feb. 14th *Valentine*; March 25th *Annunciation of the B. Virgin*; April 24th *Easter*; Sept. 29th *Michaelmas*; Dec. 25th *Christmas*; & no more. *K.C. mart* [King Charles, Martyr] was lined out, before I saw it; I touched it not." Sewall was especially sensitive about the favoritism displayed in the attaching of this title of *Saint*. He had written a vigorous letter to the famous Tutor Flint against it. He records, August 26, 1708, that the tutor, on the way from the Thursday lecture, stopped him in the street, and tried to talk upon the subject. Sewall prevailed on Flint to dine with him, "and after that I and he discoursed alone. He argued that saying *Saint* Luke was an indifferent thing; and twas commonly used; and therefore he might use it. Mr. Brattle [minister of Cambridge] used it. I argued that 'twas not Scriptural; that twas absurd and partial to *Saint* Matthew, &c. and not to say *Saint* Moses, *Saint* Samuel, &c. And if we said *Saint* we must goe thorough, & keep the Holy days apointed for them, & turn'd to the Order in the Common Prayer Book." The good judge might discuss this exciting theme calmly with the college officer. But when a fledgeling of the ministry, happening in the pulpit of the South Church a few months after,

touched the sore point, this is the record: "Dec. 5. 1708. Mr. Nathaniel Gookin preached in the forenoon: I think every time he mentioned James, twas with prefixing *Saint*, about 4 or 5 times that I took notice of. I suppose he did it to confront me, & to assert his own Liberty. Probably, he had seen the Letter I writt to Mr. Flint. Spake also of Reverence in God's Worship; he may partly intend being covered in Sermon-Time: It had better becom'd a person of some Age and Authority to have intermeddled in things of such a nature. *Quædam Confidentia non est virtus, at audacia.*" The being "covered" with a hat during a long sermon in a cold meeting-house was very desirable for such as did not wear "periwigs," which were Sewall's abhorrence. He mentions that the frozen bread in the sacramental platters "rattled sadly." The judge for many years set the psalm tune and started the pitch in the South Church, occasionally making blunders. He grieved when his voice failed him for this office of piety.

If we should measure the quality and capacity of the good judge's genius by the number and variety of the offices held by him, we should assign to him great versatility. Not only was he an acceptable preacher, at least at private meetings, an accomplished printer, a writer of English and Latin verses, a thrifty merchant, a councilor and judge, but he was also chosen by a company vote as the commander of the artillery company now flourishing in pristine vigor as "The Ancient and Honorable." He was inclined to "disable himself," as not qualified for this martial distinction; but his objections were overruled, and he did his full duty on training-days. As he could pitch a psalm tune, he could probably keep step, and as he had a fine presence, he could grace the parade, while he prayed with and exhorted the company. He certainly was generous in the exercise of the privilege, always

accorded to New England military notables, of "treating" officers and men. If he failed in anything, it was in skill for hitting the mark in target practice. The following extract will present him in his own words, as in command, though admitting that the company kept out of the rain: —

"May 4. 1702. Artillery Company Trains. In the Afternoon went into Comon; Major Hobby, Will Dummer, Ned Hutchinson, Oliver Williams and another, Listed. Major Hobby was introduced by Col. Hutchinson, He and I vouch'd for him. Mr. Elisha Cooke jun^r mov'd to be dismiss'd, which when he had paid his Arrears, was granted by Vote with a Hiss. Went to Pollards to avoid the Rain. March'd out and shot at a Mark. Before they began, I told the Comp^{any} that I had call'd them to shoot in October, and had not my self hit the Butt; I was willing to bring my self under a small Fine, such as a single Justice might set; and it should be to him who made the best Shott. Mr. Gerrish and Ensign John Noyes were the competitors, At Pollards, by a Brass Rule, Ens. Noyes's Shot was found to be two inches and a half nearer the centre, than Mr. John Gerrishes; His was on the right side of the Neck; Ensign Noyes's on the Bowels a little on the Left and but very little more than G. on the Right of the middle-Line. When I had heard what could be heard on both sides, I Judg'd for Ensign Noyes, and gave him a Silver cup I had provided engraven

May. 4. 1702.

Euphratem Siccare potes.

Telling him, it was in Token of the value I had for that virtue in others, which I my self could not attain to. March'd into Comon and concluded with Pray'r. Pray'd in the morn on the Townhouse, Praying for the Churches by Name. After Diner, We Sung four staves of the 68th PS. viz. first Part and the 9 and 10th verses of the 2^d with regard to the

plentifull Rain on the 1 and 2 May and now, after great Drought; Mr. Dering mov'd we might sing. Some objected against our singing so much; I answer'd, Twas but *Four Deep*. Were Treated at Major Savages."

There is something noteworthy in the circumstances under which Sewall came to hold the highest place in the judiciary of Massachusetts. In its earliest avowals and legislation the colony had given very frank expression to its dislike of professional lawyers and barristers. If it were possible, the colony would have gladly dispensed with their presence and agency here. The first of the profession who came found trouble, and returned to England in disgust, of course publishing a caustic tract about his experiences. In perfect consistency with this prejudice or aversion, when the people or the court of the colony found it necessary to invest any of the magistrates with judicial functions, they seem to have been utterly indifferent to the fact whether their judges or councilors had had any legal or professional education. Neither one of the judges composing the special court of oyer and terminer, constituted in 1692, for the trial of the cases of witchcraft at Salem, had had any legal training, nor did they follow legal methods in their proceedings. Sewall, who was one of these judges, makes no mention whatever in his journal of any study or preparation pursued by him for such an office. Coming to this country in 1661, with his parents, at the age of nine years, and graduating from Harvard in 1671, his first chosen profession was that of the ministry, the prize of ambition here at the time, and as such at first chosen by Lieutenant-Governor and Chief-Justice William Stoughton, by Gurdon Saltonstall, governor of Connecticut, and other leading men. Sewall made subsequent essays as a printer and a merchant. In 1676 he obtained great wealth by marrying the daughter of the mint

master, John Hull, of whom the silly story has obtained traditional currency that he gave the bride, as her dowry, her weight in his pine-tree shillings. Undoubtedly, Sewall's affluence furnished him high patronage, and put him in place on the charter council in 1692. But no hint being given by him as to legal study, we are left entirely to conjecture in tracing the stages or methods by which he became so far qualified for the office of a judge of the highest court in the province as to satisfy others and himself of his competency to fill it. He must have been largely influenced by the unsophisticated simplicity of the conviction that law, justice, and equity were convertible and synonymous terms, and that full qualification to deal with and dispense them came as the endowment of nature to a man of honest heart and intelligent mind. Certainly, neither he nor his associates seem ever to have felt a single misgiving as to their official competency. Sewall mentions, under date of June 4, 1712, the choice by the council of the excellent and able Mr. Thomas Brattle to fill a vacancy in the superior court; but he adds, "Mr. B. denies serving; had not rid 20 miles in 20 years." But he does not set down, what we read on the records of the council, that Mr. Brattle excused himself, not only because "of his bodily infirmities," but also because of "his unacquaintedness with y^e law."

In connection with Sewall's official responsibility in the tragic proceedings against the reputed witches at Salem, following as he did the course of wiser and more famous judges than himself all over Christendom, mention should always be made of his noble attitude and his meek humility when, on the solemn fast day appointed by the province four years after the distressing scenes, and when the spell of the delusion was in a measure broken, he stood in his place in the meeting-house as his pastor read his touching confession and his devout

supplication for forgiveness. The chief-justice, the stern and rigid Stoughton, would not do as much as this, for he said he "had acted under the light which God had given him." It is not by any means, however, to be inferred that Sewall ever ceased to believe in the reality of witchcraft, or the possibility of its guilt being incurred by man or woman. His misgiving came from a mistrust of the sufficiency of the kind of evidence, "the spectral evidence," on which the victims had been convicted.

Many engaging traits appear in the character of the man. His natural gravity and a regard for the dignity of his position might well account for the lack of humor and the absence of anything like levity in his public appearance; but he seems also to have been deficient in mirthfulness and any appreciation of fun. Occasionally he would relax his austerity, and utter what he calls a "pleasancy." He was capable of making a sprightly retort in reply to bantering, and any personal affront was met by him with great dignity towards his equals, and with magisterial rebuke towards any one below him. He candidly records many sharp encounters, especially with the Mathers and his own ministers, and though he fully conformed to the custom of his time and place in deference to the office of the clergy, even when arrogance and assumption were manifested in their behavior, he more than once reminded them of certain virtues which became their calling. Rigid, though not stern, family discipline was with him the first condition of domestic life, and faithfully did he enforce it in every detail of duty. His children were in subjection, and he was a master, though a kind one, of his servants, some of whom, as in the families around him, were negroes or Indians held as property; while he protested and wrote against the holding of human beings in actual bondage as slaves, with no rights of their own. He insist-

ed upon the legalizing of the marriages, the religious education, and all considerate treatment of these subject races.

We have a fair intimation of the abounding creature comforts of the time and place, the products of farm and garden, the sea and tropical commerce, which the well-to-do had in their cellars and closets. Pure wines and spirits, ale and cider, were at hand without stint. Sewall seems to have kept in his house various little luxuries which he carried with him to the sick and the necessitous. Figs, oranges, "marmalade," "chocolate," Banbury buns, etc., are named among the distributed gifts, easily carried in the capacious pockets of those days. These comforts were often accompanied with the distribution of those sermons and religious tractates, so dismal and juiceless to us, but for which there was then a stimulated appetite, and which were the chief out-goes of the press. Sewall maintained a most generous hospitality, and his guest-chambers were generally well tenanted. He himself was fond of visiting, and his frequent journeyings on his judicial circuits made him a guest at many friendly homes, rendering it pleasant for him to return the obligations thus incurred. The risks encountered and the precautions necessary in traveling at the time gave a zest to excursions not realized in these days. There was an additional glow of comfort in reaching a cheerful home, with its welcome, after a ride on horseback in the cold storm over blind ways, and often unbridged streams. There was more repose then in rural life, though accompanied with what would be to us stagnation. The visit of a friend from a lively sea-port always brought something which was news, however old, and there was opportunity for calm converse and slow digestion which we have lost. The electric wires which flash intelligence for us over sea and land pass through us as well as through space, and use our nerves as batteries. The

excitement furnished to us by the daily report of certified events of startling interest the world over was found by our progenitors in tedious waiting for the verification or disproof of dismal rumors. A reader who may have given his attention to the recent discussions about the use and efficacy of prayer for the sick, and other special petitions, will find on every page of Sewall's journal the tokens of the place which such devout exercises filled in the Puritanism of his days. In each well-regulated household, every member of it being held to the duty of repeated daily devotions in private, the family united at morning and evening, and before and after each meal, in solemn services. Prayers opened and closed the sessions of general and special courts and councils, the daily school exercises, the parade on the training-field. It was, however, in the sick-chamber that recourse was especially had to the helping service of prayer. We marvel over the crowding around of ministers and friends on occasions when, in our view of the proprieties of the scene, or the desirableness of keeping a sufferer calm and still, there ought to have been the hush of quietness and privacy. On every emergency in his household Sewall would haste to call in his own and other ministers, and on his way would engage his friends and neighbors "to go to prayer" for him. His friend, Major Walley, was confined to his chair by some trouble in one of his feet. So we read, "Dec. 31, 1711. Major Walley has Prayer at his house respecting his Foot; began between 2 and 3. p. m. Mr. Pemberton first, Mr. Bridge, Mr. Colman, Mr. Wadsworth, Dr. C. Mather. Mr. W. insisted pretty much, that several in the room might dy before the Major: all of them might. Dr. C. Mather very near y^e Conclusion of his Prayer, said, Probably some remarkable person in the room might dye before Major Walley." It is pleasant to be told that the patient "was easy all the

time of the exercise ; had not one Twinging pain."

In no entry in his journal does the good judge present himself more winningly to our respect and sympathy than in his account of the funeral of his revered mother. He goes to Newbury to attend it on January 15, 1701. His father had died in the May previous, aged eighty-six. Here is the scene :—

"Twas a very pleasant Comfortable day. . . . Went abt 4. p.m. Nathan¹ Bricket taking in hand to fill the Grave, I said, Forbear a little, and suffer me to say That amidst our bereaving sorrows We have the Comfort of beholding this Saint put into the rightfull possession of that Happiness of Living desir'd and dying Lamented. She liv'd comendably Four and Fifty years with her dear husband, and my dear Father: And she could not well brook the being divided from him at her death; which is the cause of our taking leave of her in this place. She was a true and constant Lover of Gods Word, Worship, and Saints: And she always, with a patient cheerfullness, submitted to the divine Decree of providing Bread for her self and others in the sweat of her Brows. And now her infinitely Gracious and Bountiful Master has promoted her to the Honor of higher Employments, fully and absolutely discharged from all manner of Toil, and Sweat. My honoured and beloved Friends and Neighbours! My dear Mother never thought much of doing the most frequent and homely offices of Love for me; and lavish'd away many Thousands of Words upon me, before I could return one word in Answer: And therefore I ask and hope that none will be offended that I have now ventured to speak one word in her behalf; when shee her self is become speechless. Made a Motion with my hand for the filling of the Grave. Note, I could hardly speak for passion and Tears. Mr. Tappan pray'd with us in the evening."

In the two original portraits which are extant of Judge Sewall, his substantial and dignified presence well befits his high office. His firm but benignant features are crowned with long, gray hair, covered with a black skull-cap. He tells us that he had recourse to this as his locks were thinned by age, and he suffered from draughts of air, especially in the meeting-house. But there was a protest as well as a protection in that skull-cap. One of the falsehoods and shams which he abominated was the periwig, then so generally worn by clergymen, dignitaries, and men of fashion. It grieved him to see a friend of his, of any age, however bald he might be, have recourse to this device. But when one of them cut off a good head of hair, most of all a young man, to don a periwig, the offense to him was most grave. Generally he resented it with much force of speech. Here is his dealing with a son of his pastor, in 1701, three years after his graduation at Harvard, where he was librarian and tutor:

"Tuesday, June, 10th. Having last night heard that Josiah Willard had cut off his hair (a very full head of hair) and put on a Wigg, I went to him this morning. Told his Mother what I came about, and she call'd him. I enquired of him what Extremity had forced him to put off his own hair, and put on a Wigg? He answered, none at all. But said that his Hair was streight, and that it parted behinde. Seem'd to argue that men might as well shave their hair off their head, as off their face. I answered men were men before they had hair on their faces (half of mankind have never any). God seems to have ordain'd our Hair as a Test, to see whether we can bring our minds to be content to be at his finding; or whether we would be our own Carvers, Lords, and come no more at Him. If disliked our Skin, or Nails; 'tis no Thanks to us, that for all that, we cut them not off: Pain and danger restrain us. Your calling is to

teach men self Denial. Twill be displeasing and burdensom to good men: And they that care not what men think of them care not what God thinks of them. Father, Bro^r Simon, Mr. Pemberton, Mr. Wigglesworth, Oakes, Noyes (Oliver), Brattle of Cambridge their example. Allow me to be so far a *Censor Morum* for this end of the Town. Pray'd him to read the Tenth Chapter of the Third book of Calvins Institutions. I read it this morning in course, not of choice. Told him that it was condemn'd by a Meeting of Ministers at Northampton in Mr. Stoddards house,

when the said Josiah was there. Told him of the solemnity of the Covenant which he and I had lately entered into, which put me upon discoursing to him. He seem'd to say would leave off his Wigg when his hair was grown. I spake to his Father of it a day or two after: He thank'd me that had discoursed his Son, and told me that when his hair was grown to cover his ears, he promis'd to leave off his Wigg. If he had known of it, would have forbidden him. His Mother heard him talk of it; but was afraid positively to forbid him; lest he should do it, and so be more faulty."

George E. Ellis.

IF I SHOULD LOSE THEE.

I.

If I should lose thee, darling, and behold
 No more thy pallid brow, thy gentle eyes, —
 This still unvanquished thought in wondrous guise
 Returns to haunt me. On a cloud of gold
 Amid the shining vastness of the spheres
 I saw thee standing, while with helpless tears
 I clung unto thy feet. The huge globes rolled
 With strident noises onward, and the bright
 And void, *compassionless eternity*
 Beat with its deepening vistas on my sight;
 When, lo! my hands wherewith I clung to thee
 Grew weak, and with a speed no eye could trace
 I sank through all the barren realms of space.

II.

I saw thee drifting, drifting far away,
 And fading slowly from my famished eyes,
 Like as a star that in the sun-bathed skies
 Grows faint and flickers with unsteady ray,
 Till 'mid the bright expanses of the day
 Its slender life is quenched. "Oh, thou art lost
 To me, and on this aimless whirlwind tossed
 My wandering soul forevermore will stray,
 Forever seeking thee, forevermore!"
 Thus in the depth of my despair I cried,
 And echoes from some sounding planet bore
 My voice, on trembling pinions, far and wide.

Then desolation round about me spread,
Until methought that God himself were dead.

III.

I wonder oft why God, who is so good,
Has barred so close, so close the gates of death.
I stand and listen with suspended breath
While night and silence round about me brood,
If then perchance some spirit whisper would
Grow audible and pierce my torpid sense.
And oft I feel a presence veiled, intense,
That pulses softly through the solitude;
But as my soul leaps quivering to my ear
To grasp the potent message, all takes flight,
And from the fields and woods I only hear
The murmurous chorus of the summer night.
I am as one that 's dead—yet in his gloom
Feels faintly song of birds above his tomb.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THE SOUTH DEVIL.

ON the afternoon of the 23d of December, the thermometer marked eighty-six degrees in the shade on the outside wall of Mark Deal's house. Mark Deal's brother, lying on the white sand, his head within the line of shadow cast by a live-oak, but all the remainder of his body full in the hot sunshine, basked like a chameleon, and enjoyed the heat. Mark Deal's brother spent much of his time basking. He always took the live-oak for a head-protector; but gave himself variety by trying new radiations around the tree, his crossed legs and feet stretching from it in a slightly different direction each day, as the spokes of a wheel radiate from the hub. The live-oak was a symmetrical old tree, standing by itself; having always had sufficient space, its great arms were straight, stretching out evenly all around, densely covered with the small, dark, leathery leaves, unnotched and uncut, which are as unlike the Northern oak-leaf as the leaf of the willow is unlike

that of the sycamore. Behind the live-oak, two tall, ruined chimneys and a heap of white stones marked where the mansion-house had been. The old tree had watched its foundations laid; had shaded its blank, white front and little hanging balcony above; had witnessed its destruction, fifty years before, by the Indians; and had mounted guard over its remains ever since, alone as far as man was concerned, until this year, when a tenant had arrived, Mark Deal, and, somewhat later, Mark Deal's brother.

The ancient tree was Spanish to the core; it would have resented the sacrilege to the tips of its small acorns, if the new-comer had laid hands upon the dignified old ruin it guarded. The new-comer, however, entertained no such intention; a small out-building, roofless, but otherwise in good condition, on the opposite side of the circular space, attracted his attention, and became mentally his residence, as soon as his eyes fell upon it, he meanwhile standing with

his hands in his pockets, surveying the place critically. It was the old Monteano plantation, and he had taken it for a year.

The venerable little out-building was now firmly roofed with new, green boards; its square windows, destitute of sash or glass, possessed new wooden shutters hung by strips of deer's hide; new steps led up to its two rooms, elevated four feet above the ground. But for a door it had only a red cotton curtain, now drawn forward and thrown carelessly over a peg on the outside wall, a spot of vivid color on its white. Underneath the windows hung flimsy strips of bark covered with brightly-hued flowers.

"They won't live," said Mark Deal.

"Oh, I shall put in fresh ones every day or two," answered his brother. It was he who had wanted the red curtain.

As he basked, motionless, in the sunshine, it could be noted that this brother was a slender youth, with long, pale-yellow hair, — hair fine, thin, and dry, the kind that crackles if the comb is passed rapidly through it. His face in sleep was pale and wizened, with deep purple shadows under the closed eyes; his long hands were stretched out on the white, hot sand in the blaze of the sunshine, which, however, could not alter their look of blue-white cold. The sunken chest and blanched temples told of illness; but if cure were possible, it would be gained from this soft, balmy, fragrant air, now soothing his sore lungs. He slept on in peace; and an old green chameleon came down from the tree, climbed up on the sleeve of his brown sack-coat, occupied himself for a moment in changing his own miniature hide to match the cloth, swelled out his scarlet throat, caught a fly or two, and then, pleasantly established, went to sleep also in company. Butterflies, in troops of twenty or thirty, danced in the golden air; there was no sound. Everything was hot and soft and brightly colored.

Winter? Who knew of winter here? Labor? What was labor? This was the land and the sky and the air of never-ending rest.

Yet one man was working there, and working hard, namely, Mark Deal. His little central plaza, embracing perhaps an acre, was surrounded when he first arrived by a wall of green, twenty feet high. The sweet orange-trees, crape-myrtles, oleanders, guavas, and limes planted by the Spaniards had been, during the fifty years, conquered and partially enslaved by a wilder growth, — andromedas, dahoons, bayberries, and the old-field loblollies, the whole bound together by the tangled vines of the jessamine and armed smilax, with bear-grass and the dwarf-palmetto below. Climbing the central live-oak, Deal had found, as he expected, traces of the six paths which had once led from this little plaza to the various fields and the sugar plantation, their course still marked by the tops of the bitter-sweet orange-trees, which showed themselves glossily, in regular lines, amid the duller foliage around them. He took their bearings and cut them out slowly, one by one. Now the low-arched aisles, eighty feet in length, were clear, with the thick leaves interlacing overhead, and the daylight shining through at their far ends, golden against the green. Here, where the north path terminated, Deal was now working.

He was a man slightly below middle height, broad-shouldered, and muscular, with the outlines which are called thick-set. He appeared forty-five, and was not quite thirty-five. Although weather-beaten and bronzed, there was yet a pinched look in his face, which was peculiar. He was working in an old field, preparing it for sweet-potatoes, — those omnipresent, monotonous vegetables of Florida which will grow anywhere, and which at last, with their ugly, gray-mottled skins, are regarded with absolute aversion by the Northern visitor.

The furrows of half a century before were still visible in the field. No frost had disturbed the winterless earth; no atom had changed its place, save where the gopher had burrowed beneath, or the snake left its waving trail above in the sand which constitutes the strange, white, desolate soil, wherever there is what may be called by comparison solid ground, in the lake-dotted, sieve-like land. There are many such traces of former cultivation in Florida: we come suddenly upon old tracks, furrows, and drains in what we thought primeval forest; rose-bushes run wild and distorted old fig-trees meet us in a jungle where we supposed no white man's foot had ever before penetrated; the ruins of a chimney gleam whitely through a waste of thorny *chaparral*. It is all natural enough, if one stops to remember that fifty years before the first settlement was made in Virginia, and sixty-three before the Mayflower touched the shores of the New World, there were flourishing Spanish plantations on this Southern coast, — more flourishing, apparently, than any the indolent peninsula has since known. But one does not stop to remember it; the belief is imbedded in all our Northern hearts that because the narrow, sun-bathed State is far away and wild and empty, it is also new and virgin, like the lands of the West; whereas it is old, — the only gray-haired corner our country holds.

Mark Deal worked hard. Perspiration beaded his forehead and cheeks, and rolled from his short, thick, red-brown hair. He worked in this way every day, from daylight until dusk; and was probably the only white man in the State who did. When his task was finished, he made a circuit around the belt of thicket through which the six paths ran to his orange-grove on the opposite side. On the way he skirted an edge of the sugar plantation, now a wide, empty waste, with the old elevated causeway still running across it. On its far

edge loomed the great cypresses of South Devil, a swamp forty miles long; there was a sister, West Devil, not far away, equally beautiful, dark, and deadly. Beyond the sugar waste were the indigo-fields, still fenced by their old ditches. Then came the orange-grove; luxuriant, shady word, — the orange-grove!

It was a space of level white sand, sixty feet square, fertilized a century before with pounded oyster-shells, in the Spanish fashion. Planted in even rows across it, tied to stakes, were slips of green stem, each with three leaves, — forlorn little plants, five or six inches in height. But the stakes were new and square and strong, and rose to Deal's shoulder; they were excellent stakes, and made quite a grove of themselves, firm, if somewhat bare.

Deal worked in his grove until sunset; then he shouldered his tools and went homeward through one of the arched aisles to the little plaza within, where stood his two-roomed house with its red cotton door. His brother was still sleeping on the sand; at least, his eyes were closed. Deal put his tools in a rack behind the house, and then crossed to where he lay.

"You should not sleep here after sunset, Carl," he said, somewhat roughly. "You know better; why do you do it?"

"I'm not asleep," answered the other, sitting up, and then slowly getting on his feet. "Heigh-ho! What are you going to have for dinner?"

"You are tired, Carl; and I see the reason. You have been in the swamp." Deal's eyes as he spoke were fixed upon the younger man's shoes, where traces of the ink-black soil of South Devil were plainly visible.

Carl laughed. "Can't keep anything from your Yankee eyes, can I, Mark?" he said. "But I only went a little way."

"It is n't the distance, it's the folly," said Mark, shortly, going towards the house.

"I never pretended to be wise," an-

swered Carl, slouching along behind him, with his hands wrapped in his blue cotton handkerchief, arranged like a muff.

Although Deal worked hard in his fields all day, he did not cook. In a third out-building lived a gray-headed old negro with one eye, who cooked for the new tenant, — and cooked well. His name was Scipio, but Carl called him Africanus; he said it was equally appropriate, and sounded more impressive. Scip's kitchen was out-of-doors, — simply an old Spanish chimney. His kettle and few dishes, when not in use, hung on the sides of this chimney, which now, all alone in the white sand, like an obelisk, cooked solemnly the old negro's messes, as half a century before it had cooked the more dignified repasts of the dead hidalgos. The brothers ate in the open air also, sitting at a rough board table which Mark had made, behind the house. They had breakfast soon after daylight, and at sunset dinner; in the middle of the day they took only fruit and bread.

"Day after to-morrow will be Christmas," said Carl, leaving the table and lighting his long pipe. "What are you going to do?"

"I had not thought of doing anything in particular."

"Well, at least don't work on Christmas Day."

"What would you have me do?"

Carl took his pipe from his mouth, and gazed at his brother in silence for a moment. "Go into the swamp with me," he urged, with sudden vehemence. "Come, — for the whole day!"

Deal was smoking, too, — a short clay pipe, very different from the huge, fantastic, carved bowl with long stem which weighed down Carl's thin mouth. "I don't know what to do with you, boy. You are mad about the swamp," he said, smoking on calmly.

They were sitting in front of the house now, in two chairs tilted back against its wall. The dark, odorless

earth looked up to the myriad stars, but was not lighted by them; a soft, languorous gloom lay over the land. Carl brushed away the ashes from his pipe impatiently.

"It's because you can't understand," he said. "The swamp haunts me. I *must* see it once; you will be wise to let me see it once. We might go through in a canoe together, by the branch; the branch goes through."

"The water goes, no doubt, but a canoe could n't."

"Yes, it could, with an axe. It has been done. They used to go up to San Miguel that way, sometimes, from here; it shortens the distance more than half."

"Who told you all this, — Scip?" "What does he know about it?"

"Oh, Africanus has seen several centuries; the Spaniards were living here only fifty years ago, you know, and that's nothing to him. He remembers the Indian attack."

"Ponce de Leon, too, I suppose; or, to go back to the old country, Cleopatra. But you must give up the swamp, Carl. I positively forbid it. The air inside is thick and deadly, to say nothing of the other dangers. How do you suppose it gained its name?"

"Diabolus is common enough as a title among Spaniards and Italians; it don't mean anything. The prince of darkness never lives in the places called by his name; he likes baptized cities better."

"Death lives there, however; and I brought you down here to cure you."

"I'm all right. See how much stronger I am! I shall soon be quite well again, old man," answered Carl, with the strange, sanguine faith of the consumptive.

The next day Deal worked very hard. He had a curious, inflexible, possibly narrow, kind of conscience, which required him to do double duty to-day, in order to make up for the holiday granted to Carl to-morrow. There was no

task-master over him ; even the seasons were not task-masters here. But so immovable were his own rules for himself that nothing could have induced him to abate one jot of the task he had laid out in his own mind, when he started afield at dawn.

When he returned home at sunset, somewhat later than usual, Carl was absent. Old Scipio could give no information ; he had not seen "young marse" since early morning. Deal put up his tools, ate something, and then, with a flask in his pocket, a fagot of light-wood torches bound on his back, and one of these brilliant, natural flambeaux in his hand, he started away on his search, going down one of the orange aisles, the light gleaming back through the arch until he reached the far end, when it disappeared. He crossed an old indigo field, and pushed his way through its hedge of Spanish bayonets, while the cacti sown along the ridge — small, flat green plates with white spines, like hideous tufted insects — fastened themselves viciously on the strong leather of his high boots. Then, reaching the sugar waste, he advanced a short distance on the old causeway, knelt down, and in the light of the torch examined its narrow, sandy level. Yes, there were the foot-prints he had feared to find. Carl had gone again into the poisonous swamp, — the beautiful, deadly South Devil. And this time he had not come back.

The elder brother rose, and with the torch held downward slowly traced the foot-marks. There was a path, or rather trail, leading in a short distance. The foot-prints followed it as far as it went, and the brother followed the foot-prints, the red glare of the torch foreshortening each swollen, gray-white cypress trunk, and giving to the dark, hidden pools below bright gleamings which they never had by day. He soon came to the end of the trail ; here he stopped and shouted loudly several times, with pauses between for answer. No answer came.

"But I know the trick of this thick air," he said to himself. "One can't hear anything in a cypress swamp."

He was now obliged to search closely for the foot-prints, pausing at each one, having no idea in which direction the next would tend. The soil did not hold the impressions well ; it was not mud or mire, but wet, spongy, fibrous black earth, thinly spread over the hard roots of trees, which protruded in distorted shapes in every direction. He traced what seemed foot-marks across an open space, and then lost them on the brink of a dark pool. If Carl had kept on, he must have crossed this pool ; but how ? On the sharp cypress-knees standing sullenly in the claret-colored water ? He went all around the open space again, seeking for foot-marks elsewhere ; but no, they ended at the edge of the pool. Cutting a long stick, he made his way across by its aid, stepping from knee-point to knee-point. On the other side he renewed his search for the trail, and after some labor found it, and went on again.

He toiled forward slowly in this way a long time, his course changing often ; Carl's advance seemed to have been aimless. Then, suddenly, the foot-prints ceased. There was not another one visible anywhere, though he searched in all directions again and again. He looked at his watch ; it was midnight. He hallooed ; no reply. What could have become of the lad ? He now began to feel his own fatigue ; after the long day of toil in the hot sun, these hours of laboring over the ground in a bent position, examining it inch by inch, brought on pains in his shoulders and back. Planting the torch he was carrying in the soft soil of a little knoll, he placed another one near it, and sat down between the two flames to rest for a minute or two, pouring out for himself a little brandy in the bottom of the cup belonging to his flask. He kept strict watch as he did this. Venomous things, large and

small, filled the vines above, and might drop at any moment upon him. But he had quick eyes and ears, and no intention of dying in the South Devil; so while he watched keenly, he took the time to swallow the brandy. After a moment or two he was startled by a weak human voice, saying, with faint decision, "*That's brandy!*"

"I should say it was," called Deal, springing to his feet. "Where are you, then?"

"Here."

The rescuer followed the sound, and, after one or two errors, came upon the body of his brother lying on a dank mat of water-leaves and ground-vines at the edge of a pool. In the red light of the torch he looked as though he was dead; his eyes only were alive.

"Brandy," he said again, faintly, as Deal appeared.

After he had swallowed a small quantity of the stimulant, he revived with unexpected swiftness.

"I have been shouting for you not fifty feet away," said Deal; "how is it that you did not hear?" Then in the same breath, in a soft undertone, he added, "Ah-h-h-h!" and without stirring a hair's-breadth from where he stood, or making an unnecessary motion, he slowly drew forth his pistol, took careful aim, and fired. He was behind his brother, who lay with closed eyes, not noticing the action.

"What have you killed?" asked Carl languidly. "I've seen nothing but birds; and the most beautiful ones, too."

"A moccasin, — that's all," said Deal, kicking the dead creature into the pool. He did not add that the snake was coiled for a spring. "Let us get back to the little knoll where I was, Carl; it's drier there."

"I don't think I can walk, old man. I fell from the vines up there, and something's the matter with my ankles."

"Well, I can carry you that distance," said Deal. "Put your arms

around my neck, and raise yourself as I lift you, — so."

The burning flambeau on the knoll served as a guide, and, after one or two pauses, owing to the treacherous footing, the elder brother succeeded in carrying the other thither. He then took off the light woolen coat he had put on before entering the swamp, spread it over the driest part of the little knoll, and laid Carl upon it.

"If you cannot walk," he said, "we shall have to wait here until daylight. I could not carry you and the torch also; and the footing is bad, — there are twenty pools to cross, or go around. Fortunately, we have light-wood enough to burn all night."

He lit fresh torches and arranged them at the four corners of their little knoll; then he began to pace slowly to and fro, like a picket walking his beat.

"What were you doing up among those vines?" he asked. He knew that it would be better for them both if they could keep themselves awake; those who fell asleep in the night air of South Devil generally awoke the next morning in another world.

"I climbed up a ladder of vines to gather some of the great red blossoms swinging in the air; and once up, I went along on the mat to see what I could find. It's beautiful there, — fairy-land. You can't see anything down below, but above the long moss hangs in fine, silvery lines like spray from ever so high up, and mixed with it air-plants, sheafs, and bells of scarlet and cream-colored blossoms. I sat there a long time looking, and I suppose I must have dozed; for I don't know when I fell."

"You did not hear me shout?"

"No. The first consciousness I had was the odor of brandy."

"The odor reached you, and the sound did not: that is one of the tricks of such air as this! You must have climbed up, I suppose, at the place where I lost the trail. What time did you come in?"

"I don't know," murmured Carl drowsily.

"Look here! you *must* keep awake!"

"I can't," answered the other.

Deal shook him, but could not rouse him even to anger. He only opened his blue eyes and looked reproachfully at his brother, but as though he was a long distance off. Then Deal lifted him up, uncorked the flask, and put it to his lips.

"Drink!" he said, loudly and sternly; and mechanically Carl obeyed. Once or twice his head moved aside, as if refusing more; but Deal again said, "Drink!" and without pity made the sleeper swallow every drop the flask contained. Then he laid him down upon the coat again, and covered his face and head with his own broad-brimmed palmetto hat, Carl's hat having been lost. He had done all he could, — changed the lethargy of the South Devil into the sleep of drunkenness, the last named at least a human slumber. He was now left to keep the watch alone.

During the first half hour a dozen red and green things, of the centipede and scorpion kind, stupefied by the glare of the torches, fell from the trees; and he dispatched them. Next, enormous grayish-white spiders, in color exactly like the bark, moved slowly one furred leg into view, and then another, on the trunks of the cypresses near by, gradually coming wholly into the light, — creatures covering a circumference as large as that of a plate. At length the cypresses all around the knoll were covered with them; and they all seemed to be watching him. He was not watching the spiders, however; he cared very little for the spiders. His eyes were upon the ground all the time, moving along the borders of his little knoll fort. It was bounded on two sides by pools, in whose dark depths he knew moccasins were awake, watching the light too with whatever of curiosity belongs to a snake's cold brain. His torches aroused them; and yet darkness would have been worse.

In the light he could at least see them, if they glided forth and tried to ascend the brilliant knoll. After a while they began to rise to the surface; he could distinguish portions of their bodies in waving lines, moving noiselessly hither and thither, appearing and disappearing suddenly, until the pools around seemed alive with them. There was not a sound; the soaked forest stood motionless. The absolute stillness made the quick gliding motions of the moccasins even more horrible. Yet Deal had no instinctive dread of snakes. The terrible "coach-whip," the deadly and grotesque spread-adder, the rattlesnake of the barrens, and these great moccasins of the pools were endowed with no imaginary horrors in his eyes. He accepted them as nature made them, and not as man's fancy painted them; it was only their poison fangs he feared.

"If the sea-crab could sting, how hideous we should think him! If the lobster had a deadly venom, how devilish his shape would seem to us!" he said.

But now no imagination was required to make the moccasins terrible. His revolver carried six balls; and he had already used one of them. Four hours must pass before dawn; there could be no unnecessary shooting. The creatures might even come out, and move along the edge of his knoll; only when they showed an intention of coming up the slope must their gliding life be ended. The moccasin is not a timorous or quick-nerved snake; in a place like the South Devil, when a human foot or boat approaches, generally he does not stir. His great body, sometimes over six feet in length, and thick and fat in the middle, lies on a log or at the edge of a pool, seemingly too lazy to move. But none the less, when roused, is his coil sudden and his long spring sure; his venom is deadly. After a time one of the creatures did come out and glide along the edge of the knoll. He went back into the water; but a second came out on the

other side. During the night Deal killed three; he was an excellent marksman, and picked them off easily as they crossed his dead-line.

"Fortunately they come one by one," he said to himself. "If there was any concert of action among them, I could n't hold the place a minute."

As the last hour began, the long hour before dawn, he felt the swamp lethargy stealing into his own brain; he saw the trees and torches doubled. He walked to and fro more quickly, and sang to keep himself awake. He knew only a few old-fashioned songs, and the South Devil heard that night, probably for the first time in its tropical life, the ancient Northern strains of "Gayly the Troubadour touched his guitar." Deal was no troubadour, and he had no guitar. But he sang on bravely, touching that stringed instrument, vocally at least, and bringing himself "home from the war" over and over again, until at last faint dawn penetrated from above down to the knoll where the four torches were burning. They were the last torches, and Deal was going through his sixtieth rehearsal of the Troubadour; but, instead of "Lady-love, lady-lo-o-o-ve," whom he apostrophized, a large moccasin rose from the pool, as if in answer. She might have been the queen of the moccasins, and beautiful—to moccasin eyes; but to Deal she was simply the largest and most hideous of all the snake visions of the night. He gave her his fifth ball, full in her mistaken brain; and if she had admired him (or the Troubadour), she paid for it with her life.

This was the last. Daylight appeared. The watchman put out his torches, and roused the sleeper. "Carl! Carl! It's daylight. Let us get out of this confounded crawling hole, and have a breath of fresh air."

Carl stirred, and opened his eyes; they were heavy and dull. His brother lifted him, told him to hold on tightly, and started with his burden towards

home. The snakes had disappeared, the gray spiders had vanished; he could see his way now, and he followed his own trail, which he had taken care to make distinct when he came in, the night before. But, loaded down as he was, and obliged to rest frequently and also to go around all the pools, hours passed before he reached the last cypresses and came out on the old causeway across the sugar waste.

It was Christmas morning; the thermometer stood at eighty-eight.

Carl slept off his enforced drunkenness in his hammock. Mark, having bandaged his brother's strained ankles, threw himself upon his rude couch, and fell into a heavy slumber also. He slept until sunset; then he rose, plunged his head into a tub of the limpid, pure, but never cold water of Florida, drawn from his shallow well, and went out to the chimney to see about dinner. The chimney was doing finely: a fiery plume of sparks waved from its white top, a red bed of coals glowed below. Scip moved about with as much equanimity as though he had a row of kitchen tables upon which to arrange his pans and dishes, instead of ruined blocks of stone, under the open sky. The dinner was good. Carl, awake at last, was carried out to the table to enjoy it, and then brought back to his chair in front of the house to smoke his evening pipe.

"I must make you a pair of crutches," said Deal.

"One will do; my right ankle is not much hurt, I think."

The fall, the air of the swamp, and the inward drenching of brandy had left Carl looking much as usual; the tenacious disease that held him swallowed the lesser ills. But for the time, at least, his wandering footsteps were stayed.

"I suppose there is no use in my asking, Carl, *why* you went in there?" said Deal, after a while.

"No, there is n't. I'm haunted,—that's all."

"But what is it that haunts you?"

"Sounds. *You* could n't understand, though, if I was to talk all night."

"Perhaps I could; perhaps I can understand more than you imagine. I'll tell you a story, presently; but first you must explain to me, at least as well as you can, what it is that attracts you in South Devil."

"Oh—well," said Carl, with a long, impatient sigh, closing his eyes wearily. "I am a musician, you know, a musician *manqué*; a musician who can't play. Something's the matter; I *hear* music, but cannot bring it out. And I know so well what it ought to be, ought to be and is n't, that I've broken my violin in pieces a dozen times in my rages about it. Now, other fellows in orchestras, who *don't* know, get along very well. But I could n't. I've thought at times that, although I cannot sound what I hear with my own hands, perhaps I could *write* it out so that other men could sound it. The idea has never come to anything definite yet,—that is, what *you* would call definite; but it haunts me persistently, and *now* it has got into that swamp. The wish," here Carl laid down his great pipe, and pressed his hand eagerly upon his brother's knee,— "the wish that haunts me — drives me — is to write out the beautiful music of the South Devil, the sounds one hears in there" —

"But there are no sounds."

"No sounds? You must be deaf! The air fairly reeks with sounds, with harmonies. But there, — I told you you could n't understand." He leaned back against the wall again, and took up the great pipe, which looked as though it must consume whatever small store of strength remained to him.

"Is it what is called an opera you want to write, like — like the Creation, for instance?" asked Deal. The Creation was the only long piece of music he had ever heard.

Carl groaned. "Oh, *don't* talk of it!"

he said; then added, irritably, "It's a song, that's all, — the song of a Southern swamp."

"Call it by its real name, Devil," said the elder brother, grimly.

"I would, if I was rich enough to have a picture painted, — the Spirit of the Swamp, — a beautiful woman, falsely called a devil by cowards, dark, languorous, mystical, sleeping among the vines I saw up there, with the great red blossoms dropping around her."

"And the great mottled snakes coiling over her?"

"I did n't see any snakes."

"Well," said Mark, refilling his pipe, "now I'm going to tell you *my* story. When I met you on that windy pier at Exton, and proposed that you should come down here with me, I was coming myself, in any case, was n't I? And why? I wanted to get to a place where I could be warm, — warm, hot, baked; warm through and through; warm all the time. I wanted to get to a place where the very ground was warm. And *now* — I'll tell you why."

He rose from his seat, laid down his pipe, and, extending his hand, spoke for about fifteen minutes without pause. Then he turned, went back hastily to the old chimney, where red coals still lingered, and sat down close to the glow, leaving Carl wonder-struck in his tilted chair. The elder man leaned over the fire and held his hands close to the coals; Carl watched him. It was nine o'clock, and the thermometer marked eighty.

For nearly a month after Christmas, life on the old plantation went on without event or disaster. Carl, with his crutch and cane, could not walk far; his fancy now was to limp through the east orange aisle to the place of tombs, and sit there for hours, playing softly, what might be called crooning, on his violin. The place of tombs was a small, circular space surrounded by wild orange-trees in a close, even row like a hedge; here were four tombs, massive, oblong blocks

of the white conglomerate of the coast, too coarse-grained to hold inscription or mark of any kind. Who the old Spaniards were whose bones lay beneath, and what names they bore in the flesh, no one knew; all record was lost. Outside in the wild thicket was a tomb still more ancient, and of different construction: four slabs of stone, uncovered, about three feet high, rudely but firmly placed, as though inclosing a coffin. In the earth between these low walls grew a venerable cedar; but, old as it was, it must have been planted by chance or by hand after the human body beneath had been laid in its place.

"Why do you come here?" said Deal, pausing and looking into the place of tombs, one morning, on his way to the orange-grove. "There are plenty of pleasanter spots about."

"No; I like this better," answered Carl, without stopping the low chant of his violin. "Besides, they like, it too."

"Who?"

"The old fellows down below. The chap outside there, who must have been an Aztec, I suppose, and the original proprietor, catches a little of it; but I generally limp over and give him a tune to himself before going home. I have to imagine the Aztec style."

Mark gave a short laugh, and went on to his work. But he knew the real reason for Carl's fancy for the place: between the slim, clean trunks of the orange-trees, the long green line of South Devil bounded the horizon, the flat tops of the cypresses far above against the sky, and the vines and silver moss filling the space below, — a luxuriant wall across the broad, thinly-treed expanses of the pine barrens.

One evening in January Deal came homeward as usual at sunset, and found a visitor. Carl introduced him. "My friend Schwartz," he said. Schwartz merited his name; he was dark in complexion, hair, and eyes, and if he had any aims they were dark also. He was

full of anecdotes and jests, and Carl laughed heartily; Mark had never heard him laugh in that way before. The elder brother ordered a good supper, and played the host as well as he could; but, in spite of the anecdotes, he did not altogether like friend Schwartz. Early the next morning, while the visitor was still asleep, he called Carl outside, and asked in an undertone who he was.

"Oh, I met him first in Berlin, and afterwards I knew him in New York," said Carl. "All the orchestra fellows know Schwartz."

"Is he a musician, then?"

"Not exactly; but he used to be always around, you know."

"How comes he down here?"

"Just chance. He had an offer from a sort of a — of a restaurant, up in San Miguel, a new place recently opened. The other day he happened to find out that I was here, and so came down to see me."

"How did he find out?"

"I suppose you gave our names to the agent when you took the place, didn't you?"

"I gave mine; and — yes, I think I mentioned you."

"If you did n't, I mentioned myself. I was at San Miguel two weeks, you remember, while you were making ready down here; and I venture to say almost everybody remembers Carl Brenner."

Mark smiled. Carl's fixed, assured self-conceit in the face of the utter failure he had made of his life did not annoy, but rather amused him; it seemed part of the lad's nature.

"I don't want to grudge you your amusement, Carl," he said; "but I don't much like this Schwartz of yours."

"He won't stay; he has to go back to-day. He came in a cart with a man from San Miguel, who, by some rare chance, had an errand down this forgotten, God-forsaken, dead-alive old road. The man will pass by on his way

home this afternoon, and Schwartz is to meet him at the edge of the barren."

"Have an early dinner, then; there are birds and venison, and there is lettuce enough for a salad. Scip can make you some coffee."

But although he thus proffered his best, none the less did the elder brother take with him the key of the little chest which contained his small store of brandy and the two or three bottles of orange wine which he had brought down with him from San Miguel.

After he had gone, Schwartz and Carl strolled around the plantation in the sunshine. Schwartz did not care to sit down among Carl's tombs; he said they made him feel moldy. Carl argued the point with him in vain, and then gave it up, and took him around to the causeway across the sugar waste, where they stretched themselves out in the shade cast by the ruined wall of the old mill.

"What brought this brother of yours away down here?" asked the visitor, watching a chameleon on the wall near by. "See that little beggar swelling out his neck!"

"He's catching flies. In a storm they will come and hang themselves by one paw on our windows, and the wind will blow them out like dead leaves, and rattle them about, and they'll never move. But when the sun shines out, there they are all alive again."

"But about your brother?"

"He is n't my brother."

"What?"

"My mother, a widow, named Brenner, with one son, Carl, married his father, a widower, named Deal, with one son, Mark. There you have the whole."

"He is a great deal older than you. I suppose he has been in the habit of assisting you?"

"Never saw him in my life until this last October, when, one windy day, he found me coughing on the Exton pier; and, soon afterward, he brought me down here."

"Came, then, on your account?"

"By no means; he was coming himself. It's a queer story; I'll tell it to you. It seems he went with the Kenton Arctic expedition,—you remember it? Two of the ships were lost; his was one. But I'll have to get up and say it as he did." Here Carl rose, put down his pipe, extended one hand stiffly in a fixed position, and went on speaking, his very voice, by force of the natural powers of mimicry he possessed, sounding like Mark's:—

"We were a company of eight when we started away from the frozen hulk, which would never see clear water under her bows again. Once before we had started, thirty-five strong, and had come back thirteen. Five had died in the old ship, and now the last survivors were again starting forth. We drew a sledge behind us, carrying our provisions and the farcical records of the expedition which had ended in death, as they must all end. We soon lose sight of the vessel. It was our only shelter, and we look back; then, at each other. 'Cheer up!' says one. 'Take this extra skin, Mark; I am stronger than you.' It's Procter's voice that speaks. Ten days go by. There are only five of us now, and we are walking on doggedly across the ice, the numbing ice, the killing ice, the never-ending, gleaming, taunting, devilish ice. We have left the sledge behind. No trouble now for each to carry his share of food, it is so light. Now we walk together for a while; now we separate, sick of seeing one another's pinched faces, but we keep within call. On the eleventh day a wind rises; bergs come sailing into view. One moves down upon us. Its peak shining in the sunshine far above is nothing to the great mass that moves on under the water. Our ice-field breaks into a thousand pieces. We leap from block to block; we cry aloud in our despair; we call to each other, and curse, and pray. But the strips of dark water widen between

us; our ice-islands grow smaller; and a current bears us onward. We can no longer keep in motion, and freeze as we stand. Two float near each other as darkness falls: 'Cheer up, Mark, cheer up!' cries one, and throws his flask across the gap between. Again it is Procter's voice that speaks.

"In the morning only one is left alive. The others are blocks of ice, and float around in the slow eddy, each solemnly staring, one foot advanced, as if still keeping up the poor cramped steps with which he had fought off death. The one who is still alive floats around and around, with these dead men standing stiffly on their islands, all day, sometimes so near them that the air about him is stirred by their icy forms as they pass. At evening his cake drifts away through an opening towards the south, and he sees them no more, save that after him follows his dead friend, Procter, at some distance behind. As night comes, the figure seems to wave its rigid hand in the distance, and cry from its icy throat, 'Cheer up, Mark, and goodbye!'"

Here Carl stopped, rubbed his hands, shivered, and looked to see how his visitor took the narrative.

"It's a pretty cold story," said Schwartz, "even in this broiling sun. So he came down here to get a good, full warm, did he? He's got the cash, I suppose, to pay for his fancies."

"I don't call that a fancy, exactly," said Carl, seating himself on the hot white sand in the sunshine, with his thin hands clasped around his knees. "As to cash,—I don't know. He works very hard."

"He works because he likes it," said Schwartz, contemptuously; "he looks like that sort of a man. But, at any rate, he don't make *you* work much!"

"He *is* awfully good to me," admitted Carl.

"It is n't on account of your beauty."

"Oh, I'm good-looking enough in my way," replied the youth. "I acknowledge it is n't a common way; like yours, for instance." As he spoke, he passed his hand through his thin light hair, drew the ends of the long locks forward, and examined them admiringly.

"As he never saw you before, it could n't have been brotherly love," pursued the other. "I suppose it was pity."

"No, it was n't pity, either, you old blockhead," said Carl, laughing. "He *likes* to have me with him; he *likes* me."

"I see that myself, and that's exactly the point. Why should he? You have n't any inheritance to will to him, have you?"

"My violin, and the clothes on my back. I believe that's all," answered Carl, lightly. He took off his palmetto hat, made a pillow of it, and stretched himself out at full length, closing his eyes.

"Well, give *me* a brother with cash, and I'll go to sleep, too," said Schwartz. When Deal came home at sunset, the dark-skinned visitor was gone.

But he came again; and this time stayed three days. Mark allowed it, for Carl's sake. All he said was, "He cannot be of much use in the restaurant up there. What is he? Cook? Or waiter?"

"Oh, Schwartz is n't a servant, old fellow. He helps entertain the guests."

"Sings, I suppose."

Carl did not reply, and Deal set Schwartz down as a lager-beer-hall ballad singer, borne southward on the tide of winter travel to Florida. One advantage at least was gained,—when Schwartz was there, Carl was less tempted by the swamp.

And now, a third time, the guest came. During the first evening of this third visit, he was so good-tempered, so frankly lazy and amusing, that even Deal was disarmed. "He's a good-for-nothing, probably; but there's no active harm in him," he said to himself.

The second evening was a repetition of the first.

When he came home at sunset on the third evening, Carl was lying coiled up close to the wall of the house, his face hidden in his arms.

"What are you doing there?" said Deal, as he passed by, on his way to put up the tools.

No answer. But Carl had all kinds of whims, and Deal was used to them. He went across to Scip's chimney.

"Awful time, cap'en," said the old negro, in a low voice. "Soon's you's gone, dat man make young marse drink, and bot' begin to holler and fight."

"Drink? They had no liquor."

"Yes, dey hab. Mus' hab brought 'em 'long."

"Where is the man?"

"Oh, he gone long ago, — gone at noon."

Deal went to his brother. "Carl," he said, "get up. Dinner is ready." But the coiled form did not stir.

"Don't be a fool," continued Deal. "I know you've been drinking; Scip told me. It's a pity. But no reason why you should not eat."

Carl did not move. Deal went off to his dinner, and sent some to Carl. But the food remained untasted. Then Deal passed into the house, to get some tobacco for his pipe. Then a loud cry was heard. The hiding-place which his Yankee fingers had skillfully fashioned in the old wall had been rifled; all his money was gone. No one knew the secret of the spot but Carl.

"Did he overpower you, and take it?" he asked, kneeling down and lifting Carl by force, so that he could see his face.

"No; I gave it to him," Carl answered, thickly and slowly.

"You gave it to him?"

"I lost it, — at cards."

"Cards!"

Deal had never thought of that. All at once the whole flashed upon him: the

gambler who was always "around" with the "orchestra fellows;" the "restaurant" at San Miguel where he helped "entertain" the guests; the probability that business was slack in the ancient little town, unaccustomed to such luxuries; and the treasure-trove of an old acquaintance within a day's journey, — an old acquaintance like Carl, who had come also into happy possession of a rich brother. A rich brother! — probably that was what Schwartz called him!

At any rate, rich or poor, Schwartz had it all. With the exception of one hundred dollars which he had left at San Miguel as a deposit, he had now only five dollars in the world; Carl had gambled away his all.

It was a hard blow.

He lifted his brother in his arms and carried him in to his hammock. A few minutes later, staff in hand, he started down the live-oak avenue towards the old road which led northward to San Miguel. The moonlight was brilliant; he walked all night. At dawn he was searching the little city.

Yes, the man was known there. He frequented the Esmeralda Parlors. The Esmeralda Parlors, however, represented by an attendant, a Northern mulatto, with straight features, long, narrow eyes, and pale-golden skin, a bronze piece of insolence, who was also more faultlessly dressed than any one else in San Miguel, suavely replied that Schwartz was no longer one of their "guests;" he had severed his connection with the Parlors several days before. Where was he? The Parlors had no idea.

But the men about the docks knew. Schwartz had been seen the previous evening negotiating passage at the last moment on a coasting schooner bound South, — one of those nondescript little craft engaged in smuggling and illegal trading, with which the waters of the West Indies are infested. The schooner had made her way out of the harbor by moonlight. Although ostensibly bound

for Key West, no one could say with any certainty that she would touch there; bribed by Schwartz, with all the harbors, inlets, and lagoons of the West Indies open to her, pursuit would be worse than hopeless. Deal realized this. He ate the food he had brought with him, drank a cup of coffee, called for his deposit, and then walked back to the plantation.

When he came into the little plaza, Carl was sitting on the steps of their small house. His head was clear again; he looked pale and wasted.

"It's all right," said Deal. "I've traced him. In the mean time, don't worry, Carl. If I don't mind it, why should you?"

Without saying more, he went inside, changed his shoes, then came out, ordered dinner, talked to Scip, and when the meal was ready called Carl, and took his place at the table as though nothing had happened. Carl scarcely spoke; Deal approved his silence. He felt so intensely for the lad, realized so strongly what he must be feeling, — suffering and feeling, — that conversation on the subject would have been at that early moment unendurable. But waking during the night, and hearing him stirring, uneasy, and apparently feverish, he went across to the hammock.

"You are worrying about it, Carl, and you are not strong enough to stand worry. Look here, — I have forgiven you; I would forgive you twice as much. Have you no idea why I brought you down here with me?"

"Because you're kind-hearted. And perhaps, too, you thought it would be lonely," answered Carl.

"No, I'm not kind-hearted, and I never was lonely in my life. I didn't intend to tell you, but — you *must not* worry. It is your name, Carl, and — and your blue eyes. I was fond of Eliza."

"Fond of Leeza, — Leeza Brenner? Then why on earth did n't you marry

her?" said Carl, sitting up in his hammock, and trying to see his step-brother's face in the moonlight that came through the chinks in the shutters.

Mark's face was in shadow. "She liked some one else better," he said.

"Who?"

"Never mind. But — yes, I will tell you, — Graves."

"John Graves? That dunce? No, she did n't."

"As it happens, I know she did. But we won't talk about it. I only told you to show you why I cared for you."

"I would n't care about a girl that did n't care for me," said Carl, still peering curiously through the checkered darkness. The wizened young violin player fancied himself an omnipotent power among women. But Deal had gone to his bed, and would say no more.

Carl had heard something now which deeply astonished him. He had not been much troubled about the lost money; it was not in his nature to be much troubled about money at any time. He was sorry; but what was gone was gone; why waste thought upon it? This he called philosophy. Mark, out of regard for Carl's supposed distress, had forbidden conversation on the subject; but he was not shutting out, as he thought, torrents of shame, remorse, and self-condemnation. Carl kept silence willingly enough; but even if the bar had been removed, he would have had little to say. During the night his head had ached, and he had had some fever; but it was more the effect of the fiery, rank liquor pressed upon him by Schwartz than of remorse. But *now* he had heard what really interested and aroused him. Mark in love! — hard-working, steady, dull old Mark, whom he had thought endowed with no fancies at all, save perhaps that of being thoroughly warmed after his arctic freezing. Old Mark fond of Leeza, — in love with Leeza!

Leeza was n't much. Carl did not

even think his cousin pretty; his fancy was for something large and Oriental. But, pretty or not, she had evidently fascinated Mark Deal, coming, a poor little orphan maid, with her aunt, Carl's mother, to brighten old Abner Deal's farmhouse, one mile from the windy Exton pier. Carl's mother could not hope to keep her German son in this new home; but she kept little Leeza, or Eliza, as the neighbors called her. And Mark, a shy, awkward boy, had learned to love the child, who had sweet blue eyes, and thick braids of flaxen hair fastened across the back of her head.

"To care all that for Leeza!" thought Carl, laughing silently in his hammock. "And then to fancy that she liked that Graves! And then to leave her, and come away off down here, just on the suspicion!"

But Carl was mistaken. A man, be he never so awkward and silent, will generally make at least one effort to get the woman he loves. Mark had made two, and failed. After his first, he had gone North; after his second, he had come South, bringing Leeza's cousin with him.

In the morning a new life began on the old plantation. First, Scipio was dismissed; then the hunter who had kept the open-air larder supplied with game, an old man of unknown, or rather mixed descent, having probably Spanish, African, and Seminole blood in his veins, was told that his services were required no more.

"But are you going to starve us, then?" asked Carl, with a comical grimace.

"I am a good shot, myself," replied Deal; "and a fair cook, too."

"But *why* do you do it?" pursued the other. He had forgotten all about the money.

The elder man looked at his brother. Could it be possible that he had forgotten? And, if he had, was it not necessary, in their altered circumstances, that

the truth should be brought plainly before his careless eyes?

"I am obliged to do it," he answered, gravely. "We must be very saving, Carl. Things will be easier, I hope, when the fields begin to yield."

"Good heavens, you don't mean to say I took all you had!" said Carl, with an intonation showing that the fact that the abstracted sum was "all" was impressing him more than any agency of his own in the matter.

"I told you I did not mind it," answered Mark, going off with his gun and game-bag.

"But *I* do, by Jove!" said Carl to himself, watching him disappear.

Musicians, in this world's knowledge and wisdom, are often fools, or rather they remain always children. The beautiful gift, the divine gift, the gift which is the nearest to heaven, is accompanied by lacks of another sort. Carl Brenner, like a child, could not appreciate poverty unless his dinner was curtailed, his tobacco gone. The petty changes now made in the small routine of each day touched him acutely, and roused him at last to the effort of connected, almost practical thought. Old Mark was troubled, — poor. The cook was going, the hunter discharged; the dinners would be good no longer. This was because he, Carl, had taken the money. There was no especial harm in the act *per se*; but as the sum happened to be all old Mark had, it was unfortunate. Under the circumstances, what could he, Carl, do to help old Mark?

Mark loved that light-headed little Leeza. Mark had brought him down here and taken care of him on Leeza's account. Mark, therefore, should have Leeza. He, Carl, would bring it about. He set to work at once to be special providence in Mark's affairs. He sat down, wrote a long letter, sealed it with a stern air, and then laid it on the table, got up, and surveyed it with decision. There it was, — done! Gone! But no;

not "gone" yet. And how could it go? He was now confronted by the difficulty of mailing it without Mark's knowledge. San Miguel was the nearest post-office; and San Miguel was miles away. Africanus was half crippled; the old hunter would come no more; he himself could not walk half the distance. Then an idea came to him: Africanus, although dismissed, was not yet gone. He went out to find him.

Mark came home at night with a few birds. "They will last us over one day," he said, throwing down the spoil. "You still here, Scip? I thought I sent you off."

"He's going to-morrow," interposed Carl. Scip sat up all night cooking.

"What in the world has got into him?" said Deal, as the light from the old chimney made their sleeping-room bright.

"He wants to leave us well supplied, I suppose," said Carl, from his hammock. "Things keep better down here when they're cooked, you know." This was true; but it was unusual for Carl to interest himself in such matters.

The next morning Deal started on a hunting expedition, intending to be absent two days. Game was plenty in the high lands farther west. He had good luck, and came back at the end of the second day loaded, having left also several caches behind to be visited on the morrow. But there was no one in the house, or on the plantation; both Scip and Carl were gone.

A slip of paper was pinned to the red cotton door. It contained these words: "It's all right, old fellow. If I'm not back at the end of three days, counting this as one, come into South Devil after me. You'll find a trail."

"Confound the boy!" said Deal, in high vexation. "He's crazy." He took a torch, went to the causeway, and there saw from the foot-prints that two had crossed. "Scip went with him," he thought, somewhat comforted. "The old

black rascal used to declare that he knew every inch of the swamp." He went back, cooked his supper, and slept. In the matter of provisions, there was little left save what he kept under lock and key. Scipio had started with a good supply. At dawn he rose, made a fire under the old chimney, cooked some venison, baked some corn-bread, and, placing them in his bag, started into South Devil, a bundle of torches slung on his back as before, his gun in his hand, his revolver and knife in his belt. "They have already been gone two days," he said to himself; "they must be coming towards home, now." He thought Carl was carrying out his cherished design of exploring the swamp. There was a trail,—hatchet marks on the trees, and broken boughs. "That's old Scip. Carl would never have been so systematic," he thought.

He went on until noon; and then suddenly found himself on the bank of a sluggish stream. "The Branch," he said,— "South Devil Branch. It joins West Devil, and the two make the San Juan Baptista (a queer origin for a saint!) three miles below Miguel. But where does the trail go, now?" It went nowhere. He searched and searched, and could not find it. It ended at the Branch. Standing there in perplexity, he happened to raise his eyes. Small attention had he hitherto paid to the tangled vines and blossoms swinging above him. He hated the beauty of South Devil. But now he saw a slip of paper hanging from a vine, and, seizing it, he read as follows: "We take boat here; wait for me if not returned."

Mark stood, the paper in his hand, thinking. There was only one boat in the neighborhood, a canoe belonging to the mongrel old hunter, who occasionally went into the swamp. Carl must have obtained this in some way; probably the mongrel had brought it in by the Branch, or one of its tributaries, and this was the rendezvous. One comfort,

—the old hunter must then be of the party, too. But why should he, Mark, wait, if Carl had two persons with him? Still, the boy had asked. It ended in his waiting.

He began to prepare for the night. There was a knoll near by, and here he made a camp-fire, spending the time before sunset in gathering the wood by the slow process of climbing the trees and vines, and breaking off dead twigs and branches; everything near the ground was wet and sogged. He planted his four torches, ate his supper, examined his gun and revolver, and then, as darkness fell, having nothing else to do, he made a plot on the ground with twigs and long splinters of light-wood, and played, one hand against the other, a swamp game of fox and geese. He played standing (his fox and geese were two feet high), so that he could keep a lookout for every sort of creature. There were wild-cats and bears in the interior of South Devil, and in the Branch, alligators. He did not fear the large creatures, however; his especial guard, as before, was against the silent snakes. He lighted the fire and torches early, so that whatever uncanny inhabitants there might be in the near trees could have an opportunity of coming down and seeking night quarters elsewhere. He played game after game of fox and geese; and this time he sang Sweet Afton. He felt that he had exhausted the Troubadour on the previous occasion. He shot five snakes, and saw (or rather it seemed to him that he saw) five thousand others coiling and gliding over the roots of the cypresses all around. He made a rule not to look at them, if he could help it, as long as they did not approach. "Otherwise," he thought, "I shall lose my senses, and think the very trees are squirming."

It was a long, long night. The knoll was dented all over with holes made by the long splinters representing his fox and geese. Dizziness was creeping over

him at intervals. His voice, singing Sweet Afton, had become hoarse and broken, and his steps uneven, as he moved to and fro, still playing the game dully, when at last dawn came. But although the flat tops of the great cypresses far above were bathed in the golden sunshine, it was long before the radiance penetrated to the dark glades below. The dank, watery aisles were still in gray shadow, when the watcher heard a sound,—a real sound now, not an imaginary one,—and at the same moment his glazed eyes saw a boat coming up the Branch. It was a white canoe, and paddled by a wraith; at least, the creature who sat within looked so grayly pale, and its eyes in its still, white face so large and unearthly, that it seemed like a shade returned from the halls of death.

"Why, Carl!" said Mark, in a loud, unsteady voice, breaking through his own lethargy by main force. "It's you, Carl, is n't it?"

He tramped down to the water's edge, each step seeming to him a rod long, and now a valley, now a hill. The canoe touched the bank, and Carl fell forward; not with violence, but softly, and without strength. What little consciousness he had kept was now gone.

Dawn was coming down from above; the air was slightly stirred. The elder man's head grew more steady, as he lifted his step-brother, gave him brandy, rubbed his temples and chest, and then, as he came slowly back to life again, stood thinking what he should do. They were a half-day's journey from home, and Carl could not walk. If he attempted to carry him, he was fearful that they should not reach pure air outside before darkness fell again, and a second night in the thick air might be death for both of them; but there was the boat. It had come into South Devil in some way; by that way it should go out again. He laid Carl in one end, putting his own coat under his head for

a pillow, and then stepped in himself, took the paddle, and moved off. Of course he must ascend the Branch; as long as there were no tributaries, he could not err. But presently he came to an everglade, — a broadening of the stream with apparently twenty different outlets, all equally dark and tangled. He paddled around the border, looking first at one, then at another. The matted water-vines caught at his boat like hundreds of hands; the great lily leaves slowly sank and let the light bow glide over them. Carl slept; there was no use trying to rouse him; but probably he would remember nothing, even if awake. The elder brother took out his compass, and had decided by it which outlet to take, when his eye rested upon the skin of a moccasin nailed to a cypress on the other side of the pond. It was the mongrel's way of making a guide-post. Without hesitation, although the direction was the exact opposite of the one he had selected, Deal pushed the canoe across and entered the stream thus indicated. At the next pool he found another snake-skin; and so on out of the swamp. Twenty-five snakes had died in the cause. He came to firm land at noon, two miles from the plantation. Carl was awake now, but weak and wandering. Deal lifted him on shore, built a fire, heated some meat, toasted corn-bread, and made him eat. Then, leaning upon his brother's arm, walking slowly, and often pausing to rest, the blue-eyed ghost reached home at sunset, — two miles in five hours.

Ten days now passed; the mind of the young violin player did not regain its poise. He rose and dressed himself each morning, and slept in the sunshine as before. He went to the place of tombs, carrying his violin, but forgot to play. Instead, he sat looking dreamily at the swamp. He said little; and what he did say was disconnected. The only sentence which seemed to have meaning, and to be spoken earnestly,

was, "It's all right, old fellow. Just you wait fifteen days, — fifteen days!" But when Mark questioned him, he could get no definite reply; only a repetition of the exhortation to "wait fifteen days."

Deal went over to one of the mongrel's haunts, and, by good luck, found him at home. The mongrel had a number of camps which he occupied according to convenience. The old man acknowledged that he had lent his canoe, and that he had accompanied Carl and Scip part of the way through South Devil. But only part of the way; then he left them, and struck across to the west. Where were they going? Why, straight to San Miguel; the Branch brought them to the King's road crossing, and the rest of the way they went on foot. What were they going to do in San Miguel? The mongrel had no idea; he had not many ideas. Scip was to stay up there; Brenner was to return alone in the canoe, they having made a trail all the way.

Deal returned to the plantation. He still thought that Carl's idea had been merely to explore the swamp.

Twelve days had passed, and had grown to fourteen; Carl was no stronger. He was very gentle now, like a sick child. Deal was seized with a fear that this soft quiet was the peace that often comes before the last to the poor racked frame of the consumptive. He gave up all but the necessary work, and stayed with Carl all day. The blue-eyed ghost smiled, but said little; into its clouded mind penetrated but one ray, — "Wait fifteen days." Mark had decided that the sentence meant nothing but some wandering fancy. Spring in all her superb luxuriance was now wreathing Florida with flowers; the spring flowers met the old flowers, the spring leaves met the old leaves. The yellow jessamine climbed over miles of thicket; the myriad purple balls of the sensitive-plant starred the ground; the atamasco lilies grew whitely, each one shining all alone, in

the wet woods ; chocolate-hued orchids nodded, and the rose-colored ones rang their bells, at the edge of the barren. The old causeway across the sugar waste was blue with violets, and Mark carried Carl thither ; he would lie there contentedly in the sunshine for hours, his pale fingers toying with the blue blossoms, his eyes lifted to the green line of South Devil across the sapphire sky.

One afternoon he fell asleep there, and Mark left him to cook their dinner. When he came back, his step-brother's eyes had reason in them once more, or rather remembrance.

"Old fellow," he said, as Mark, surprised and somewhat alarmed at the change, sat down beside him, "you got me out of the swamp, I suppose ? I don't remember getting myself out. Now I want to ask something. I'm going to leave this world in a few days, and try it in another ; better luck next time, you know. What I want to ask is that you'll take me up and bury me at San Miguel in a little old burying-ground they have there, on a knoll overlooking the ocean. I don't want to lie here with the Dons and the Aztecs ; and, besides, I particularly want to be carried through the swamp. Take me through in the canoe, as I went the last time ; it's the easiest way, and there's a trail. And I want to go. And do not cover my face, either ; I want to see. Promise."

Mark promised, and Carl closed his eyes. Then he roused himself again.

"Inquire at the post-office in San Miguel for a letter," he said, drowsily. "Promise." Again Mark promised. He seemed to sleep for some minutes ; then he spoke again.

"I heard that music, you know, — heard it all out plainly and clearly," he said, looking quietly at his brother. "I know the whole, and have sung it over to myself a thousand times since. I cannot write it down *now*. But it will not be lost."

"Music is never lost, I suppose," answered Mark, somewhat at random.

"Certainly not," said Carl, with decision. "My song will be heard some time. I'm sure of that. And it will be much admired."

"I hope so."

"You try to be kind always, don't you, old fellow, whether you comprehend or not ?" said the boy, with his old superior smile, — the smile of the artist, who, although he be a failure and a pauper, yet always pities the wise. Then he slept again. At dawn, peacefully and with a smile, he died.

It should not have been expected, perhaps, that he could live. But, in some way, Mark had expected it.

A few hours later a canoe was floating down the Branch through South Devil. One man was paddling at the stern ; another was stretched on a couch, with his head on a pillow placed at the bow, where he could see the blossoming net-work above through his closed eyes. As Carl had said, Scipio had left a trail all the way, — a broken branch, a bent reed, or a shred of cloth tied to the lily-leaves. All through the still day they glided on, the canoe moving without a sound on the bosom of the dark stream. They passed under the gray and solemn cypresses, rising without branches to an enormous height, their far foliage hidden by the moss, which hung down thickly in long flakes, diffusing the sunshine and making it silvery like mist ; in the silver swung the air-plants, great cream-colored disks, and wands of scarlet, crowded with little buds, blossoms that looked like butterflies, and blossoms that looked like humming-birds, and little dragon-heads with grinning faces. Then they came to the region of the palms ; these shot up, slender and graceful, and leaned over the stream, the great aureum ferns growing on their trunks high in the air. Beneath was a firmer soil than in the domain of the cypresses, and here grew a mat of little

flowers, each less than a quarter of an inch wide, close together, pink, blue, scarlet, yellow, purple, but never white, producing a hue singularly rich, owing to the absence of that colorless color which man ever mingles with his floral combinations, and strangely makes sacred alike to the bridal and to death. Great vines ran up the palms, knotted themselves, and came down again, hand over hand, wreathed in little fresh leaves of exquisite green. Birds with plumage of blush-rose pink flew slowly by; also some with scarlet wings, and the jeweled paroquets. The great Savannah cranes stood on the shore, and did not stir as the boat moved by. And, as the spring was now in its prime, the alligators showed their horny heads above water, and climbed awkwardly out on the bank; or else, swimming by the side of the canoe, accompanied it long distances, no doubt moved by dull curiosity concerning its means of locomotion, and its ideas as to choice morsels of food. The air was absolutely still; no breeze reached these blossoming aisles; each leaf hung motionless. The atmosphere was hot, and heavy with perfumes. It was the heart of the swamp, a riot of intoxicating, steaming, swarming, fragrant, beautiful, tropical life, without man to make or mar it. All the world was once so, before man was made.

Did Deal appreciate this beauty? He looked at it, because he could not get over the feeling that Carl was looking at it too; but he did not admire it. The old New England spirit was rising within him again at last, after the crushing palsy of the polar ice, and the icy looks of a certain blue-eyed woman.

He came out of the swamp an hour before sunset, and, landing, lifted his brother in his arms, and started northward toward San Miguel. The little city was near; but the weight of a dead body grown cold is strange and mighty, and it was late evening before he entered the gate, carrying his motionless

burden. He crossed the little plaza, and went into the ancient cathedral, laying it down on the chancel step before the high altar. It was the only place he could think of; and he was not repelled. A hanging lamp of silver burned dimly; in a few moments kind hands came to help him. And thus Carl, who never went to church in life, went there in death, and, with tapers burning at his head and feet, rested all night under the picture of the madonna, with nuns keeping watch and murmuring their gentle prayers beside him.

The next morning, he was buried in the dry little burial-ground on the knoll overlooking the blue Southern ocean.

When all was over, Deal, feeling strangely lonely, remembered his promise, and turned towards the post-office. He expected nothing; it was only one of the poor lad's fancies; still, he would keep his word. There was nothing for him.

He went out. Then an impulse made him turn back and ask if there was a letter for Carl. "For Carl Brenner," he said, and thought how strange it was that there was now no Carl. There was a letter; he put it into his pocket and left the town, going homeward by the King's road on foot; the South Devil should see *him* no more. He slept part of the night by the road-side, and reached home the next morning; everything was as he had left it. He made a fire and boiled some coffee; then he set the little house in order, loaded his gun, and went out mechanically after game. The routine of daily life had begun again.

"It's a pleasant old place," he said to himself, as he went through one of the orange aisles and saw the wild oranges dotting the ground with their golden color. "It's a pleasant old place," he repeated, as he went out into the hot, still sunshine beyond. He filled his game-bag, and sat down to rest a while before returning. Then for the first time he remembered the letter, and

drew it forth. This was the letter Carl meant: Carl asked him to get it after he was dead; he must have intended, then, that he, Mark, should read it. He opened it, and looked at the small, slanting handwriting without recognizing it. Then from the inside a photograph fell out, and he took it up; it was Leeza. On the margin was written, "For Mark."

She had written; but, woman-like, not, as Carl expected, to Mark. Instead, she had written to Carl, and commissioned *him* to tell Mark — what? Oh, a long story, such as girls tell, but with the point that after all she "liked" (liked?) Mark best. Carl's letter had been blunt, worded with unflattering frankness. Leeza was tired of her own coquetries, lonely, and poor; she wrote her foolish little apologizing, confessing letter with tears in her blue eyes, — those blue eyes that sober, reticent Mark Deal could not forget.

Carl had gone to San Miguel, then, to mail a letter, — a letter which had brought this answer! Mark, with his face in his hands, thanked God that he had not spoken one harsh word to the boy for what had seemed obstinate disobedience, but had tended him gently to the last.

Then he rose, stretched his arms, drew along breath, and looked around. Everything seemed altered. The sky was brassy, the air an oven. He remembered the uplands where the oats grew, near Exton; and his white sand-furrows seemed a ghastly mockery of fields. He went homeward and drew water from his well to quench his burning thirst; it was tepid, and he threw it away, recalling as he did so the spring under the cool brown rocks where he drank when a boy. A sudden repugnance came over him when his eyes fell on the wild oranges lying on the ground, over-ripe with rich, pulpy decay; he spurned them aside with his foot, and thought of the firm apples in the old orchard, a fruit cool and reticent, a little hard too, not

giving itself to the first comer. Then there came over him the hue of Northern forests in spring, the late, reluctant spring of Exton; and the changeless olive-green of the pine barrens grew hideous in his eyes. But, most of all, there seized him a horror of the swamp, — a horror of its hot steaming air, and its intoxicating perfume, which reached him faintly even where he stood; it seemed to him that if he stayed long within their reach his brain would be affected as Carl's had been, and that he should wander within and die. For there would be no one to rescue *him*.

So strong was this new feeling, like a giant full armed, that he started that very night, carrying his gun and Carl's violin, and a knapsack of clothes on his back, and leaving his other possessions behind. Their value was not great, but they made a princely home for the mongrel, who came over after he had departed, looked around stealthily, stole several small articles, and hastened away; came back again after a day or two, and stole a little more; and finally, finding the place deserted, brought back all his spoil and established himself there permanently, knowing full well that it would be long before Monteano's would find another tenant from the North.

As Mark Deal passed across the King's road bridge over the Branch (now soon to be sainted), he paused, and looked down into the north border of South Devil. Then he laid aside his gun and the violin, went off that way, and gathered a large bunch of swamp blossoms. Coming into San Miguel, he passed through the town and out to the little burial-ground beyond. Here he found the new-made grave, and laid the flowers upon it.

"He will like them because they come from *there*," was his thought.

Then, with a buoyant step, he started up the long, low, white peninsula, set with its olive woods in a sapphire sea; and his face was turned Northward.

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

THE PARTING DAY.

I.

SOME busy hands have brought to light,
And laid beneath my eye,
The dress I wore that afternoon
You came to say good-by.

About it still there seems to cling
Some fragrance unexpressed,
The ghostly odor of the rose
I wore upon my breast ;

And, subtler than all flower-scent,
The sacred garment holds
The memory of that parting day
Close hidden in its folds.

The rose is dead, and you are gone,
But to the dress I wore
The rose's smell, the thought of you,
Are wed forevermore.

II.

That day you came to say good-by
(A month ago ! It seems a year !)
How calm I was ! I met your eye,
And in my own you saw no tear.

You heard me laugh and talk and jest,
And lightly grieve that you should go ;
You saw the rose upon my breast,
But not the breaking heart below.

And when you came and took my hand,
It scarcely fluttered in your hold.
Alas, you did not understand !
For you were blind, and I was cold.

And now you cannot see my tears,
And now you cannot hear my cry.
A month ago ? Nay, years and years
Have aged my heart since that good-by.

PESSIMISM.

BELIEF in the literal truth of the Mosaic cosmogony, while it remained undisturbed, precluded any scientific or rational inquiry into the origin of things. That veil being drawn aside by the hands of criticism and geology combined, we have the nebular hypothesis and the Darwinian philosophy. In the same way, dogmatic Christianity, so long as its authority endured, stilled all questionings as to the estate of man and the character of the Power which has fixed our lot and controls our destiny. Dogmatic Christianity gives in its way a complete solution of the mystery of human existence. It not only admits, but proclaims, that the present world and the condition of men in it are evil; but it holds out a heaven beyond, to be won by obedience to the divine command in this place of trial. For the existence of evil it accounts by the fall of man, at the same time providing a supernatural remedy in the form of a redemption, which, if men will lay hold upon its benefits, assures them of salvation. The ultimate triumph of good over evil it proclaims under the imagery of the Apocalypse. Thus with regard to the sum of things it is, for Christendom at least, optimistic, while it is pessimistic with regard to our present state. Its ultimate optimism is fearfully qualified, no doubt, by the doctrine of the broad and the narrow gate; but no one is hopelessly excluded from bliss by any Christian dogma except that which constitutes the most dreadful form of Calvinism.

The dogmatic system received a fatal blow when it was revealed that disorder, suffering, and death, instead of being brought into existence by the fall of man, had filled the globe for countless ages before his appearance, and that numberless races of beings, incapable of sin, had been consumed by a ravin to which

no moral law or object could be assigned. A recent Christian philosopher, M. Secretan, has met the objection by giving the fall a retrospective effect, so as to involve all races from the beginning in the penalty of Adam's sin; but this is one of those desperate attempts to make the old bottles hold the new wine which are merely adding to the confusion.

By ascetic Christianity, especially in its darker forms of self-torturing monasticism, the pessimistic view of our present state has been carried to fearful extremes. Perhaps no anchorite has gone so far as the most renowned apologist of Roman Catholicism in modern times, Joseph de Maistre, who in a passage of the *Soirées de St. Petersburg*, outrunning anything in the archives of heathen superstition, proclaims that the power under whose dominion we are here requires to be constantly propitiated by vast libations of human blood, shed in war or by the axe of the executioner,—a doctrine which it is needless to say would have appeared to St. Paul one of devils. On the other hand, Protestantism and the theism which emanated from it and remained partly blended with it have given birth to an optimism not entirely consistent with Christian dogma,—the optimism of Leibnitz, of Paley's *Evidences*, of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, according to which this world, instead of being a prison house and a purgatory, is a beautiful manifestation of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity providing for the happiness of all creatures.

Now, however, the veil of Christian dogma, like that of the Mosaic cosmogony, is completely rent, and reason, perhaps for the first time, gazes freely on the mystery of existence. The established optimism is confronted by pessimism, which, by the mouths of Schopenhauer, Hartmann, and their school, proclaims

that the world, the estate of man, and the powers from which they emanate are evil; and this belief is evidently spreading along certain lines of individual temperament and of national condition.

Besides optimism, which affirms the definitive ascendancy of good, and pessimism, which affirms the definitive ascendancy of evil, a third hypothesis is possible, — that of a perpetual balance and everlasting conflict of the two principles as separate and independent powers. This opinion has been associated with the name of Manes, a daring heretic of the third century, though it is very doubtful whether he really held it. Manicheism shows no tendency to revive. Any dualistic hypothesis is repelled by the manifest unity of all-pervading laws, which indicates that the empire of the universe is undivided; while if we look into ourselves, we see that though good and evil both are there, and alternately prevail according to the vicissitudes of our moral history, the being in which they commingle is essentially one.

No one will compare with philosophic pessimism, such as is now propounded, mere wails, however passionate, and whether in prose or poetry, over the unhappiness of man's lot. A cry of individual anguish or despondency denotes no settled view of the universe. Often, in the poets especially, these lamentations are merely sentimental, and form a sort of intellectual luxury, adding zest to enjoyment by their pungency. Sophocles, in whose choruses some of the most thrilling of them are found, was evidently, from his general serenity, in temperament at least, an optimist, and he distinctly indicates his belief in the supreme dominion of a power of good. Some of the utterances of the book of Job taken by themselves could sound pessimistic enough; but the end of the story is happy, and the crowning moral is optimistic. We find, however, in this book an insight into the sad side of hu-

manity and a sympathy with a sufferer's questionings as to the benevolence and justice of the dispensation which show that the writer, if a Jew at all, was no ordinary Jew. The philosophy of the ordinary Jew was the tribal optimism of a land flowing with milk and honey for the chosen race, combined with pessimism for Egyptians, Canaanites, and other races which were not chosen.

In the weeping and laughing philosophers of Greece, Heraclitus and Democritus, we seem to come to a philosophic pessimism which, according to the temperament of the philosopher, pronounces the estate of man all misery or all folly. But even supposing the popular traditions about Heraclitus and Democritus to be true, it will not do to take Greek philosophy too seriously. The philosophy of Socrates and Plato was serious; it was an earnest attempt to meet a great outburst of profligacy, especially in the political sphere, by restoring the authority of the moral rule and settling it on an immutable foundation. But in the speculations of the Greeks generally on the mysteries of human existence, lively curiosity and intellectual ambition probably played a great part. It is difficult to suppose, for example, that Cynicism was more than a humor and a fashion. These great and terrible problems are not likely to be considered in earnest till they force themselves practically on the minds of men. They did force themselves practically on the minds of men, and of men of very deep and serious character, amidst the convulsions which attended the death of the Roman republic, and afterwards when life was made at once miserable and uncertain by the gloomy and suspicious tyranny of the empire. Lucretius, it is true, derived from Epicurus the philosophy of the service of which he nobly dedicates his high poetic gifts, and which he does his best to commend as the one haven of peace and rest for storm-tossed and perplexed humanity. But the practical ear-

nestness, the force, the penetrating tone, of the poem on *The Nature of Things* come not from the quiet garden of Epicurus; they come from the scene of civil war, massacre, fierce and restless intrigue, into which the Roman world had been turned by the parties of Marius and Sulla. What view the great Roman Stoics — great they may be truly called — took of the world and of the lot of men it would be difficult exactly to say. Certainly it was not one which led to annihilation of will and a renunciation of action, like that of the Buddhists and the pessimist philosophers of our own day. Witness the Roman law, of which Stoics were the great architects. Witness the best work of government under the empire, which was done by Stoic emperors and statesmen. Nothing can be more gloomy than the view of life presented by Seneca, with his constant references to suicide as the grand asylum and the consoling thought. The tone of Marcus Aurelius is that of hopelessness as to the state of things around him and the outlook of humanity; but with his sadness is constantly blended a resolute determination to do his duty. Epictetus is less melancholy; the practical evils of the time bore less heavily on him than on the statesman. But in all of them there is at once an evident belief in a supreme power of good and an active devotion to duty which plainly forbids us to class them among the pessimists. Belief in duty is belief in something that upholds duty; that is, in the existence and ultimate manifestation of an overruling power of good.

The serious philosophy of the men of the Middle Ages is to be looked for in their religion. Their other philosophy was either a mere intellectual exercise, useful in its way as a whetstone of the dialectic faculty, or a fantastic attempt to arrive at truth about facts by a manipulation of words, hardly less chimerical than alchemy. The religion was dogmatic Christianity, the relation of which

to the question between optimism and pessimism has already been stated. In view of its doctrine of eternal punishment, which implies the everlasting ascendancy of the power of evil over a certain portion of mankind and of the universe, it is capable of being reduced to a sort of Manicheism. The doctrine of Purgatory, by which the permanent domain of Satan is indefinitely diminished, is evidently a step in the direction of optimism, though its later history has accustomed us to think of it chiefly as an instrument of priestly lucre.

Hobbes was a political pessimist of the most thorough-going kind, and in his case we see the proximate origin of the tenet as clearly as we do in that of the Russian Nihilists. The old man had been frightened out of his wits by the disturbances of the reign of Charles I., while in his crabbed and adust nature there was no spring of sympathy with the noble actors on that scene, or with the great objects to which they aspired and which they partly attained. Rightly conceiving that the movement had been essentially a struggle against religious tyranny and reaction, he dreaded and detested religious not less than political liberty, and proposed to place the consciences as well as the persons of all citizens under the despotic control of his Leviathan; that is, as usual in the case of autocratic Utopias, of himself armed with unlimited power. His theory of human nature was, in effect, that men were a particularly ferocious and cunning race of wild beasts, whose natural state was internecine war, and who could be prevented from devouring each other only by being placed absolutely under the power of a keeper, to whom they were to surrender all rights, moral and civil, in return for the immunity from murder and robbery which would be enjoyed by them, or at least by so many of them as it did not please the keeper himself to plunder or kill. Religion with Hobbes was a state institution, and an instrument of

policy. A necessarian he was, of course, and his statement of the doctrine of necessity and of its compatibility with the idea of liberty is, like all that he wrote, admirable for clearness and terseness, and might have spared some trouble to those who have reproduced it in an extended form. If he was not courageous in other respects, he had at least the courage of his absolutist opinions; for he maintains that Uriah, having like the rest surrendered his rights to the Leviathan for the general boon of political order and security, had no ground for complaining of injustice at the hands of David. He has himself, in fact, reduced his own theory to absurdity by the inferences which his undaunted logic has drawn; while it has been practically confuted, over and over again, by our experience of free institutions, both civil and religious, of the security which they afford for order, and of the behavior of human nature under them. But, like other able pessimists, he has rendered a service by probing the weak places of the opposite theory, by fixing attention on the anarchical passions which really exist in men and showing that restraint is necessary as well as liberty; besides which he has given breadth and exactness to our ideas respecting the nature of a government.

Hobbes was closely followed in the same line by a greater man, formed in some measure under the same influences. Exaggeration, enthusiasm, and whimsical interpretation are now the bane of biography and history, and are fast converting the annals of the race, from Cæsar down to Chaumette, into a gallery of heroes misunderstood. We hope that we shall not be adding to the now wearisome series by saying that the present course of thought lends increased interest and importance to the character and writings of Swift. A philosophical pessimist Swift can hardly be called, and his fundamental theory of men and of the universe is for the most part veiled

under the conventional profession of an ecclesiastic. But the pessimistic view of human nature finds in the writings of this dark genius its most thorough-going, as well as its most forcible expression. "Study," says the great German oracle of pessimism, "to acquire a clear and connected view of the utterly despicable character of mankind in general." Swift's view can hardly be called accurate and connected, since it was never reduced to system, but the intensity of his misanthropic sentiment would have left Schopenhauer nothing to desire. The root of Swift's misanthropy clearly enough is to be found in a morbid character, itself probably the consequence of disease, either congenital or contracted in youth, combined with the influence of a depressing and souring lot. Born a posthumous child, bred up and supported by charity, which he fancied to be cruelly stinted, though it was probably as much as the giver could afford, he was a misanthrope from his cradle. From his early years he kept his birthday as an anniversary of sorrow, celebrating it by reading the passage of Scripture in which Job curses the day upon which it was said in his father's house that a man child was born. In his *Thoughts on Religion*, where if anywhere we have his settled opinions, he says, "Although reason were intended by Providence to govern our passions, yet it seems that in two points of the greatest moment to the being and continuance of the world God has intended our passions to prevail over reason. The first is the propagation of our species, since no wise man ever married from the dictates of reason. The other is the love of life, which, from the dictates of reason, every man would despise, and wish it at an end, or that it never had a beginning." His college course was one of fractiousness and disgrace; his early manhood was spent in a dependency which, though its degradation and irksomeness have been greatly exaggerated, can hardly

have been soothing to his spirit. By his reckless profanity and grossness he set a black mark against himself in the outset of his clerical career, excluded himself forever from high preferment in the English Church, and condemned himself to a deanery in place of a bishopric and to exile in Ireland, a country which he detested and despised, though his mischief-making genius rendered him for a time its idol. The extraordinary degree of unofficial influence which he enjoyed as the companion and connection of Harley and Bolingbroke served only to tantalize his ambition and to add keenness to his ultimate disappointment. Thrice bitter it must have been to this stirring and ambitious politician, with his consciousness of great political knowledge and high debating power, to see the gate of the House of Lords, after standing ajar for three years, hopelessly closed against him forever. But something deeper than the deepest chagrin is required to account for his conduct to the two women whom, by his strange dalliance with their affections, he sent broken-hearted to their graves. There must have been some radical defect or deformity in his nature, some seeds of the fearful affliction under which he tragically died. He was one of the most savage libelers of his day, and did not stick at accusing a lady who crossed his designs of having red hair and being privy to the poisoning of her husband. "It may be doubted," remarks Scott, "which imputation she accounted the most cruel insult, especially since the first charge was undeniable, and the second only arose from the malice of the poet." Old friendship was no protection against the satirist's malignity, as appeared in the case of Steele. Swift could do generous things: he was often munificent; he was sometimes magnanimous; and he was true to his patron Harley in adversity; though it is not easy to say when his good deeds sprang from genuine benevolence, or when from

the pride and ostentation of which he was undoubtedly full, and which made him specially delight in appearing as the dispenser of favors to literary men under the reign of his political patrons. But no one can imagine his views to be those of a serene and philosophic mind calmly observing and truthfully describing human nature and the estate of man. Any such pretension is belied by the epitaph which he wrote for himself: "*Hic jacet —, ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*" The man whose heart was being incessantly gnawed by a spleen which he styled indignation may be useful in the part of a Mephistopheles or an *advocatus diaboli*; he cannot be accepted as a teacher. Yet he may be well worthy of attention. When any one lifts his voice against misgovernment, he is invariably represented by the friends of the system as having a personal grievance; but if every one who had been personally aggrieved were to be disqualified for protesting, tyrants might sleep secure. So with the general dispensation under which we live. Any questionings as to its justice and beneficence are likely to proceed, not from the favored, but from the wretched; and when all has been said about the distorting influence of the wretchedness, the arguments will remain to be discussed.

There are different kinds of satire: the epicurean, which laughs at mankind, and of which the master is Horace; the stoical, which indignantly lashes mankind, and of which the master is Juvenal; the cynical, which hates and despises mankind, and of which the master, supreme and unapproached, is Swift. Nothing in the cynical line can compete with Gulliver, either in ruthlessness or in genius. A man may have retained his social relations and perhaps his personal friends, just as he retained his deanery or his skin, but he must in heart almost have broken with humanity before he could have written and launched upon the world the description of the

Yahoos. The tone of the period was optimist, especially in England. The series of civil wars and revolutions had been closed at last by a compromise which to its authors seemed admirably to combine constitutional monarchy with liberty, order with progress; Europe had been finally delivered by the arms of Marlborough from the reactionary tyranny of the French king; the union of Scotland with England had been accomplished; the halcyons of literature, art, and science were floating on the calm and sunlit sea. The spirit of a happy time was embodied in the philosophy of Locke and in the theology of Tillotson and Stillingfleet, as well as in the social writings of Addison and Steele. The age was well satisfied with itself and with its prospects; humanity felt very dignified in its laced coat and full-bottomed wig. Into the face of this self-complacent generation, Swift flung Lilliput, Brobdingnag, and the Houynhymms; dwarfing man to show his littleness, magnifying him to show his coarseness, and finally gathering from the lowest depths of his animal nature a hideous picture of his loathsomeness. Science is not spared: contempt and ridicule are poured upon the Newtons, as well as upon the statesmen of the day. In the unspeakable filthiness of Swift's poems we see only another manifestation of the same spirit: he is not pandering to a beastly or licentious imagination; he is simply dragging to light what is degraded and revolting in our nature, and destroying by defilement the self-respect of humanity. He respects no sanctuary, and takes singular delight in rending the roseate veil that shrouds the marriage-bed, and in displaying to us there also a couple of Yahoos. It would be difficult to find in his writings a sincere and disinterested profession of admiration or reverence for anything human, or a whisper of hope for the future of mankind.

If the Religion of Humanity is ever es-

tablished, the Gospels and Epistles for Lent ought to be taken from the writings of Swift. From his own point of view he had studied his kind profoundly. Its littleness, its meanness, and its vileness he had thoroughly explored: "I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained, till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer." His cynicism, like the philanthropy of others, overflowed from man upon other creatures, and everything in nature that could justify contempt and loathing was evidently familiar and dear to him. Probably no other man ever lived who could say that he "had often observed, *with singular pleasure*, that a fly driven from a honey-pot will immediately, with very good appetite, alight and finish his meal on an excrement." He tells, with almost unequalled force, home truths which ought to be present to the minds of all rulers and educators of mankind; but he who should accept them unqualified by the truths on the other side would be a greater fool than the most extravagant Utopians. As a correction to political optimism of the Godwin and Jefferson type, his cynicism is particularly useful. In this respect he anticipates Carlyle, while he is wholly devoid of the mystical element which in Carlyle denotes an underlying optimism, with regard, at least, to the general constitution of the world. There have been two kinds of theoretic toryism in England, apart from the mere bias of aristocracy and wealth: that of the religious cavalier, who believed in the divine right of kings, and that of the cynic, who disbelieved in popular intelligence and virtue. Swift is a teacher of toryism of the cynical kind; probably no man held in more cordial contempt the superstitions of Filmer and Laud than he did; in fact, when he had become the under-

ground pillar of a tory administration, his avowed principles remained whig, as they had originally been. In one passage he even ogles speculative republicanism; but toryism has always known him for its own. Liberals may gather from him, not any special lessons concerning the weak points of free institutions, — for with theoretic politics he deals little, — but the general habit of salutary misgiving and watchfulness against the optimistic illusions bred by over-confidence in human nature. He reveals with the glare of an electric light the real difficulties with which we have to contend in advancing towards what the great English leader of the opposite party called the best form of government, — “that which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth towards the common good.”

Scott has persuaded himself that Swift “possessed in the fullest degree the only secure foundation for excellence in the clerical profession, — a sincere and devout faith in the doctrines of Christianity.” It may be said of biographers even with more truth than of fathers of families that they are capable of anything. Swift, it seems, like a man of sense, did punctually and decorously enough whatever in the way of worshiping or preaching was required of him as a dean. He read prayers to his family; was seen engaged in private devotion; even composed a prayer; and printed a dozen of sermons, including one on brotherly love, which is from beginning to end a most virulent tirade against “papists and fanatics,” the latter term of courtesy denoting the dissenters. He was a zealous defender of the privileges and interests of his order, writing vigorously in favor of the sacramental test, and against the commutation of the tithe on hemp. It is quite conceivable that he had his moments of religious emotion. But who can imagine that a man with a “sincere and devout faith”

could kneel down to pray, and rise up to write the *Tale of a Tub*, the *Windsor Prophecy*, or the *Progress of Marriage*? In the *Thoughts on Religion* we find the suggestive aphorism, “The want of belief is a defect that ought to be concealed when it cannot be overcome.” Soon afterwards we are told that doubts are not wicked “if they have no influence on the conduct of life;” if they do not prevent you from holding a deanery, trying hard to get a bishopric, advocating the sacramental test, and taking part in the persecution of dissenters. But Scott does not question the authenticity of those famous lines of Swift on the Day of Judgment, sent by Chesterfield in a letter to Voltaire, which are the very quintessence of cynical satire and (we can hardly doubt) an embodiment of the writer’s real view of the world:—

“Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepped aside,
And you who never fell from pride;
You who in different sects were shammed,
And come to see each other damned;
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove’s designs than you), —
The world’s mad business now is o’er, †
And I resent these pranks no more.
I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools! Go, go, you’re bit.”

Theistic theory and sentiment, whether in the shape of Christianity, or in any other shape, are radically inconsistent with misanthropy and pessimism, and it is hardly possible to doubt that in Swift’s case the misanthropy and pessimism were sincere.

Voltaire’s *Candide* is nothing but a squib on the extravagant optimism of Leibnitz and his school, with their pre-established harmony, their best of all possible worlds, and their attempts to conjure away the existence of evil by calling it a limitation or negation. It ends in persiflage, — “Cultivate your garden.” Of all squibs that ever were written it is the best, at least it would be if Voltaire could only keep himself

clean; but he finds it necessary once at least in every page to dip himself in the cess-pool. He was too light to have a serious philosophy; but such philosophy as he had was certainly not pessimistic. In *Candide* itself, the Utopians of Eldorado worship supreme benevolence with the pure rites of reason, and it is pretty clear that the writer is giving us his own ideal; while in politics Voltaire evidently thinks that the people may be made perfectly happy by a beneficent and enlightened monarch formed in his own school. There is, however, in *Candide* one passage which has not only a pessimistic tone but a ring of sad sincerity. "I longed," says a wretched old woman, "a hundred times to kill myself, but I still loved life. This absurd weakness is perhaps one of our most fatal propensities; for can anything be more foolish than to choose always to bear a burden which one is all the time wishing to throw off; to abhor one's being and still cling to it; to caress the serpent which devours us till it has eaten our hearts out?"

Passing over for the moment Hume, to whom we shall return immediately, we recognize in the now famous German, Arthur Schopenhauer, the originator of the pessimistic philosophy as distinguished from mere pessimistic sentiment. A claim is put in for the honor of simultaneous invention on behalf of the Italian Leopardi, with whose lamentations Schopenhauer was acquainted. But Leopardi was a good deal more of a poet than of a philosopher, and the writer of patriotic lyrics, however melancholy is their tone, can hardly have been a consistent pessimist. It has already been observed that we have no right to daff a pessimist's argument aside merely because by his personal temperament and circumstances he is naturally disposed to question the goodness of the dispensation. Yet it is impossible not to connect the philosophy with the special character and history of the man in such

cases as those of Leopardi and Schopenhauer. Leopardi was a miserable invalid, the victim of pecuniary distress, and a sufferer from that which, in the case of a man conscious of genius, is more galling than want of health and money, — the sense of aspirations blighted and energies denied a field. It seems that the influence of the tender friendship which watched over him in his last years modified the bitterness of his soul and with it the sombre hue of his writings. With the history and character of Schopenhauer the world has now been made well acquainted. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Danzig. His father is described as a man of determined and obstinate character and a successful speculator, but with a taint of something morbid, which he probably bequeathed to his son. The mother of Schopenhauer was a lady who might have been expected to give birth to a writer, but scarcely to the founder of pessimism. She was herself the author of some art critiques and novels, and the centre of a literary circle; but she is described at the same time as a gay and rather dashing woman of the world. She seems, however, to have helped to form her son's philosophy, and especially his doctrine concerning women, by the repulsive influence of her careless levity and by squandering the family fortune. Perhaps the social relations of a man of his temperament with ladies would almost suffice to account for his dislike. His literary talent is undisputed, and has helped the reception of his doctrine; but he was evidently a man of the most crabbed and bilious character. Medical science has applied its microscope to him, and supposes itself to have identified his disease. Besides his atrabiliousness, he was vexed with the infirmity of fear. During a visit which he paid to England, he formed an intense antipathy to the comfortable bigotry of the Protestant rectors, which evidently inclined him to a liking for Roman

Catholic asceticism by the mere force of repugnance. Apparently he wished to distinguish himself as a teacher, and would perhaps have liked a professorial chair; though it would not be just to ascribe too much to any feeling of disappointment his intense hatred of the official teachers, notably Hegel, on whom he poured out the vials, not to say the slop-pails, of his wrath. He must in any case have seen in them deceivers of the brethren and enemies of pessimistic truth. He died unmarried. His last years were passed in retirement, with much material comfort, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Evidently, he was very conscious of his genius—he calls one of his own essays a pearl—and desirous of intellectual renown. During his life, however, his wish was not fulfilled. Germany at that time was full of the bright hopes of unity, engaged in the animating struggle for that boon, and little inclined to accept the teachings of a pessimist. But now she is suffering from the disappointment that follows the attainment of felicity, from the reaction that ensues on high nervous tension, and from the crushing pressure of taxation and the military system. Schopenhauer, accordingly, becomes a power, his doctrines mingling and harmonizing with those of the socialist leaders, whose influence is likewise the offspring of popular suffering and discontent. Overflowing into Russia, the dark stream of the pessimistic philosophy mingles with that of revolutionary revolt against the administrative abuses of the despotism; and the result is Nihilism, the most desperate of all the social insurrections, though its secrecy and the terror which it spreads have probably produced exaggerated notions of its extent. In France, it seems, a similar conjunction of pessimism with socialism is not unknown, albeit a French man of science has pronounced it impossible that the pessimistic virus should be generated in any country which drinks wine and not beer. The connection of pes-

simism as well as socialism with popular suffering is as clear as that of Calhoun's social theories with the possession of slaves. It is illustrated conversely by the case of the United States, where the good nature and philanthropic sentiment engendered by popular prosperity have given birth to Universalism and led to considerable mitigation of the doctrine of eternal punishment, even in churches which retain the orthodox profession.

Schopenhauer's philosophy may be succinctly described as Buddhism with a frontispiece of German metaphysics, to which his follower Hartmann has added another frontispiece of physics. He holds that this, instead of being the best, is the worst of all possible worlds. If you ask how he can be sure of this, the answer is that such a world, if another grain of evil were added to it, would cease to exist. There is no such thing as happiness. All action has its spring in uneasiness, and is painful in itself. Pain is positive; pleasure is merely negative. The only enjoyment that can be called real is the contemplation of works of art, and this is confined to a few. In this last article Schopenhauer shows the influence of Goethe. Vice is that excessive measure of will which encroaches on the sphere of another will; virtue melts into mere pity for human woe. The spring of all existence, and so of evil, is will, which Schopenhauer erects into a universal substance, apart from intelligence and consciousness. Will with its restless cravings thrusts us into life, and deludes us with vain shows of virtue and happiness to keep us there. Our great object should be to make will desist from its cruel work by denying it, each in his own person, and throwing ourselves into a state of Lama-like passivity and resignation. Suicide of volition, in short, is the consummation at which we are to aim. Actual suicide, which seems the logical conclusion of Schopenhauer's teachings, is forbidden, as being not a negation but an affirmation of will,—a

reason which would hardly have stayed the hand of Hamlet. Women, by whose allurements we are decoyed into propagating our species and keeping the race in the misery of existence, are naturally the objects of the pessimist's intense aversion. Love he thinks he has proved to be mere sensuality, stimulated by will in its craving for the realization of itself in the offspring of marriage. His counsel of perfection is monastic chastity, by which the propagation of the race would be quickly brought to an end. But in this line he appears rather to have held up a torch to emancipation than himself to have led the way. The life of an old bachelor in comfortable circumstances residing at Frankfort-on-the-Main was, it must be owned, more favorable to Lamaism and more anticipative of Nirvana than that of the work-people by whose daily labor the Lama was housed, clothed, and fed. Yet could any "affirmation of will" be more decided than the activity of an author with a strong, not to say gnawing, desire of literary fame?

This, we say, and everybody says, is Buddhism in a European dress. Yet in justice to Buddhism it must be remembered that there is more than one interpretation of Nirvana, and that according to the more favorable view it is not mere annihilation, which is Schopenhauer's ideal, but the passive and impersonal bliss of the drop reunited to the sea. The sea of Divine Being we cannot say, inasmuch as Buddhism knows no God; but the sea of being beyond the miseries, the chances, and the changes of the personal existence. There seems also to be in Buddhism a more decided presentation than there is in Schopenhauer's philosophy of the principle that the blessed consummation is to be attained by virtue, though it is the virtue that grows on the banks of the Ganges, not that which grows on the banks of the Spree. The very beautiful picture of the founder of the system, drawn in Mr. Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, is essen-

tially sustained by the critical authorities.

At the same time, Buddhism has not failed to show the consequences of looking only at the dark side of our lot, and of merely striking the balance between the existing amounts of good and evil, without inquiring whether in the good there is any promise of ultimate victory which there is not in the evil. It may have afforded a doubtful and feeble consolation to myriads toiling and suffering under hard task-masters on the burning plains of Hindostan; it has steeped boundless misery in a sort of spiritual Lethe; but it has produced no effort, no society, no government, no civilization, no church, except a vast collection of monasteries filled with idleness in a dull trance.

The metaphysical reasonings by which Schopenhauer attempts to prove *a priori* that no happiness can exist we, for our part, are content to leave in the hands of his able critics, Mr. Sully and M. Caro. To their tribunal also we consign his theory that the world is merely a representation of the human brain. That the notions which we form by means of these five bodily senses of ours, the methodized perceptions of which are science, have no appreciable relation to the truth of the infinite is a probability, we may say a moral certainty, which physicism, in its hour of triumph, will do well to take with it in its car. But that the phenomenal universe, including the discoveries of the telescope, is a mere figment of the human brain seems a belief which will find entertainment only in a brain of very peculiar construction.

One thing, however, may be said in defense of Schopenhauer's metaphysics. He has just as good a right to call the operative and generative power in nature will as anybody else has to call it force. Development and evolution, in the same manner, if they denote anything more than the ascertained succession of phenomena, denote what is

beyond the range of our perceptions. That things follow each other in a certain order, science can tell. She can point, perhaps, to each link of the ascending series, from the slime of the sea up to the intelligence, the moral nature, and the æsthetic faculties of man. But how the ascent takes place; how anything passes from one stage of its being into another stage; how any growth, combination, or change is brought about, is a question of which she is totally ignorant, and veils her ignorance, perhaps from herself as well as from her disciples, under a set of quasi-physical terms. The only creative or generative power of which we have any actual experience is effort, by which, unless our consciousness mocks us, man modifies his own character as well as the things around him. From this in fact our idea of force is derived, and science would undergo no real change if we were always to use the same name. Meantime, to know but half of being, to see the phenomena and the succession of phenomena, but to see no more, is surely to be a long way from the point at which you would be able either to solve the mystery of the universe, or to pronounce that there is no solution. Schopenhauer is also nearer the truth than some other modern philosophers in his version of asceticism. It is the fashion now to speak of asceticism as a relic of the worship of a fiend who was to be propitiated only by the sacrifice of pain. No doubt, in some cases, especially in that of the Eastern fakir, it is deeply tainted with a notion of this kind. But the aim of the Western ascetic, at all events in the main, has been self-purification. He has striven by mortifying the body to liberate the soul from her bondage to the flesh, and to prepare her for union with the divine. Grant that the effort has been misdirected, and that mere failure has been the result, though there would be something to be said on the other side; still, the phenomenon will not lose all its significance, and a

candid examination of it is essential to a complete history of humanity. We speak on the assumption that history is an important part of the study of man; for there seems to be a disposition in some quarters to set it aside as mere "gossip," which would be a very convenient arrangement for physicists determined to settle all questions without the help of any knowledge but their own.

That which has a practical and a most intense interest for us is Schopenhauer's uncompromising indictment of the goodness of the dispensation and of the character of the Power from which the dispensation proceeds. We mean the rational part of his indictment; for when a man avers that no real happiness is enjoyed by two young lovers on their wedding-day, or by a philanthropist who sees his vision fulfilled, he may be left to settle his quarrel with the facts. But here the German pessimist had been anticipated by a philosopher of more weight than himself, and one not open to the *argumentum ad hominem* which may be urged with effect against Schopenhauer and Leopardi. David Hume was a man whose placidity of temperament verged upon the lymphatic. He lived the life which he had chosen for himself, and evidently was very happy in the exercise of his intellectual powers and the enjoyment of his literary reputation. If he had a fault, it was perhaps that he was too placid, too much of an intellectual epicurist, and, with all the social amiability which so greatly endeared him to his friends, lacked the motive power of earnest love of humanity which would have impelled him to push his way vigorously to the truth. Evidently, a state of skepticism was to him not painful, but luxurious; certainty would have been almost unwelcome, as the termination of a pleasant dalliance with great questions. He loved gracefully to hold out the scales of argument without pronouncing to which side in his own opinion the balance inclined. This elegant neutrality,

or appearance of it, it was that made his writings peculiarly acceptable to men of the world, whom he seemed to place, with himself, above the angry insects of theological discussion. In his treatise on Natural Religion, the form of dialogue enables him to state all views without ostensibly embracing any one of them. Yet it can hardly be doubted that we have the real expression of his own thoughts in the following extract, which though long is not prolix, and which sets before us with a force enhanced by the writer's general calmness of style the overwhelming enigma of man's estate.

"And why should man, added he, pretend to an exemption from the lot of all other animals? The whole earth, believe me, PHILO, is cursed and polluted; a perpetual war is kindled amongst all living creatures. Necessity, hunger, want, stimulate the strong and courageous; fear, anxiety, terror, agitate the weak and infirm. The first entrance into life gives anguish to the new-born infant and to its wretched parent; weakness, impotence, distress, attend each stage of that life; and 't is at last finished in agony and horror.

"Observe too, says PHILO, the curious artifices of nature, in order to imbitter the life of every living being. The stronger prey upon the weaker, and keep them in perpetual terror and anxiety. The weaker, too, in their turn, often prey upon the stronger, and vex and molest them without relaxation. Consider that innumerable race of insects, which either are bred on the body of each animal, or, flying about, infix their stings in him. These insects have others, still less than themselves, which torment them. And thus on each hand, before and behind, above and below, every animal is surrounded with enemies, which incessantly seek his misery and destruction.

"Man alone, said DEMA, seems to be, in part, an exception to this rule. For by combination in society he can easily master lions, tigers, and bears, whose

greater strength and agility naturally enable them to prey upon him.

"On the contrary, it is here chiefly, cried PHILO, that the uniform and equal maxims of nature are most apparent! Man, it is true, can by combination surmount all his *real* enemies, and become master of the whole animal creation; but does he not immediately raise up to himself *imaginary* enemies, the demons of his fancy, who haunt him with superstitious terrors, and blast every enjoyment of life? This pleasure, as he imagines, becomes in their eyes a crime; his food and repose give them umbrage and offense; his very sleep and dreams furnish new materials to anxious fear; and even death, his refuge from every other ill, presents only the dread of endless and innumerable woes. Nor does the wolf more molest the timid flock than superstition does the anxious breast of wretched mortals. Besides, consider, DEMA: this very society, by which we surmount these wild beasts, our natural enemies, what new enemies does it not raise to us? What woe and misery does it not occasion? Man is the greatest enemy of man. Oppression, injustice, contempt, contumely, violence, sedition, war, calumny, treachery, fraud, — by these they mutually torment each other; and they would soon dissolve that society which they had formed, were it not for the dread of still greater ills, which must attend their separation.

"But though these external insults, said DEMA, from animals, from men, and from the elements, which assault us form a frightful catalogue of woes, they are nothing in comparison of those which arise within ourselves, from the distempered condition of our mind and body. How many lie under the lingering torment of diseases? Hear the pathetic enumeration of the great poet: —

'Intestine stone and ulcer, colic-pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans: **DESPAIR**
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch.
 And over them triumphant **DEATH** his dart
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invoc'd
 With vows, as their chief good and final hope.'

The disorders of the mind, continued **DEMEIA**, though more secret, are not perhaps less dismal and vexatious. Remorse, shame, anguish, rage, disappointment, anxiety, fear, dejection, despair, — who has ever passed through life without cruel inroads from these tormentors? How many have scarcely ever felt any better sensations? Labor and poverty, so abhorred by every one, are the certain lot of the far greater number; and those few privileged persons who enjoy ease and opulence never reach contentment or true felicity. All the goods of life united would not make a very happy man; but all the ills united would make a wretch indeed; and any one of them, almost (and who can be free from every one?), nay, often the absence of one good (and who can possess all?), is sufficient to render life ineligible. Were a stranger to drop, on a sudden, into this world, I would show him as a specimen of its ills an hospital full of diseases, a prison crowded with malefactors and debtors, a field of battle strewn with carcasses, a fleet floundering in the ocean, a nation languishing under tyranny, famine, or pestilence. To turn the gay side of life to him, and give him a notion of its pleasures, whither should I conduct him? To a ball, to an opera, to court? He might justly think that I was only showing him a diversity of distress and sorrow."

To this picture of the darker side of our lot there is, perhaps, nothing of much importance to be added, except the struggle for existence, which modern science has revealed, and which seems to involve as an essential part of the law of natural progress an immense amount not only of physical but of moral evil. If there is anything more to be said, it is that Hume, being unmarried, and with all his social qualities very much wrapped

up in himself, has not laid so much emphasis as he otherwise might have done on the wounds and the ruin of affection.

"Is the Deity," says Hume, "willing to prevent evil, but not able? Then is he impotent. Is he able, but not willing? Then is he malevolent. Is he both able and willing? Whence, then, is evil?" Whence, our hearts may well repeat, is all this pain, misery, and anguish, which a being whose moral nature in any degree resembled the better part of ours, who had any share of human justice, sympathy, and mercy, would presumably prevent if it were in his power? The answer of dogmatic Christianity has already been noticed; so have the objections to that answer, arising from the manifest existence of evil and misery on this globe before the appearance of man, with the attempt of M. Secretan to meet the objections by extending backwards the operation of the fall. Supposing Christianity to be true as an ethical system and as a general account of human nature, it will be capable of accommodation and extension without limit; but to foist upon it a philosophy of which its founders never dreamed, and which no ordinary understanding would find in it, is to make the gospel a concealment instead of a revelation of the truth. Besides, Hume would ask another question, Whence the fall? This is not the place to inquire whether dogmatic Christianity is identical with evangelical Christianity, or whether evangelical Christianity, stripped of Oriental and rabbinical forms, really says more than that man was spiritually dead and walking in darkness when life and light came into the world by Christ.

Eminent opponents of Schopenhauer take their stand on "meliorism," a name which they adopt as denoting a middle term between optimism and pessimism. The meliorist admits, as everybody but a Hindoo sage or a High German metaphysician would, the concurrent existence of good and evil, of happiness and

misery, of pleasure and pain, in the world. He does not attempt exactly to determine the relative proportions of the two elements; but he thinks he has satisfied himself by induction that there is a tolerable amount of happiness already, and that it is capable of being greatly increased by the adoption of methods which will constitute a new science. The treatment of happiness under the auspices of this science excludes all questions as to the existence of a Deity, or as to man's origin or destiny, dealing solely with this life and with the present world. But we are not told how men are to be prevented from thinking of these things, or how it is possible that, if they do think of them, their present sensations of pain and pleasure, happiness and misery, should not be affected by their thoughts. Anticipation, as well as the actual feeling of the moment, enters into our pain and pleasures. The present pang may be the same, but it makes all the difference to the man's sensation whether it is inflicted by a surgeon who is restoring him to health, or by a torturer who is putting him to death. The journey may be as toilsome, but the weariness will be less to a traveler going home, than to one going to prison. A hard life of duty is painful if there is no reward; but if there is a great reward in view, the pain is turned into pleasure. You may, if you think it worth while, create a factitious science by abstracting the consideration of our earthly life from all ideas that range beyond it; but you will find great difficulty in practically banishing speculative ideas and hopes which have taken firm possession of the mind of the race. You will hardly prevent those who have death always in view from continuing to ask themselves whether it is the end of existence or not. When we look up to the starry heavens, you will hardly restrain our thoughts from ranging beyond an earthly abode. Physical science just now is flushed with its splendid victo-

ries; it is inclined to assume that all ideas and aspirations will henceforth be bounded by its domain.

A melancholy temperament is considered by the meliorists to be one of the principal sources of human misery. From this they hope to deliver us, partly by physical appliances, partly by training us to direct our attention to the bright points of our lot and turn our minds away from what is less agreeable, as people liable to seasickness are kindly advised to fix their eyes on a distant object and not think about the unpleasant motion of the vessel. In this way it seems to be hoped that the whole race will in the end become as merry as Dick Swiveller. But Dick Swiveller is not a man. He is an impersonation of jollity. He looks neither before nor after; if he were to begin to look before or after, the character would vanish like a ghost at cock-crow. So it would if he met with any heart-rending misfortune, such as may any day befall the happiest and most buoyant of mankind. A man loses his wife just when their hearts have been knit together, or his only child; these are every-day accidents, and how will a Dick Swiveller philosophy take away their sting? Would there be any credit in being jolly beside the death-bed of affection? Religious resignation, if it is well founded, will take the sting from such misfortunes; but that is a very different affair. A cheerful temperament is no doubt an excellent thing, and it may be cultivated both mentally and by wise attention to physical health. But it will not prevent nature from sweeping men away by earthquake, plague, and famine, without mercy or justice. It will not alter the grim facts of the dispensation; and as the dispensation is, so men will see it, not in their convivial hours, but in their serious and reflecting moods, which make the grand tone of life. In the characters of the greatest men, and those who have done most for the race, the element of sadness has predominat-

ed, though beneath it there was a deeper spring of joy.

In some of these recipes for the cultivation of happiness there seems to be a fallacy of class. The great mass of mankind at the present time, to say nothing of the past, is a prey to evils of a much coarser kind than any of which mere temperament can be deemed the cause. Those who tell the miserable population of Hindostan, or that which, close to the palaces of London, covers square miles with its misery, squalor, and despair, to cultivate a cheerful temperament are like the old Duke of Norfolk who, in the midst of famine, advised the English peasantry to take a pinch of curry powder with their food. A similar fallacy seems to underlie the induction upon which a favorable estimate of existing happiness is based. A literary man asks perhaps a score or two of his acquaintance whether happiness or unhappiness has predominated in their lives. They reply that happiness has predominated. But these people, however fairly selected, are all members of a well-to-do class in a civilized country. People of the indigent class, or living in countries not civilized, and being there, from their weakness, the victims of violence, might, if they could express themselves articulately, give a less favorable verdict; not to mention that the persons interrogated have probably always had, under affliction, the comforts, real or imaginary, of religion.

Death, we are told, is not to be regarded in any disagreeable light; it is rather to be looked upon as throwing a pleasant though pensive tint of elegiac tenderness over our being, and as rendering by its certain approach each particular moment of our allotted span more precious. The last reflection is eminently true in the case of the man who is to be executed to-morrow. It surely is difficult to get rid of the conviction that the more pleasant life is made the more unpleasant will be the loss of it, and

the more disagreeable the thought that it may be taken from us at any moment by a whiff of infected air, or by the fall of a chimney-pot. There was a striking picture, years ago, in the London Academy of a miserable stone-breaker who had sunk placidly into his last sleep beside his heap of stones. Willingness to be at rest in such a case as this we can understand, but hardly in the case of a man in a state of prosperous energy, with all the means of enjoyment and a loving family around him. If our happiness comes to consist in an increased degree, not of the pleasures which satiate and pall, but of those which belong to mutual affection, the pang will be all the sharper, and bereavement will become in its bitterness a second death. We cannot help remembering, when we hear philosophers speak so complacently of the prospect of annihilation, that none of us have yet got fairly clear of the penumbra of Christian faith and hope, or of the comforting impression that those who are parted here will in some way meet again hereafter. Examples have been held up of men of the new school of science who have rested with perfect contentment in the belief that this span was all, and have even been spurred to higher activity thereby. But these men hardly constitute a ground for a fair induction. Not only did they spend their lives in a transport of iconoclastic exertion, which allowed no space for melancholy thoughts, but they had only just emerged from a state of strong religious conviction, the influence of which, however unconscious they might be of it, could not fail to linger in their minds.

That man is fatherless, under the care of no providence, and the sport of a blind but irresistible force which in a moment wrecks his happiness, perhaps crushes myriads out of existence by a death of agony, is an idea which has hardly yet had time to present itself to us unveiled and in its full significance. Some

think that it will be greatly softened if instead of blind force we teach ourselves to say law. But, in the first place, this is a comfort suited rather for the easy-chair of intellectual leisure than for rougher situations; it will not greatly relieve the mind of a man who finds himself buried alive in a coal-pit, or of a mother who sees her child in the agony of strangulation by diphtheria. In the second place, men of science have at last begun to admit what unscientific people urged long ago, — that law is a theistic term, to which untheistic science has no right. Untheistic science can take cognizance of nothing but facts, whether particular or general, and what comfort there can be in the mere generality of a cruel fact it is not easy to understand. We may make the passing remark, not irrelevant to the present subject, that with the admission that science is not entitled to speak of law is still coupled a confident assertion of the doctrine of scientific necessity. But how can there be necessity — at least, how can we have any assurance of it — without law? Can necessity be predicated of the mere recurrence of a general fact?

The struggle for existence is allowed to be an unattractive feature of the situation; but it is contended that its ugly aspect will be lessened, if not removed, by the beneficent intervention of society, which is sure to take the duty of selection into its own hands, and to exercise it by the milder agency of a control over undesirable propagation. This, in the first place, seems to imply that physical superiority, of which alone a legislator can take cognizance, is decisive, and that the world is better without such invalids as St. Paul, or Alfred, or Pascal. In the second place, it involves the assumption, which pervades all the social writings of Mr. Mill, that there is a wise and beneficent power called society, apart from and above the aggregate of individual action. Unluckily, no such earthly providence exists.

There is nothing but government, with the infirmities of which and the danger of intrusting it with unlimited power, or extending its sway to private conduct and to the household, experience has made us only too familiar. There is a gulf, across which we cannot at present see, between our actual political condition and that in which the world would be able to intrust its rulers with the power of regulating the union of the sexes, not to mention the other elements of the competition for existence. The nearest approach to any social action of this kind, perhaps, has been monasticism, which on the whole must have selected the physically weak for celibacy; but the net result of monasticism was not satisfactory. Moreover, it must be remembered that the struggle for existence goes on not only between individual members of society, but between nations and races. What Parliament of man or other earthly authority will ever be in a position to say to the inferior nations or races, You had better cease to beget children, so that you may quietly disappear and leave room for the Jingo, who will otherwise be placed by nature under the unpleasant necessity of slaughtering you in heaps, or otherwise exterminating you, in order to remove you out of the way of his evidently superior claim to existence?

This leads us naturally to a remark respecting human progress, the conscious promotion of which is another of the things to which we are exhorted to look as growing sources of comfort. Let it be granted that progress, so far as it depends on the wants of the race and the supply of these wants, is almost mechanical, and certain to continue in its present course. Surely, there is also a part of it, and not the least important part, dependent on the extraordinary efforts of good men striking out against the ever-flowing current of evil and indifference, which would otherwise sweep us backwards, and thereby rendering

special services to their kind. Sometimes the exercise of such energy is pleasant; but in other cases it involves a good deal of self-sacrifice, as it notably did in what few people are so fanatically antitheological as not to deem a great gain to humanity, the foundation of Christianity. But self-sacrifice can hardly be reconciled with reason, unless it brings with it an ultimate reward. A man may submit to martyrdom for the truth's sake, if he is to pass through the gate of death to the Father of Truth; he will hardly do so if he is to go down into the pit. People, in short, will sacrifice themselves to progress and to the general good of their kind if they believe that, apart from what may happen to them in the flesh, they have a perpetual interest in the result; on the opposite hypothesis, they will not. As we have said before, you cannot, in estimating the feelings of men, eliminate anticipation. A subjective existence, to be enjoyed in the lives of posterity when you have utterly ceased to be and the last trace of your memory has vanished, is a fantasy which may be fondled by a refined imagination, but will heal no wounds and countervail no hardships in the case of ordinary men. Here again the materialist or positivist view of life appears to have derived an idea and borrowed a hue from Christianity. Christian progress is that of the church militant gaining gradually a victory over evil, in which every Christian who acts up to his profession will have his share. This is a belief which, if sincerely entertained, cheers the most arduous, the most wearisome, and the dullest path of duty. Moreover, the end of the Christian progress is the reception into the divine essence of spirit perfected by trial and soaring away from the ruin of the material globe. The end of positivist progress is a physical catastrophe in which everything will perish. No thought very animating or very likely to nerve men to high self-sacrifice is produced by the

prospect of a march of humanity, like that of a blind column of animals or insects, towards final and total destruction. That those who at last drop into the gulf will be improved specimens of the race, and will carry with them the accumulated results of its efforts through all the ages, is hardly a redeeming feature of the outlook. Science has begun to calculate the rate at which the sun exhausts its vital fires; who can say that the fatal period may not even be anticipated by some other astronomical agent of destruction? However that may be, the certain end of the collective effort, to which we are to immolate ourselves individually, according to positivism, is inanity and dust.

Schopenhauer has insisted on the fact that with civilization and refinement sensibility to pain and grief will increase. The reply is obvious that capacity for pleasure will increase also; but it may be difficult to strike the balance. Art, from which alone Schopenhauer thinks any real pleasure can proceed, seems certainly, as character deepens and intellect grows more subtle, to contain in it a larger element of melancholy and of craving for the unattained. But, as has already been said, the misery of the mass of mankind consists in bodily want and toil that leave little room for enjoyment; the day is far distant when the mere question of sensibility will affect more than a few.

Infinite space might be consumed in settling the account between the past and the present in respect of material happiness. The railroads, telegraphs, and cheap cottons of the present are obvious; on the other hand, in old countries crowding involves no small loss of comfort and enjoyment. To the division of labor we owe a vast increase of production; but at the same time the labor of the producer becomes far duller and more wearisome than it was when each man saw and could rejoice in the finished work of his own hands. Even the

improvements which appear most completely within man's power are very long in coming, and almost seem as if they would never come. During the best period of Catholicism, morality in the vesture of religion strove earnestly, and not wholly without effect, to place restrictions upon war. But now such morality is again consigned to contempt, and Europe has developed a system of standing armies which again places assured peace at an immeasurable distance, and in the mean time makes the happiness and lives of millions the sport of imperial ambition or the dice of a political gambler.

The optimism which maintains that there is no evil in life, and the pessimism which maintains that there is no good, are equally out of court. But so far as it is a question between meliorism and the opposite theory, which we suppose must be called deterioration, the advocates of the less favorable hypothesis are not unlikely to hold their own. They may do so at all events if we take into consideration the whole human race, in past times as well as in the present, not merely the élite of a comparatively civilized generation.

This, however, is certain: the justice and goodness of the dispensation can be vindicated only on the hypothesis that the efforts and sufferings of the human race, and perhaps not only of the human race but of sentient beings, tend towards some achievement in which each individual contributor will have his part. Even an earthly king would deem it poor praise to be told that he had made myriads of his people miserable, without compensation or redemption, in bringing the rest to a very problematical state of happiness. Love of life and fear of death are a sufficient guaranty against the universal suicide to which Schopenhauer's philosophy would logically tend, as the sexual influence is against the extinction of the race by celibacy which he actually suggests. But this proves little;

the burden of life is dragged by myriads whom no one would call happy. That mere existence is a blessing to a Hindoo peasant, who maintains himself by unceasing toil on the brink of destitution, sees his children starving round him, and ends his days by famine or some fearful disease, none but the most fanatical optimist will contend. Besides, we come back to the question why the Author of all being could not or would not confer upon the Hindoo peasant, who had committed no sin before his birth, the same measure of happiness which is conferred on other men.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his recent work on *The Data of Ethics*, which we all expected with interest and have read with respect, says that conflicting theories of ethics embody severally portions of the truth. "The theological theory contains a part. If for the divine will, supposed to be supernaturally revealed, we substitute the naturally revealed end towards which the power manifested throughout evolution works, then, since evolution has been and is still working towards the highest life, it follows that conforming to those principles by which the highest life is achieved is furthering that end. The doctrine that perfection or excellence of nature should be the object of pursuit is in one sense true; for tacitly it recognizes that ideal form of being which the highest life implies, and to which evolution tends." The writer can perhaps reconcile this better than we can with the mechanical theory of evolution and dissolution embodied in his *First Principles*. Not only is it a "reconciliation" with theology; it is theology itself, or something upon which theology might be built. The power which manifests itself throughout evolution clearly cannot be evolution itself. It is equally evident that "working towards" an object is a different thing from a merely mechanical progress, — from rhythm of motion, the instability of the homogeneous, and equilibration

Let there be added a definition of the highest life, and also a statement of the grounds on which that life is to be deemed higher than another; we shall then have, not indeed supernaturalism, but the foundations of natural theology, less the mere name of Deity. It is difficult to see why even prayer should be thought wholly irrational, if it is an entreaty for help in the endeavors to reach perfection, addressed to the great Co-Worker.

It is impossible to conceive a Power working through and with intelligence and beneficence towards an end assumed to be good, yet being itself unintelligent and unbeneficent. It is almost equally impossible to conceive an intelligent and beneficent Power making worlds as a child makes houses on the sand, merely that they may perish and leave no trace behind. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul has become so entangled with animistic fancies, mediæval superstitions, and imagery of crowns and harps, or of flames and serpents, crystallized into literal belief, that the contemptuous treatment of it by certain men of science may be considered excusable, if it is not philosophic. But let it be put simply on the hypothesis that the progress by which being has risen from protoplasm to humanity and the higher forms of humanity is still continuing and destined to continue; that spirit in its turn is coming into existence; and that it will not necessarily perish with the material world. There is nothing in this from which science need shrink, unless it be a foregone conclusion that anything relating to man which does not fall within the domain of physiology must be a silly dream. The notion of selfishness or of the eternal perpetuation of self which attaches to the belief in immortality and affords abundant matter for sneers and jibes appears to be perfectly gratuitous. It is in the best men that we seem to see the dawn of immortality, and the best

men are the least selfish. Spirituality is in fact emancipation from the influences by which selfishness is bred. Nor does it appear that we can set limits to the process, difficult as it may be for us to conceive of a being conscious and active, yet unlimited by self.

The eminent writer from whom we have just quoted looks forward to a millennium of his own, — the millennium of one who holds that “the ideally moral man is one in whom the moving equilibrium is perfect.” But this millennium is a weary way off, and it is to be feared that the prospect of it will hardly have much effect in inducing even ordinary men, not to speak of human wolves like the Fredericks and Napoleons, to subordinate their “simple representative feelings” to their “complex representative feelings,” on proper occasions and in due proportions. More than this, the millennium when it comes will be miserably imperfect, unless Mr. Spencer can induce nature to mend her behavior, as well as man. Let humanity be brought to the acme of moving equilibrium; let the sanitary aspirations of Dr. Richardson be fulfilled by the institution of a Salutland with all possible appliances of health and a name that does not outrage etymology; still, if nature persists in her practices of storm, flood, fire, plague, and earthquake, to say nothing of the burden which her stubborn and niggardly temper lays upon the sinews of toiling humanity, the happiness will be very far from perfect. It would be very far from perfect, even if it were to be lasting; but in the case of each man the moving equilibrium will be always advancing, in accordance with the law laid down in *First Principles*, to an inevitable “dissolution.” Death will always impend; and, as we have already said, the greater the happiness of man is, and the more sensitive and forecasting he becomes, the more terrible in all probability death will be. Even in Mr. Spencer’s philosophy we think we can dis-

cern anticipations of a condition in which to put off death would be the most absorbing of all objects, and the risk or certain sacrifice of life which men have faced from the love of their kind in doing good or in withstanding wrong would be regarded as mere insanity. Pile on the language of sentiment as you will, a man's conduct will be governed by his real interest; and his real interest must terminate with his existence. Then, after all, comes the general dissolution; the last generation of mankind, heir of all the preceding effort, perishes in some awful catastrophe, and the moral paradise is an atomic chaos.

Suppose effort, or that which presents itself to our consciousness as effort, to be the law of the universe and the life of the power which pervades it; suppose the object of effort in the case of man to be the attainment of a moral ideal which has a value in the eyes of the Author of Being; and suppose spirit, having attained the ideal, to be destined to survive the dissolution of the material globe, — suppose all this, and reason may sanction an optimistic view, not of our present state, but of the sum of things. Otherwise, though nobody but a metaphysician of gloomy temperament will deny the existence of a certain measure of happiness among men, or at least among the more favored portion of them, pessimism will have the best of the argument on the whole. The dispensation

under which we live can hardly be called beneficent: assuredly, considering the myriads who have been and still are being sacrificed, it cannot be called just.

No man of sense, no one who has faith in reason and truth, can doubt that the time has come for a perfectly free and frank discussion of all these questions, subject only to those restraints of reverence and charity which wisdom as well as right feeling would prescribe. All who give any thought to such matters know how we stand, and what is going on beneath the surface of apparent orthodoxy and conformity, even where the crust at present remains unbroken. If a real religious philosophy is possible, this is the time for its appearance. On one side, we have the official defenders of the established creed desperately identifying all religion with the untenable; on the other hand, we have men trained exclusively in physical science, contemptuously ignorant of history and philosophy, that is of moral and social man, and determined, with a fanaticism scarcely less virulent than that of theologians, to expel all religion from the world. Between the two extremes is it not possible to find some foundation for a rational religion? It must be possible, if we are in the hands of a being who cares for us, who has power to guide us to the truth, and to whose character the better part of ours affords a real clue.

Goldwin Smith.

MILES KEOGH'S HORSE.

On the bluff of the Little Big-Horn,
At the close of a woful day,
Custer and his Three Hundred
In death and silence lay.

Three hundred to three thousand!
They had bravely fought and bled;

For such is the will of Congress
When the White man meets the Red.

The White men are ten millions,
The thriftiest under the sun;
The Reds are fifty thousand,
And warriors every one.

So Custer and all his fighting men
Lay under the evening skies,
Staring up at the tranquil heaven
With wide, accusing eyes.

And of all that stood at noonday
In that fiery scorpion ring,
Miles Keogh's horse at evening
Was the only living thing.

Alone from that field of slaughter,
Where lay the three hundred slain,
The horse Comanche wandered,
With Keogh's blood on his mane.

And Sturgis issued this order,
Which future times shall read,
While the love and honor of comrades
Are the soul of the soldier's creed.

He said:

*Let the horse Comanche,
Henceforth till he shall die,
Be kindly cherished and cared for
By the Seventh Cavalry.*

*He shall do no labor; he never shall know
The touch of spur or rein;
Nor shall his back be ever crossed
By living rider again.*

*And at regimental formation
Of the Seventh Cavalry,
Comanche, draped in mourning, and led
By a trooper of Company I,*

Shall parade with the regiment!

Thus it was

Commanded, and thus done,
By order of General Sturgis, signed
By Adjutant Garlington.

Even as the sword of Custer,
 In his disastrous fall,
 Flashed out a blaze that charmed the world
 And glorified his pall,

This order, issued amid the gloom
 That shrouds our army's name,
 When all foul beasts are free to rend
 And tear its honest fame,

Shall prove to a callous people
 That the sense of a soldier's worth,
 That the love of comrades, the honor of arms,
 Have not yet perished from earth.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

III.

FORD went back to his room, and turned over some new books which he had on his table for review. He could not make his choice among these volumes, or else he found them all unworthy; for after an absent glance at the deep chair in which he usually sat to read, he looked up his hat and went out, taking his way toward the shabbily adventurous street where the Boyntons had their lodgings.

Dr. Boynton met him at the door of his apartment with a smile of cheerful cordiality; but when Ford mentioned his encounter with Mr. Eccles, and expressed his hope that Miss Boynton was better, "Well, no," answered the doctor, "I cannot say that she is. She has had a shock, — a shock from which she may be days and even weeks in recovering." He rubbed his small, soft hands together, and beamed upon Ford's cold front almost rapturously.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the latter, with a glance of misgiving.

"Yes, yes," admitted the other. "In some respects it is regrettable. But

there are in this case, as in all others, countervailing advantages." He settled himself comfortably in the corner of the sofa as he proceeded. "Yes. The whole episode, on its scientific side, has been eminently satisfactory. The character of the manifestations at the séance, the violence with which neglect of the conditions was resented, the subsequent effects, primary and secondary, on the nervous organism of the medium, and, indeed of almost all persons present, have been singularly impressive, and indicative of novel and momentous developments. I don't know, Mr. Ford, whether you have had an opportunity of conversing with any of our friends since the evening in question, but I have seen many of them, and they have all testified to an experience which, however difficult of formulation, was most distinct. It appears to have been something analogous to the electrization of persons in the vicinity of a point struck by lightning. In the case of Mrs. Le Roy there has scarcely been a cessation of the effects. The raps in her room have been almost continuous, and the furniture of the whole house has

been affected. Miss Boynton has suffered the greatest distress from the continuance of the manifestations, and her mind is oppressed by influences which she is apparently powerless to throw off. In a word, everything has worked most harmoniously to the best advantage, and the progress made has been all that we could wish. Mr. Eccles perhaps told you of a marked increase of the discomfort he habitually suffers from indigestion?"

Ford hardly knew whether to laugh or rage at all this, but he merely said that Mr. Eccles had mentioned his dyspepsia, and remained in a bitter indecision, while Dr. Boynton went on. "Ah, yes! yes, yes! I think we may safely refer the aggravation of his complaint to the influences, still active, of our memorable séance. But I am not sure that Mr. Eccles's peculiar theory is the correct one. I distrust his speculations in some degree. A ferment of the kind he speaks of in the world of spirits would be more apt to ultimate itself here in the mind than in the stomach."

"Do you generally distrust speculations in regard to these matters?" asked Ford.

"I distrust *all* special speculation," said the doctor. "We physicians know what specialism leads to in medicine. I prefer to base my convictions solely upon facts."

"Are you able to satisfy yourself as to the facts of the séance here, the other night?"

"Not absolutely, — no. Not entirely. As yet we are only able to approximate facts."

"Then as yet you have only approximated convictions?" asked Ford.

"As yet I am only inquiring," said the doctor, with sweet acquiescence. "Startling and significant as those manifestations were, I feel that I am still only an inquirer. But I feel also that I have gained certain points which will

almost infallibly lead me to a final conclusion in the matter."

"Then you mean to say," pursued Ford, "that as a man of science you rose from Mrs. Le Roy's experiments in sleight of hand, the other night, with a degree of satisfaction. Have you the slightest confidence in her powers?"

"Why, there," replied Boynton, "you touch upon a strange problem. I am always aware, in these matters, of an obscurity of motive and of opinion which will not allow me to make any explicit answer to such a question as yours."

"You obfuscate yourself before sitting down, as you darken the room, that you may be in a perfectly receptive condition?"

"Something of that nature, yes. But I should distinguish: I should say that the obfuscation, though voluntary, was very largely unconscious."

Ford laughed. "I am afraid that I was in no state to judge of the exhibition, then. You are a man of such candor yourself that I am sure you will not blame my frankness in telling you that I thought the whole apparitional performance a piece of gross trickery."

"Not at all, not at all!" cried Boynton, with friendly animation. "From one point your position is perfectly tenable, — perfectly. You will remember that I myself warned you of the possibility of deceit in the effects produced, and said that I always took part in such a séance with the full knowledge of this possibility. At the same time, I always try, for my own sake, and for the sake of the higher truth to be attained, to keep this knowledge in abeyance, — in the dark, as we were saying."

"I see," said Ford, dryly. He waited blankly a moment, while Boynton watched him with cheery interest. "I suppose it was my misfortune to have been able to expose the whole performance at any moment. I did n't think it worth while."

"It was *not* worth while," Boynton interposed. "Those people would not have accepted your exposé, — I can't say that I should have accepted it myself; and in your effort to fulfill a mission, a mere mechanical duty, to society, you might have placed obstacles in the way of the most extraordinary developments. Nothing is clearer to my mind," he proceeded impressively, "than that it is our business, after the first intimations of a desire for converse on the part of spirits, to afford them every possible facility, to suggest, to arrange, to prepare, agencies for their use. Suppose you had detected Madam Le Roy in the employment of stuffed gloves; at the very moment when you seized upon the artificial apparition, a *genuine* spirit hand might have been about to manifest itself, in obedience to the example given. My dear sir," cried Dr. Boynton, leaning from his perch on the sofa toward the place where Ford sat, "I have gone to the very bottom of this matter, and I find that in almost all cases there is a degree of solicitation on the part of mediums; that where this is most daring the results are most valuable; and what I wish now to establish as the central principle of spiritistic science is the principle of solicitationism. If the disembodied spirits do not voluntarily approach, invite them; if they cannot manifest their presence, show them by example the ways and means of so doing. Depend upon it, the whole science must die out without some such direct and vigorous effort on our part."

He paused, leaving Ford in a strange perplexity. The smoothness and finish with which Boynton had formulated the preposterous ideas he had just expressed rendered it impossible for Ford to approach without irony a confession which he had meant to make in a different spirit. "Then you would not blame me if I had lost patience at any point of the game, and actively interfered in the process of solicitation?"

"As a mere exterior inquirer," returned Boynton, blandly, "I could not have blamed you."

"In the dark séance," said Ford, "I *did* interfere. It was my belief that Mrs. Le Roy was affording the agencies, as you express it, in that, too. I was shocked to find myself mistaken. It makes me sick to think that I should have hurt Miss Boynton, and if I could have suspected her of what I suspected Mrs. Le Roy I should never" —

"You were quite right," interrupted Dr. Boynton, courteously as before, but with a touch of pride. "My daughter was entirely innocent, for she was purely the passive instrument of my will; she was carrying out my plan, — a plan which the sequel proved triumphantly successful."

"I have said what I wished to say," remarked Ford, rising. "I can well believe that she did only as she was bidden. There were other things that showed that. I leave you to settle with yourself the little questions of honesty and decency in thrusting a helpless girl on to the performance of a cheat like that. You seem to be well grounded in your great principle, and I dare say you won't be troubled by my opinions. But my opinion of *you*, Dr. Boynton, is that you are either the most unconscionable knave and quack I have ever seen, or" —

Boynton sprang to his feet. "Not another word, sir! I regret for the sake of human nature to find you a ruffian. But there my concern in you ceases. I defy you to do your worst! Leave the house!"

"You defy me!" said Ford, setting his teeth, and struggling with the rage into which he found himself hurried. "What do you defy me to? Do you suppose I am going to mix myself up in any public way with your affairs? You are perfectly safe to go on and gull imbeciles to the end of time, for all I care."

"I am an honest man!" retorted Dr. Boynton. "I have an unsullied life be-

hind me, spent in the practice of an honorable profession and in earnest research into questions, into mysteries, on the solution of which the dearest hopes of the race repose. Who are you, to attain me of unworthy motives, to cry pretender and impostor at me? I have met, in the course of my investigations, rude incredulity from the thoughtless crowds who witnessed them, and insolent disdain from those qualified to question, but too proud or too indolent to do so. Till now this indifference has only accused my judgment. It remained for you to asperse my motives."

Dr. Boynton looked the resentment of an outraged man; he gained, in spite of his flowing rhetoric, a dignity which he did not have before. Ford stared at him in momentary helplessness. He was at the disadvantage that every man must be whose habits of life and whose temperament remove him from personal encounter, and who meets others in that sort of intellectual struggle in which his antagonist is for the time necessarily passive.

"You arraign me as a cheat," resumed Boynton, "and you dare to judge my principle by the imperfect first steps of those who attempt to put it in practice, by the crudest preliminary processes. But even here you have no ground to stand upon. Even here the ultimate fact utterly defeats and annihilates your insolent assumptions."

"I don't know what you mean," began Ford, "and" —

"I will tell you what I mean," interrupted Boynton, "and you shall judge your own case. If all our endeavors at spirit intercourse were for the ends of selfish deception, as you claim, how do you account for the final response to them? I am willing to believe that it was *your* hand that inflicted a hurt upon a woman, — oh, whether my daughter or Mrs. LeRoy, it was still a woman, — and that invoked any possible consequence from the violation of conditions

that you were bound in honor to respect; but *whose* hand was it that evolved itself from the darkness, and then dispersed that darkness? Whose hand was that which crowned my wildest hopes with success?"

"If you mean," said Ford, and he felt that after all it was shocking to own it, "the hand which turned on the gas, it was my hand."

"Your hand?" gasped Dr. Boynton.

"My hand — prepared by a trick so common and simple that it could have deceived no one but children, or men and women so eager for lies" —

"Oh, it was the truth, the sacred, vital, saving truth, they longed for! And it was this, it was this desire, you deluded!" Dr. Boynton hid his face in his handkerchief, and sank back upon the sofa. "Go, now," he said. "I will not, I cannot, I must not, hear one word of excuse from you. Your action is indefensible."

"Excuse?" cried Ford. "Do you really think I want to *excuse* myself? Do you think" —

"Why should you not wish to excuse yourself?" solemnly demanded Boynton, uncovering his face, which was pale, but calm. "You have dire need of excuse, if *sacrilege* is a crime."

"Sacrilege?" Ford was aware of forcing his laugh.

"Yes, sacrilege. You intruded upon religious aspirations to turn them into ridicule. You derided the hope of immortality itself, — the evidences through which thousands cling to the belief in God."

"You are such a very preposterous creature that I don't quite know how to take you," said Ford, "but I will ask you what you were doing yourself in making those simpletons think there were spirits present among them."

"I was leading them on to the evolution of a great truth, to the comfort of an assured immortality. But you, — were you aiming at anything higher than

the gratification of the wretched vanity that delights in finding all endeavor as low and hopeless as its own? Oh, I know your position, young man! I know the attitude of those shallow sciences which trace man backward to the brute, and forward to the clod. Which of them do you profess? It does n't matter. They all join in a cowardly contempt of phenomena which they will not examine; and if one of their followers, more just, more candid, than the rest, like Crookes, of London, ventures into the field of investigation, and dares to own the truth, they unite like a pack of wolves to destroy him. His methods are non-scientific! Bah! Did you think you were doing a fine thing, that day, when you lay in wait to dash our hopes, — to prove to us by the success of your trick that we were as the beasts that perish?"

"I can't say that I intended to trouble myself to expose you to them," said Ford.

"Then how much better were you," retorted Boynton, "than the worst you think of me? You call me an impostor. What were you but an impostor who wished to fool them to the top of their bent, for the sake of laughing them over in secret, or among others like yourself?"

"Here!" cried Ford. "I am sick of this foolery, and I warn you now that I will laugh *you* over with this whole city,

for the miserable trick by which you have burlesqued without retarding my inquiries for an instant."

"Very well," retorted Ford, "we shall see!" He crushed on his hat, and left the house, Boynton pursuing him to the door, with noisy defiance, and remaining on the outer threshold to look after him.

IV.

Dr. Boynton watched Ford out of sight, and then, hot and flushed, turned back into the house. He did not return to the parlor, where the stormy scene had taken place between them, but went to his daughter's room. Egeria lay there in the twilight that befriended the shabbiness of the chamber, upon a lounge wheeled away from the wall, and at his entrance she asked, without lifting her eyes to his face (for women need not look at those dear to them, to know their moods), "What is it, father?"

"Nothing, nothing," panted her father, with a poor show of evasion.

"Yes, there is something," sadly persisted the girl. "Something has happened to worry you."

"Yes, you are right!" cried Dr. Boynton, with vehemence. "I have just met the grossest outrage and contumely from a man whom — whom — But, Egeria," he broke off, "tell me how

manner,—how could you divine that something had occurred to trouble me? How did you know it?”

“Oh, I suppose I knew it because I love you so, father. There was nothing strange in that. Oh, father, you promised me that you would n’t speak of those things again, just yet. They wear my life out.” He had drawn his chair, in his excitement, close to her couch, and sat leaning intently over her. She put her arm round his neck, and gently pulled his face down on her pillow for a moment. “Poor father! What was it vexed you?”

Boynnton freed himself, instantly reverting with his first vehemence to the outrage he had suffered. “It was that young man,—that Ford, who was here the other night. He has gone, after heaping every insult upon me,—after telling me to my face that it was he who seized your hand in the dark séance, and produced by a trick the effect of the luminous spirit hand which turned on the gas. He dared to call me an impostor, to taunt me with forcing you to take part in my deceptions,—and this after the fullest and freest and frankest statement from me of the principle upon which I proceed in these experiments. And he ended by threatening me—yes, by threatening me with public exposure if I gave another séance in this city. The insolent scoundrel! If I had been a younger man, I should have replied in the only fitting manner. As it was, I treated his threats with contempt. I answered him taunt for taunt, and I defied him to do his worst. I a quack,—the shameless swindler! To take part in a mystery whose conditions bound him to good faith, and to defeat all its results by his miserable trickery!” Boynnton started up and crossed the room. Suddenly he broke out, “Egeria, I don’t believe him! I don’t believe it was he who hurt you! I don’t believe that he produced that effect of a luminous hand! I believe that in both cases

supernatural agencies were at work; they must have been; and a man capable of wishing to defeat our experiments would be quite capable of claiming to have done so. He is a heartless liar, and so I will tell him in any public place. He forbid me to give another séance in Boston! He force me to quit this city in defeat and ignominy! I would perish first!”

“Oh, I wish we could go away! Oh, I wish we could go home!” moaned the girl, when the doctor’s furious tirade had ended.

“Egeria!”

“Yes, father,” said the girl, desperately; “I hate this wandering life; I’m afraid of these strange people, with their talk and their tricks and their dupes, and your part with them.”

“Egeria! This to your father? Do you join that scoundrel in his insult to me? Do you wish to add a crueler sting to the pain I have suffered,—you who know how unselfish my motives are? Do you deny the power—the strange power—which you have yourself repeatedly exercised, and which you have not been able to analyze?”

“No, no, father,” said the girl fondly, rising from where she lay, and going quickly to the chair into which her father had sunk, “I don’t deny it, and I don’t doubt *you*. *How* could I doubt you?” She sat down upon his knee, and drew his head against her breast. “But let’s go away! Let us go back to the country, and think it all over again, and try to see more clearly what it is, and—and—*pray* about it!” She had dropped to her knees upon the floor, and held his hands beseechingly between her own. “Why should n’t we go home?”

“Home! home!” repeated her father. “We have no home, Egeria! We might go back to that hole where I have stifled all my life; but we should starve there. My practice had dwindled to nothing, before we left; you

know that. Their miserable bigotry could not tolerate my opinions. No, Egeria, we must make the world our home hereafter. We must be content to associate our names with the establishment of — of a supreme principle, and find our consolation where all the benefactors of mankind have found it, — in the grave." Boynton paused, as if he had too deeply wrought upon his own sensibilities; but he resumed with fresh animation: "But why look upon the dark side of things, Egeria? Surely, you are better with me here than in that old house, where they would have taught you to distrust and despise me? You cannot regret having decided in my favor between your grandfather and me? If you do" —

"Oh, no, father! Never! You are all the world to me; I know how good you are, and I shall *never* doubt your truth, whatever happens. But go — let us go away from here — from this town, where we've had nothing but trouble, where I'm sure there's some great trouble coming to us yet."

"Do you think so, Egeria?" asked her father with interest. "What makes you think so? What is the character, the purport, of your prescience?"

"It's *no* prescience! It's nothing. It's only fear. I feel that I can't be myself here. Everything goes from me. I'm helpless."

"That is very curious!" mused Boynton. "Could it be something in the local electric conditions?"

"Oh, father, father!" moaned the girl in despair.

"Well, well, my child! What is it, then?"

"You have quarreled with this — this Mr. Ford?"

"Yes, Egeria; I told you."

"And he has threatened you, if you stayed — threatened to do something — I don't know — against us?"

"I suppose he means to vilify me in the public prints."

"Oh, then don't provoke him, father, — don't provoke him. Let us go away."

"Why, Egeria, are you afraid for your father?"

"I'm afraid for myself," answered the girl, cowering nearer to her father. "I can do nothing if he is by; and oh — he will come to see us, and I shall fail, and he will ruin you!"

"Egeria," said Dr. Boynton, "this is very interesting. I remember that on the day he came here — the day of the séance — you seemed to be similarly affected by his sphere, his presence. Can you analyze your feeling sufficiently, my child, to tell me why he should affect you in this way?"

"No," said Egeria.

"Do you remember any one else who has affected you as he has?"

"No, no one else."

"Very curious!" mused Dr. Boynton, with a pleased air of scientific inquiry. "Very curious, indeed! It opens up a wholly new field of investigation. All these things seem to proceed by a sort of indirection. We may be further from the result we were seeking than I supposed; but we may be upon the point of determining the nature of the chief obstacle in our way, and therefore — therefore — Um! Very strange, very strange! Egeria, I have felt myself, ever since we came to Boston, something singularly antagonistic in the conditions."

"Oh, then you'll go away, won't you, father, — you'll go away at once?" pleaded the girl.

"I am not sure," answered Dr. Boynton, in the same musing tone as before, "what our duty is in the premises. Suppose, Egeria," he continued with spirit, — "suppose that this antagonistic influence were confined to a single person in a population of two hundred and fifty thousand souls; would it not be a striking proof of the vastness of the resistance already overcome by spiritistic science, and at the same time an — a —

a — indication of responsibility in the matter which we ought not to shun?"

"I don't understand you, father," said Egeria, fearfully.

"I mean," replied her father, "that it may be our duty to sink all personal feeling in this matter, and lend every energy to the conviction, the conversion, of the person who thus antagonizes us."

The girl stood aghast, and for a moment did not reply, but glanced at her father's heated face and shining eyes in a sort of terror. Some instinct, perhaps, flashed upon her a fear against which the habit of her whole life rebelled, and kept her from directly opposing him. She subdued the tremor that ran through her, and answered, "You know that I think whatever you do, father. How — how" — She apparently wished to temporize, to catch at this thought and that; without uttering any, she stopped short.

"How should I go about it?" radiantly demanded her father. "In the openest, the simplest manner possible, by submitting your — your gift to the test of opposing wills; by inviting this man to a public contest, in which, laying prejudice aside, he and I should enter the lists against each other in a fair struggle for supremacy. I am not afraid of the issue. In this view, he is no longer an enemy. He is a blind, opposing force of nature, which is simply to be overcome; he can no more have insulted or wronged me than the rock against which I strike in the dark, than the tempest that dashes its drops in my face. Poor, helpless, blameless obstacle! I am ashamed, Egeria, that I used harsh language to him; I am ashamed that I retorted from my vantage-ground the merely mechanical outrage which I suffered from him. My first business must be to — to — apologize; to seek him in a spirit of passive good feeling, and to invite him in a sentiment of the widest liberality to enter upon this rivalry; to — to" — Dr. Boynton bustled

about the room, seeking his hat. "It is my duty, it is my right, it is my sacred privilege, to go to him without a moment's delay, and withdraw every offensive expression that I may have used in the heat of — of — controversy; to solicit, upon whatever terms of personal humiliation he makes, his coöperation in this experiment; to conjure him by our common hopes of immortality" — Boynton had found that his hat was not in the room; he made a swift dash towards the door. Egeria flung herself against it, and, holding it fast, stretched out both her hands towards him.

"Wait!"

Her father suddenly arrested himself. "Egeria!"

"What — what" — the girl panted tumultuously, — "what — if I can't submit to the test?"

Dr. Boynton looked at her in stupefaction, as if this were a point that had not occurred to him; but she confronted him steadily. "You cannot refuse," he began.

"You have not considered this matter yet, father," said the girl. "You have not taken time" —

"Time, time!" retorted her father, with wild impatience. "There *is* no time! Eternity hems us in on all sides! It presses and invades at every point! The man may die; a wretched casualty — a falling timber on the street, a frightened horse, an open cellar-way — may snatch him from me before I can use him for the purpose to which Providence has appointed his being. And you talk of time! Come, my daughter, let me pass! You are not you, nor I I, in such a crisis as this."

The girl moved from the door, and cast her arms about his neck, as he quickly advanced. "Oh, father, father!" she cried, "what is it you mean to do?"

"Why, I have told you, child," he answered, putting up his hands to unclasp her arms.

"Yes; but if I failed?" she implored, clinging the closer. "Remember that I have been sick, that I am still very weak, and wait, — wait a little."

Dr. Boynton's mood changed instantly. "Ha!" he breathed, and continued in his tone of scientific investigation: "Are you sensible, Egeria, of any distinct loss of psychic force through the diminution of your physical strength?"

"How can I tell, father? It is you who do it. I see, or seem to see, whatever you tell me. I have always done that. It began so long ago, when I was so little, that I can't remember anything different. I *want* to please you, I *want* to help you; but I don't know if I can, father. It has always come from my thinking that what you wished was perfectly wise and right."

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Boynton, "that is of course a condition of the highest clairvoyant force, though I don't remember to have heard it formulated before."

"And don't you see, father," said the girl, looking tenderly into his face, as if she would fain interpose her love between him and what she must say, "that if I lose this perfect confidence I lose my power to do what you want me to do?"

Dr. Boynton was hurt through the shield of her affection. "Have I done anything to forfeit your trust in my purposes, Egeria? If I have, it is certainly time for me to despair."

"Oh, no, no, father! I trust *you*; I love you this moment more dearly than ever I did. But are you sure — are you sure that it will all come out as you think? Are you sure that we are taking the right way? We have been trying now a long while, and I can't see that we've accomplished anything. Perhaps I'm not a medium, but only a dreamer, and dream what you tell me. I'm afraid sometimes it is n't right. I was thinking about it just before you

came in. What if there *should* be nothing in it all?"

"How nothing in it?"

"What if you were deceiving yourself? I can't tell how much my wanting to please you makes me do — Oh, I'm afraid — I'm afraid it's all wrong."

"Egeria," said Dr. Boynton, severely, "I have often explained to you my principle in regard to these matters. These are the first steps. It is necessary that we should take them. Other steps will advance from the world of spirits to meet them. I am convinced — I *know* — that in your last séance we had direct proof of this; and I will yet compel, I will *extort* from that lying villain the confession that he had no agency in the things he claims to have done." Boynton had lost his compassionate sense of Ford as an irresponsible moral force, and as he walked up and down the floor he broke from time to time into expressions of vivid injuriousness. "Listen, Egeria: I respect your conscientious scruples, though they belong to a petty personal conscience that I hoped before this you had exchanged for the race-conscience that gives *me* perfect freedom to think and to act. I will set the matter before you, and you will see the logical sequence of my course. In the development of the phenomena which now agitate the world, mesmerism came first, and spiritism came second. I follow this providential order, and I begin with mesmerism. In this, the results are unquestioned in your case. You have been accustomed all your life to my controlling influence, my magnetic force, by which you have seen, heard, touched, tasted, spoken, whatever I willed. I knew this and you knew it. A thousand successful experiments attest its truth. Well, when we come to deal with disembodied life, we have to deal with it as I deal with you. We have to show this life how to approach us; to suggest, to intimate, to demonstrate, the

ways and means of communication with us. The only *perfectly* ascertained fact of spiritistic science is the rap. This, with the innumerable exposures and explanations which expose and explain all the other phenomena, remains a mystery, insoluble, whatever we attribute it to. But as a method of commerce with the other life, it is nearly worthless, — slow, vague, uncertain. We *must* advance beyond it, or retire forever from the border of the invisible world. Now, then, you see the unbroken chain of my reasoning, and as an investigator I take my stand boldly upon the necessity of first doing ourselves what we wish the spirits to do. A feeble sense of right and wrong may call it deceit; a vulgar nihilism may call it trickery; but the results will justify us, — they *have* justified us. What I wish to do now, Egeria, is to determine whether an opposing force of doubt, embodied in a powerful intellectual organism, such as this man's undoubtedly is, can annul, can annihilate, the progress we have made. We cannot meet this force too soon; for if it *is* able to do this, we may have to retrace all our steps and begin *de novo*."

Egeria listened drearily to her father's harangue, and at the pause he now made she looked hopelessly at his eager face, and did not reply, though he evidently expected some answer from her.

"After all, Egeria," he resumed impatiently, "you have no manner of responsibility, moral or otherwise, in the affair. You have simply to yield yourself, as heretofore, to my will, and leave me to take the consequences. I will meet them all. But I wish, my daughter, to satisfy your minutest scruple. If you were acting in that séance upon the theories which you have often heard me advance; if you were supplying to the invisible agencies we had called about us the model, the prototype, the example, needed for communication with us; and if when that man seized your hand

—granting that it *was* he who did so — you were yourself consciously doing any of the things supposed to be done by the spirits" —

"I tried to bring myself to it; but I could n't, father; I could n't!"

"Then — then," panted her father, in a tumult of rising excitement, "it was not *you* who did those things? It was not *you*" —

"No, no!" desolately answered the girl. "From the moment the windows were darkened till my hand was seized, I did nothing but sit quietly in the centre of the circle and strike my palms together, as Mrs. Le Roy told me."

"Thank God!" shouted Dr. Boynton, in an indescribable exaltation. "I *knew* I could not be wrong; I *knew* that you had no part in those things. This is a glorious moment! This — this — is worth toiling and suffering and enduring any fate for!" He caught his daughter in his arms and pressed her to his heart, kissing her fondly and caressing her hair. "Now, *now*, everything is clear before me."

"I am so glad, father," Egeria began. "I was afraid you expected — that you would be disappointed — but indeed" —

"No, no! You were right. Your psychical perceptions were better than my logic. They taught you where to forbear. Your *conscience* — I am humiliated beyond expression to have undervalued it as a factor of our investigation — has brought us this splendid triumph. Egeria, we stand upon the threshold of the temple; its penetralia lie open before us; we have defeated death!"

The girl was perhaps too well used to the rhetorical ecstasies of her father to be either exalted or alarmed by them; and she now merely looked inquiringly at him.

"Don't you see, my dear," he continued with unabated transport, in reply to her look, "that if you did not do these things they were the results of supernatural agencies? It is this fact, as-

certained now past all peradventure, that makes my heart leap."

"Oh!" murmured Egeria, despairingly.

"But I must not lose a moment, now. I must see this young man at once, and challenge him to the ordeal that will release you from his noxious influence. I hope that I shall be able to treat him in the right spirit, and with the tenderness due an erring mind; I shall do my best, and I have every reason to be magnanimous. But his pretense of having performed by trick what was unquestionably the work of spirits is a thing that he must not urge too far. Or, yes, let him do so! I shall seek nothing of him but his consent to this contest. It may be for the general good that his discomfiture should not only be complete, but publicly complete."

"Don't go, father, — don't go!" implored Egeria, for sole answer and comment upon all this. "Let him alone, and let us go away."

"Go away?" cried her father. "Never! I must overrule you in this, my child," he continued caressingly. "I respect, I revere, your power; but it is out of regard for that power that I must combat your weaker mood. It demands of me, as it were, that I should ascertain all its conditions, and remove every obstacle to its exercise."

"Oh, I don't know what you mean," replied the girl, and broke into hopeless tears.

"You *will* know, Egeria," returned her father. "Not only shall I be clear to you, but you will be clear to yourself, as never before. I have now a clue that leads to final results, — the personal conscience in you, the race-conscience in me. I will be with you again in a little while, Egeria. Don't be troubled. Trust everything to me."

He made haste to get himself out of the room, and pausing in the hall on the ground-floor long enough to secure the hat of a visitor of Mrs. Le Roy (who

was then in a trance for the recovery of lost property belonging to this gentleman) he issued from the door to which he had lately followed Ford in their common rage. The owner of the hat had a larger head than Boynton, who, as he pushed his way along the street, with his face eagerly working from the excitement of his mind, had an effect at once alarming and grotesque; the squalid little children of the street shrank from his approach in terror, and followed his going with derision.

V.

Egeria had made a step after her father, as if to call him back, when he left the room, but she had turned again, and lain down upon her lounge without a word. It would have been useless to call him back; he could only have come to renew the scene that had passed between them, and the result would still have been the same.

From her despair there was but one refuge. She could appeal for help now only to the source of her terrors. The fact, hemming her inexorably in, pressed upon her excited brain with a strange, benumbing stress, in which there was yet all possible keenness of pain. Presently, it seemed as if she shrieked out with a cry that rang through the house. In reality she had uttered a little scream in response to a knock at the door.

"Oh, did I wake you?" asked the uncouth servant kindly, putting her head, in.

"Yes — no — I was not asleep," answered Egeria, lifting her face from the pillow.

"There's a gentleman in the parlor wants to see your father; and I don't know — well, I told him the doctor was out, but you was at home. Shall I say you'll see him? He says you'll do just as well."

Egeria sprang from her lounge, and flinging open a shutter began to arrange

her hair. "Yes; please tell him I'll come at once." At that moment she had but one sense, — the consciousness that Ford had come, and that she should have the courage to speak to him, and beseech him not to consent to her father's proposal. She did not know how or why she should have this courage, but all fear had left her. She hastily smoothed her hair and arranged her dress, and ran down the stairs into the parlor to encounter her enemy with such eagerness as a girl might show in hastening to greet her lover.

It was Mr. Hatch who came forward to meet her, and who took her hand. "Did n't expect to see me here, Miss Egeria? Well, I'm rather surprised myself. But I had to come back from Philadelphia, before I'd fairly got started on my grand rounds, and I thought I'd make one more attempt to say good-by to the doctor and you."

"I understood — I thought" — began Egeria, her voice shaken with her disappointment, "I thought it was — it was" — She stopped, and tears came into her eyes.

"I'm sorry it is n't, Miss Egeria," said Hatch kindly. "I would be willing to be anybody else in the world that you wanted to see."

"Oh, I did n't want to see them! I was afraid to see them, and I hoped they had come," answered Egeria.

Hatch smiled, but he looked at her compassionately, his head set scrutinizingly on one side, while she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and recovered herself in a sort of cold despair. "I want you to let me ask you what's the matter, Miss Egeria," he said, impulsively. "You won't think I'm trying to pry into your trouble?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, we all know what the doctor is: he's as good as gold, and as simple as a child, but he has n't got the practical virtues, — or vices, whichever you choose to call 'em. Now, you know, Miss

Egeria, that I respect the doctor rather more than I should my own father, if I had one: has the doctor run short of money?"

"Oh, no, no! Not that I know of! It is n't that at all," Egeria hastened to say.

"Well, that's one point gained," said Hatch. "I'm glad of it. You'll excuse my asking?"

"Yes, — oh, yes," she answered.

"Well, then, is it something that I can help you about? I don't care to know what it is, but I do want to help you. If I can, without knowing, you need n't tell me."

"You can't help me. But there's no reason why you should n't know. You can't help me against my father, can you?" she asked, putting the case, as women do, at worse than the worst, so as to have the comfort of finding the truth short of the extreme. "How can any one help me against him?" Then, as Hatch stood waiting with a somewhat hopeless and wholly puzzled face, "He does n't mean any harm," she hurried on distractedly, "but if he does it, he will kill me. He *has* done it, and nothing can save me! He's talking with him this moment, and planning it all out; and when they are ready I shall have to go out before the people, and try it, and fail."

"Is it some test of your power?" asked Hatch.

"Yes," answered the girl. "That man who was here the other night, — that Mr. Ford, — father has gone to him to get him to make some public appointment, and try whether I can do the things he says I can't do. He has been here. Father wants him to come and test it himself, and that's what he's gone to him for; and I know he will; and I can't do *anything* when he's by."

She said no more, and Hatch began to walk up and down the room. Presently he stopped before her. "Well, Miss Egeria, there's only one way out

of it. The way is to go and talk to that fellow, and get him not to keep his appointment with your father, if he's made one."

"For me to go? I thought of that; and then" —

"Oh, no," said Hatch, with a smile. "I'll do the going and talking. You make yourself easy about it. But after that, don't you think we could get your father to give this thing up, and go home?"

"Oh, *if* we only could!" cried the girl. "But it's no use. I have been talking to him, and begging him to; but he'll never go back in the world. He hates my grandfather."

"The old gentleman was rough on him; but you can't much wonder at it. I'm not saying anything against the doctor, mind; I don't go back on *him*; I don't forget what he did for me. But we can talk about all that afterwards. What we've got to do now is to go and beg off from that — Good-by, Miss Egeria; I must n't lose time."

She stopped him. "I can't let you. It would be throwing blame on my father. I'd rather let him kill me."

"Oh, I'll make it all right about the doctor," said Hatch. "No one shall have a right to blame him for anything. Don't you be troubled. I'll fix it. Don't worry!"

Egeria faltered. "You'll only lose your time. It won't do any good."

"But you don't tell me not to go?"

"It won't do any good," she said.

"Well," said Hatch, "I'm going to see this man, and then I'm coming back to have a talk with the doctor. I want to go away to-morrow feeling first-rate, and I don't believe I *shall* feel just right unless you take the Eastern road back to Maine about the time I take the Boston and Albany for Omaha."

Egeria followed him from the room, and responded with a hopeless look to the bright nod with which he turned to her at the outer door. As it closed, she

stood a moment in the dim entry, and then crept languidly up the stairs to her own room; she cast herself upon the lounge again, with her face to the wall, and lay there in the apathy which is the refuge from overstress of feeling. The worst could not be worse than the worst; and whatever happened it could but be another form, not another degree, of ill.

Hatch had some delay in finding Ford's address. The directory gave a place at which, when he had applied, the people told him that Ford had gone from them three months before. After some inquiry and debate among themselves, they were able to give his present address, and to identify him as the person of whom Hatch was in search. He climbed, heated and panting, to Ford's room, when he found it at last, and to a loud "Come in!" which followed his knock, he responded by entering and shutting the door behind him.

Ford stood before the fire-place, striking against the brick a burning paper with which he had been lighting his pipe. In this act, he looked round at Hatch over his shoulder, at first vaguely, and then with recognition, but not certainly with welcome. "Oh!" he said.

"Mr. Ford?" asked Hatch.

"Yes."

"I met you at Mrs. Le Roy's. I don't know whether you remember me."

"Yes, I do," said Ford. He drew two or three whiffs at his pipe. "Will you sit down? You know Mr. Phillips." He indicated with a motion of his head a third person, whose face, black against the window, Hatch had not made out.

At the mention of his name, Phillips came forward in his brisk way, and shook hands with Hatch. "Oh, yes," he said. "Mr. Hatch has n't forgotten me. I feel myself memorable since that night. I was then an element of the supernatural. Have you seen our friends lately?"

"Yes," said Hatch. "I've just come from them."

"They're well, I hope? Miss Boynton struck me as a most interesting person. Does n't her life of excitements wear upon her? Most young ladies find one world as much as they can stand; mingling in the society of two, as she does, must be rather fatiguing."

"Miss Boynton is n't very well; or, rather, she has n't been."

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that," said Phillips. "I hope it's nothing serious."

"Well, no," replied Hatch, uneasily. He turned to Ford, who from his superior stature had been smoking down upon Phillips and himself. "Mr. Ford," he added, "I came here from Dr. Boynton's to see you."

"Yes?" said Ford.

Phillips made a polite movement in the direction of his hat. "I think I'll be going, Ford," he explained.

"You can go," returned Ford, taking his pipe from his mouth, "but it is n't necessary. This gentleman can have nothing confidential to say to me. I'd rather you'd stay—for once."

"You're so flattering," said Phillips, "that I *will* stay, if Mr. Hatch does n't object. My engagement's at one."

"Oh, not at all," said Hatch, reluctantly. Ford had remained standing, with his back to the fire-place, and Hatch had not accepted his invitation, or his permission, to sit down. "As Mr. Phillips was at Mrs. Le Roy's that night, he might as well hear what I have to say. Mr. Ford," he added abruptly, "I want you to do me a great favor."

"Why should I do you a great favor, Mr. Hatch?" asked Ford, while he looked with half-closed eyes at the ceiling, and blew a cloud of smoke above Hatch's head.

Hatch glanced sharply at him, to see whether he spoke in gratuitous insolence or ill-timed jest. He decided for

the latter, apparently, for he returned, jocosely, "Well, do yourself a great favor, then."

"I don't feel the need of that," said Ford. "What is it?"

"Has Dr. Boynton been here this morning?" asked Hatch, with the anxiety he could not hide.

"No," said Ford, taking out his pipe, and looking at him.

"Then that makes it a great deal easier. I want to ask you, when he comes,—I know he is coming,—to refuse the proposition he will make you."

"What proposition is Dr. Boynton coming to make me?" demanded Ford, with his pipe between his fingers.

Hatch faltered, and scanned Ford's unyielding face. "I shall have to tell you, of course. He is coming to propose a public test séance with you, in which Miss Boynton's powers shall be put to proof. I ask you to refuse it."

Ford did not change countenance, but Phillips, from the easy-chair into which he had cast himself, smiled, and studied now his friend's sad, cold visage, and now the eager, anxious face of Hatch. "In whose behalf do you ask this?" Ford inquired, beginning to smoke again. "By what right do you ask it?"

"Miss Boynton has been sick, and is still very much unstrung. It would be a kindness, a mercy, to her, if you would refuse."

"How do you know? Do you ask it from her?"

Hatch hesitated in an interval of silence that prolonged itself painfully.

"I don't come at her request," he said, at last.

Ford made no comment, but continued to smoke. His pipe died out; he struck a match and kindled it again; and then smoked as before. "Mr. Hatch," he asked finally, "are you a spiritualist?"

"I am a spiritualist, but I am not a fool," replied Hatch.

"Then you don't care for the effect of this séance on the fortunes of your creed?"

"No, I don't. I care for the effect of it on a young lady who dreads it, and who — and on a man that I owe a good deal to. Look here, Mr. Ford; I don't decide on these things. I suppose spiritualism is a matter of faith, like other religions. These people are in earnest about it; that is, Dr. Boynton is, and his daughter thinks and does whatever he tells her to. I'm sorry they're in the business, and I wish they were out of it. They're good people, and as innocent as babies, both of 'em. I don't like the way you take with me, but you can walk over me as much as you like, if only you'll grant this favor. I'm in hopes to get them back to where they belong. I used to live in their town, and I know all about them. He's a visionary, but he's a good man, and their people are first-rate people. I would do anything I could for him. He's got a heart as tender as a child."

"Very likely," said Ford, with irony. "But I fail to see why I should let this child-like philanthropist go about preying upon the public. I may have my own opinion of his innocence. What if I told you I had detected them in a trick the other night?"

"I should n't believe you," answered Hatch, promptly.

Phillips half started out of his chair, but Ford smoked on unperturbed, and asked, as if the question were a pure abstraction, "Why?"

"Because I know that they *could* n't cheat."

"But if I told you they did, should you consider them innocent?"

"I should n't doubt them in the least. And let me tell you" —

Ford turned his back upon Hatch, and knocked the ashes of his pipe out against the corner of the chimney-piece. "Mr. Hatch, you said, a moment ago, that you were a spiritualist, but not a

fool. I shall not say whether I will or will not refuse Dr. Boynton's proposition."

Ford began to fill his pipe again, and paid not enough regard to Hatch's presence to seem to wish him away; it was quite as if he were not there, so far as Ford was concerned.

"Look here," Hatch began, "I am sorry that I offended you."

Ford glanced at him with the faintest surprise. "*How* have you offended me?"

"By what I said just now."

"Is it possible," asked Ford, "that you think you could say anything to offend me?"

"Well," returned Hatch, flushing, "I'm anxious to get you to say that you won't accept Dr. Boynton's challenge."

"I perceive that you are anxious," assented Ford.

"Oh, if I only — It's a very serious matter, — it is indeed! I would do anything to get you to say that. Come, now! The young lady is in delicate health; she will do whatever her father tells her, and if she does this I believe it will kill her."

Ford made no reply.

"I can see the thing from your point of view. I suppose you feel that you have a public duty to perform, and all that sort of thing. Well, now, I'm going to make a strong move to get Dr. Boynton out of this business, any way; and I ask you just to hold on till I have a chance to try. Can't you tell him that you'll think it over? Can't you go so far as to put him off a day, or half a day?"

Ford took a book, and going to a chair at the window began to look into it.

"Come," pleaded the other, "give me some sort of answer."

Ford seemed not to have heard him.

"Well, sir," said Hatch, "I've done with you!" He stared at Ford in even

more amaze than anger, and after waiting a moment, as if searching his mind for some fitting reproach, he turned and went out of the room.

Phillips rose from his chair with a shrug. "My dear fellow," he said, "I hope you'll let me know when this ordeal takes place."

"What ordeal?" asked Ford, without looking up from his book.

"Surely I need n't specify your public test séance with the Pythoness and her papa."

"I am not going to meet Dr. Boynton in the way you mean," returned Ford, quietly.

"No? Why, this is magnanimity!"

"I've no doubt it's inconceivable to you."

"Not at all! I know you better; you could be magnanimous to carry a point. But it must be inconceivable to our friend who has just left us. I fancied he was something in leather. Should you say shoes, or leather generally?"

Ford scorned to notice the conjecture as to Hatch's business. "Are you fool enough to suppose that Dr. Boynton ever intended to come to me on such an errand?"

"Why, I fancied so."

"You had better bridle your fancy, then. He has too much method in his madness for that. What he wanted was my refusal, beforehand, for professional use. He did n't get it. This fellow is part of the game. But I don't wonder you sympathize with him. He is a brother *dilettante*, it seems. He dabbles in ghosts as you dabble in bric-a-brac. He believes as much in ghosts as you believe in your Bonifazios. They may be genuine; in the mean time, you like to talk as if they were. Upon the whole, I believe I prefer blind superstition."

"Why, so do I," said Phillips. "The trouble is to get your blind superstition. I confess that when I was at Mrs. Le Roy's, — what an uncommonly good

factitious name for the profession! — and saw the performances of the phantom-like Egeria, — *that's* a good name, too! — I experienced a very agreeable sensation of fear. It was really something to be proud of. But it would n't last. It haunted me for a night or two; but I'm no more afraid in the dark now than I was before. And the worst of it is that my interest in the affair is gone with my terrors. Apparitions have palled upon me. It is quite as the good doctor said: people bore themselves with séances very soon. The question at present is, Will you go with me to Mrs. Burton's to lunch?"

"No," said Ford.

"You're in the wrong, Ford," argued Phillips. "You would please Mrs. Burton by coming; but it won't matter to her if you don't. That's the attitude of society towards the individual, and upon the whole one can't complain of it. You had better come. Mrs. Burton is really making a very pretty fist at a *salon*. In the first place, she keeps Burton out of the way: it's essential to a salon not to have the husband in it. You will meet the passing Englishman there, whoever he is; you stand a chance of seeing the starring actor or actress, — operatic or dramatic; authors we have always with us, and painters, of course. Mrs. Burton is so far from pretty herself that she is not afraid to ask charming women who are also beautiful; you've no idea what decorative qualities beautiful women have. And then she introduces the purely American element, the visiting young lady. Really, she has an uncommon feeling for pretty girls; I never knew her to have an inharmonious young person staying with her yet; with her sense of values, the composition of her salon is delightful. Will you come? She told me to bring you; what excuse shall I make?"

"Tell her that I'm not the sort of person to be brought."

"Oh, there you do yourself wrong. I

shall be more just to her ideal of you. Good-by."

A knock was heard at the door, and Ford, without rising, growled, "Come in."

The door flew open, and Dr. Boynton burst into the room in the face of Phillips, who was just going out. He caught him by the hand.

"Why, Mr. Phillips, is it possible! This is doubly fortunate. Finding you and Mr. Ford together, — it's more than I could have hoped! I consider it a privilege — a privilege, in the old religious sense — to be allowed to say in your presence what I wish to say to our good friend here. Mr. Ford, I wish Mr. Phillips to hear me ask your pardon — humbly ask your pardon — for the violent language I used towards you at my lodging an hour ago." Phillips grinned his triumph at Ford, but softened the derision to a smile, as he turned again to Dr. Boynton.

"Will you sit down?" said Ford, with grave kindness, and without any token of surprise.

"Thanks, thanks! But not till I have taken you by the hand." Dr. Boynton stretched forth his small hand, and took the mechanically granted hand of Ford. "I wish to say that I have unexpectedly been enabled to see the subject matter of our difference from your point of view, and that I now recognize not only the justice, but the necessity — the necessity by operation of an inflexible law — of your attitude. In all these things," continued Dr. Boynton, placing himself luxuriously in Ford's deep chair, and didactically pressing the tips of his fingers together, "there is a law which I had quite lost sight of, — the law of progression through the antagonism of opposites."

Phillips made an ironical murmur of assent and admiration; Ford remained silent.

"We are both, outside of our mere individual consciousness, blind forces. I af-

firm, you deny. We grind upon each other in the encounter of life, and a spark of light is evoked by the attrition. It was just so this morning: light was evoked by which I shall always see the correctness of your position and the error of mine. Understand me: I do not at all agree with you in your opinion of the phenomena; and I have come, so far as that is concerned, to cement our enmity, if I may so speak." He smiled upon Ford with caressing suavity. "But what I have come for first is to withdraw all offensive expressions, and to say that I approve, even in its extreme, of your action on the afternoon of the séance." He beamed upon Ford, and then turned his triumphantly amiable face upon Phillips.

"Ford," said the latter, "this is very handsome!"

"Not at all, not at all!" cried Dr. Boynton; "simple duty, — self-interest, even. For I have a request to make of Mr. Ford, — a favor to ask. I wish Mr. Ford not only to continue steadfast in his opposition to my theories, but to assist me in a public exhibition, by antagonizing to the utmost of his power their application. I wish him to join me in testing the supernatural gifts of my daughter, either before a popular audience, or such persons, in considerable number, as we may select in common."

"I must refuse, Dr. Boynton," said Ford, gently.

Dr. Boynton's face fell. "I hope," he said, "you do not refuse because I have been remiss in not coming to you sooner."

"No," began Ford; but Dr. Boynton interrupted him.

"I started almost immediately upon your departure from my lodgings, to follow you up and make this application. But I was delayed by an accident: a child was run over in the street almost before my eyes, and was carried into the next apothecary's. The force of habit is strong; I remembered that I was a

physician, and forgot the larger in the lesser duty, till other attendance could be procured."

Ford frowned. "It has nothing to do with your delay. What you propose is quite out of my way. I could not consent to it on any conditions. I went to your séance the other day out of an idle whim. I don't care anything about the matter. I don't care whether there is any truth in your opinions, or any error in mine. I refuse because I am thoroughly indifferent to the whole thing."

Dr. Boynton rose, and buttoned his threadbare coat across his plump chest. "And you consider, sir," he said, "that you have incurred no responsibility towards me, towards humanity, by going as far as you have, and then refusing to proceed?"

"That is my feeling," said Ford, respectfully.

The doctor stood as if stupefied. "And — and — Excuse me, sir," he said, coming to himself, "if I remark upon the suddenness of your — your — indifference. One hour ago, you threatened that if I pursued my inquiries in this city you would expose me, as I understood, in the public prints. You left me with that threat upon your lips."

Phillips looked inquiringly at Ford, who said, "I left you in a passion that I'm ashamed of. I have no idea of carrying out that threat."

"Poh, sir!" cried Dr. Boynton, with mounting scorn. "You refuse, not from indifference, but from the sense of your inability to cope with me in this test."

"I am willing you should think that," assented Ford.

"I call this gentleman to witness," said Dr. Boynton, "that you have slunk out of a contest which you have provoked, and that you are afraid to meet me upon terms even of your own choosing. An hour ago I parted with you in hate; I now leave you in contempt. Good morning, Mr. Phillips." Dr. Boynton had already turned his back upon Ford; he

now strutted from the room without looking at him again.

"Our friend is violent," observed Phillips, when the door had closed upon him. Ford made no reply, and Phillips continued: "I fancied his accident rather too opportune."

"Very likely," said Ford.

"And you won't go with me to Mrs. Burton's?"

"No."

"I don't wonder at your indifference to society, with such really dramatic excitements in your own life. The *matinée* has been extraordinarily brilliant — for a *matinée*. They're apt to be tame."

VI.

In spite of the defiant temper in which Dr. Boynton had quitted Ford's lodging, he reached his own in extreme dejection. He found Hatch with Egeria in the parlor.

"Well, my friend," he said, wringing Hatch's hand, as he passed him on his way from the door to the sofa, "I have met with a great disappointment." Neither Hatch nor Egeria questioned him, but after an exchange of anxious glances waited silently. "It is n't that I care for the frustration of my hopes; I *do* care for that; but that is a small matter compared with the loss of my faith in human nature, my reliance upon the willingness of man to make sacrifices tending to — to — solve, to unravel, our common riddle." He let his head fall upon his breast.

"Oh, father," pleaded Egeria tremulously, after the little dramatic pause which Dr. Boynton had let follow upon his period, "did you go to see him?"

"Yes," said her father.

"And did he — is he going to do it?"

Dr. Boynton lifted his head. "No," he said, solemnly; "he refuses." Egeria drew a long breath, and turned very

pale. She seemed about to fall from her chair, which she had drawn next the corner of the sofa on which he had thrown himself. Hatch made a movement toward her, but she recovered herself, and sat strongly upright.

"He refused?" she gasped.

"My dear friend," said her father, looking toward Hatch, while he took her cold hand and gently smoothed it, "I must explain that I have had two interviews with this man, and what their nature has been. He came here this morning to boast that it was he who caught Egeria's hand in the séance that day. I drove him from the house. Afterwards, upon conversing with Egeria, I learnt that the manifestations were really genuine, and that at the moment he caught her hand she had no agency whatever in their production."

Hatch looked at Egeria. "I could have bet my soul on that!"

"On learning this," pursued Dr. Boynton, "I at once determined to challenge him to a new test, in which he should pit his influence over Egeria, which she describes as very extraordinary, against mine, and the public should decide upon the result. He has just refused the challenge, peremptorily and finally, and I have branded him as a coward in the presence of Mr. Phillips."

Dr. Boynton flung his daughter's hand away. Hatch and Egeria had the effect of refraining from looking at each other. At last, the young fellow said, recovering something of his wonted cheery audacity, "Well, of course it's a disappointment, doctor, but why not look at the bright side of it?"

"What bright side of it?" asked the doctor, tragically.

"Oh, it has its bright side," said Hatch, undauntedly. "It saves Miss Egeria from a good deal, and I'm glad of that, for one."

The doctor mistook the word. "Ordeal! There is no ordeal; there could have been no question about the result!"

"Not with you or me. But there's no use trying to deny it,—the public is against you, and would be glad to have her fail."

"Oh, yes, father: you know how it has always been," cried Egeria.

"The circumstances had never been propitious before; but now they were all with us. We *could* not have failed!" replied her father.

"Well, you might," said Hatch. "What do you think *did* produce the manifestations that day, doctor?"

"Do *you* ask that question?" demanded the doctor, in astonishment. "I answer, with an absolute certainty, such as I never reached before, the disembodied spirits of the dead!"

"I doubt it," said Hatch, quietly.

"You *doubt* it?" shouted Boynton, in amazement.

"Dr. Boynton, you've told me twenty times that you would n't give a straw for manifestations that took place in the presence of a dozen persons. Now, what makes you pin your faith to what happened the other day?" Boynton was silent; all his reasons, so prompt and facile, seemed to have forsaken him. "There were too many people on hand that day for me. You know I'm as much interested in these things, doctor, as anybody, and I should be the last to give aid and comfort to the enemy; but I could n't go those materializations, and the dark séance was rather too dark for me. I'll tell you what, doctor, I wish you'd go back home, and start new." Hatch planted himself directly in front of Dr. Boynton, who looked at him with astonishment and rising indignation.

"By what right do you presume to advise me?" he asked, with stately emphasis.

"Well, by no right," said Hatch easily; "or else the right that I have from the good you've always done me." The doctor waved away the sense of these with a gesture which was still state-

ly, but no longer severe. "I only speak from my interest in you and Miss Ege-ria, here. I think it's wearing on her, — wearing on you both."

"Has my daughter complained to you?" demanded the doctor, with more than his former hauteur, looking round at her. She returned his look with a glance of tender reproach, and Hatch answered: —

"No more than you, doctor. I'm talking of what I see. And I think you've made a wrong start. I think you've made a mistake. You oughtn't to have ever mixed yourself up with professional mediums. You were on the right tack at home. Now, I say, you just go back there, and you form a disinterested circle, — people that have n't got money in it, — and you go on with your investigations there; and when you've got a sure thing of it, you come out with it. But don't you do it *till* then! Heh?"

"There is reason in what you urge," replied Dr. Boynton; "or rather there *was* reason. But I have advanced beyond the point you indicate. I *have* got a sure thing of it, as you say. I am as fully persuaded of the reality of those manifestations as I am of my own existence."

"Which ones?" asked Hatch.

"Those in the dark séance, and" —

"I'm *not*!" returned Hatch; "but I don't want you to take my opinion for proof against them. I'm going to headquarters for that, and all I ask is, Don't you interfere with my little game." He took the doctor by the shoulders in a friendly caress, as he spoke, and then he rang the bell. The servant-girl put in her unkempt head at the door, with a look of surprise, after first going to the outer door, to see if the ring had come from there; evidently, she was not used to being rung for in-doors. "Ah, Mary — Jenny — Bridget — Susy — Polly — whatever it is," said Hatch; "you just ask Mrs. Le Roy to step here half

a second, that's a good girl, and I'll dance at your wedding." The girl vanished, grinning. As the big woman appeared at the door, "Walk right in, Mrs. Le Roy," he called out, and she advanced questioningly, while he closed the door behind her. "Now it's all among friends, you know, Mrs. Le Roy; we won't keep you a minute. You know the doctor has some peculiar theories on this subject. We don't care about the materializations, — *they're* all right; but you just tell us now how much you helped along in the dark séance, the other day."

"Well," said Mrs. Le Roy, with a sly look at each of her listeners, and a smile that ended in a small, thin chuckle, "give the spirits a chance, — that was the doctor's idea, as I understood it."

"Exactly," said Hatch, "and you *did* give 'em a chance?"

"Now, Mr. Hatch," said the huge sibyl, with a mixture of cunning and of that liking for Hatch which all women seemed to feel, "what are you up to?"

"I give you my word, Mrs. Le Roy, I'm up to nothing you'd object to. I just want to know how *much* of a chance you gave 'em."

Mrs. Le Roy hesitated a moment. "Well, pretty much all they wanted, I guess," she answered, at length.

"Do you mean," said Dr. Boynton, "that *you* produced the phenomena in the dark séance?"

"Well, I did give the spirits a fair chance, as you may say," admitted Mrs. Le Roy, with some awe and some apparent pity for Dr. Boynton.

He dropped his face in his hands, and bowed his head against the back of the sofa. "Oh, woman, woman!" he groaned.

"The witness can now retire," said Hatch, and amid Mrs. Le Roy's protestations of good intention and regret, and her mystification as to what it all meant, he took her by her vast shoulders and pushed her out of the door. "You're

all right, Mrs. Le Roy," he explained. "See you again in half a second. Now, doctor," he continued, turning to the desperate figure on the sofa, "you see how it is. It's just as I said; you're on the wrong tack. You can't make any headway in connection with professional mediums. You can't have your theories applied in the right spirit. What you want to do is to back out and start new."

Dr. Boynton controlled himself, and, turning about, looked up at Hatch with a candor that was full of immediate courage and enterprise. "My friend, you are right! I see my error, now; but experience alone could have shown it to me. I have attempted to work in the public way, when I should have strictly confined myself to the social way. I see that my success depends upon the application of my theories by followers purely disinterested. It may be that no progress can be otherwise achieved, in psychological science. The experiment must be absolutely free from mercenary alloy."

"Yes," said Hatch; "if you let them see that there is money in it, you can't get an honest count. Human nature is too much for you."

"The true method," Dr. Boynton mused aloud, "would be first to form some sort of society, in which the material basis was secured, and in which there would thus be leisure and disposition for the higher research. There are elements in our own neighborhood which could be as favorably operated with as — Yes, the result will be much slower than I thought; but in the end it will be sure, beyond all peradventure. Egeria!" he cried, starting up, "we will go home!"

"At once — now — to-day?" asked the girl, her pale cheeks flushing.

"This very hour. There is not a moment to be lost. Go and put our things together, child."

Egeria turned towards the door; then

she came back towards Hatch. "We won't say good-by now, Miss Egeria. I shall be at the depot to see you off."

"Yes, don't delay," said her father, impatiently. "We will be off by the first train." She went out, and he mechanically carried his hand to his pocket. "We can't go!" he cried, as if a sudden pang had caught him. "I haven't five dollars in the world; we are in arrears for board. You see, my dear friend, there is no hope."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Hatch, with the ease of a man who had suspected something of this kind. "This gives me a chance to pay you my old bill, doctor."

"My dear sir, I hope you would n't offer me an affront," said the doctor, staying the hand with which Hatch was opening his porte-monnaie.

"That's what I said to you when you would n't let me settle with you for my sickness, — or words to that effect."

"Mr. Hatch, you — move me!"

"How much do you owe Mrs. Le Roy?" asked Hatch.

"I have n't the least idea," replied Boynton. "It may be three weeks, — it may be two. How long have we been here?"

"We must ask Mrs. Le Roy that." Hatch rang again, and this time Mrs. Le Roy herself answered the bell. "The doctor's going away, Mrs. Le Roy, and he wants to pay up."

"Well, I'm real sorry," said the woman, who had her bonnet on, as if about to go out, "to have you go, Dr. Boynton, — you and Miss Egeria both. But I guess you better. I thought, may be, Mr. Hatch was up to something of that kind. I don't think you're just fit for the business. You put too much dependence on other folks, and you're sure to get exposed in the end. I don't suppose but what there's as much truth in it as there is in anything," she said, by way of reservation.

Boynton answered nothing, and at a

look from Hatch Mrs. Le Roy added, "Well, it's two weeks, — thirty dollars in all." She took the money from Hatch and put it in the pocket of her dress. "Well, I'm going out now, and I shall be gone till evening; so if I don't see you again, I'll say good-by at once, Dr. Boynton. Come and see me when you're up to Boston."

She held out her hand to Boynton, who refused it with a very short "No!" and a quick shake of the head. "You are a charlatan," he added, — "an impostor."

Mrs. Le Roy stared at him, until his meaning dawned upon her. Then it amused her through her whole huge person, which shook with the enjoyment. "Why, land alive, man! what are you?"

"Something quite beyond your comprehension," replied Boynton, with overwhelming state.

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Le Roy, as she went contentedly out of the room, "you certainly *are* a new kind of fool."

They heard the stairs creak under her tread, as she went slowly and comfortably up; then they heard her voice, as she made her adieux to Egeria, who was probably far too dimly informed as to her father's point of honor to be able to take her stand upon it. "Poor child!" they heard Mrs. Le Roy's voice saying, "I hope you'll stay at home, and get well rested. You look half sick, now. Good-by. I wish I could stay and see you off. But I can't. I've got a see-aunts with a patient of mine at her house, and I suppose I must go." She added in a louder tone, for the listeners below, "Take care of that poor old father of yours, and don't let him excite himself. I should be afraid he'd go out of his head, — if he was mine."

Hatch looked at his watch. "You won't be able to get the two o'clock train," he said. "But I'll tell you what," he added: "you don't want to stay here to-night, after what's passed between you and Mrs. Le Roy, and you

can take the five o'clock train on the Fitchburg road as far as Ayer Junction, and there you can connect with a train on the new road to Portland. You'll have a little night travel."

"Oh, that will make no difference," said the doctor. "I would rather travel all night than stay here. I feel that if I'm to begin anew I can't begin too soon. I shall be eternally grateful to you for your suggestion, my dear friend. I am sure now that it is in the right direction."

"Good!" said Hatch. "I shall not leave till nine o'clock on the Albany road, and I shall have plenty of time to see you off. You'll have to bank with me to the extent of tickets home, and I'll have to come down any way and get them for you: I have n't the money about me for them, now."

Hatch seemed to think that the doctor might take offense at this, but he merely said, "Yes, yes; quite right," and gave his hand dreamily, as the young man went out.

"Tell Miss Egeria I will meet you at the depot. Be there with you half an hour before the train starts."

"Thanks," said Dr. Boynton, and hardly waited for him to be gone before he lapsed into the easy corner of the sofa, apparently forgetful of all that had vexed him; his face was eager with the rush of his hopes and purposes, as he abandoned himself to a sort of passionate reverie. At times he rose and walked the floor, but mostly he kept his place on the sofa. He took no counsel with Egeria, and he gave her no help in the work of packing, about which she went swiftly in the rooms overhead. It was not a great work, and it was finished before his reverie was ended. She looked in at the door when it was done, dressed for going out in a costume which was at once fantastic and shabby. In her village life it had once been her best dress, and it looked as if there had subsequently been some sketchy attempts to make

it over into a street costume for city use ; her bonnet was of a former season ; her soiled gloves were frayed at more than one of the fingers. "I shall be back in a minute, father," she said, buttoning one of the poor gloves. "I'm going out to tell the expressman to come for our things." He looked at her, but did not seem to see her, and she passed on out.

Leaving her message at the express office, she stepped, after a hesitation at the door, into a little shop where they sold newspapers and stationery, and bought a few sheets of note-paper and envelopes, halting some time in her choice, and finally deciding on some paper of an outlandish color and envelopes of a rhomboid shape : they were not in good taste, but they were recommended to Egeria as a kind that the shopwoman "sold a *great* many of." At the door, in going out, the girl asked, "You have n't got a directory, I suppose?"

"No," said the woman ; "you'll find that at the apothecary's, three doors above."

"Thank you," said Egeria. She did not hesitate at the apothecary's, but going up to the desk, to which she saw the book attached by its customary chain, she looked out the address she was seeking, while the neat young lady accountant scrutinized her over the small colonnade at top of the desk, and telegraphed the young man at the opposite counter a satirical sense of Egeria's dress and an unfavorable opinion of her behavior. Egeria went out repeating to herself the address she had found, and as soon as she had reached her own room wrote it down, so as not to forget it. Then she wrote a letter, which, when finished, she tore up, hiding the fragments in her pocket ; she began a second, which she also destroyed ; at last she took the pieces of the first, and carefully putting them together copied it slowly in the small, painful hand of one neither acquainted with

the bold angularities of the fashionable female scrawl, nor accustomed to write any hand.

At the letter-box in front of the Fitchburg depot she faltered a moment ; then, for her father was pushing on into the building, she caught her letter from her pocket, and posted it.

VII.

Ford received Egeria's letter the next morning. He examined its outside, as people do that of letters coming to them in strange handwriting, and he bestowed a derisive curiosity upon the person who could choose that outlandish shape for a missive. A bold and dashing hand might have authorized the form, but Egeria's hand was timid and feeble, and only heightened its absurdity. She had not quite known how to address him ; she had decided at last to begin without that formality.

"I do not know why you refused what my father asked you to do ; but we were imposed upon as well as you. You had a right to suspect us ; but at home we are respectable people ; if you knew about us there you would not regret that you had refused.

"I felt grateful to you ; but perhaps it is wrong to write. If it is, I can only say that I meant it truly and rightly.

"*EGERIA BOYNTON.*"

Ford read this note many times over, without being able to make up his mind upon it. Though he had hardened his heart, he was touched by what seemed the girl's simple pride in a former village respectability, and her resolution not to have it ignored by a city person who had found her in a false position. He could easily imagine the sort of standing she was proud of ; it had overawed him in his own village days : the house would be back a little from the street, with two Lombardy poplars at the gate of the picket fence, and a garden at the

side, and a long extension of wood-sheds and stabling in the rear; the blinds were mostly shut; in a corner of the front yard was the doctor's office in a small white building; the girl was kept indoors, and much away from other village girls; she was not the sort that a young fellow would dare offer to go home with from evening meeting.

Ford put the letter by, and did a good morning's work, and at one o'clock he gathered up the copy he had made, and carried it out to the newspaper office. He found himself without appetite for the lunch at his boarding-house, and he wandered about, the early part of the afternoon, playing in his mind with a tendency which was drawing him in the direction of the Boyntons. The origin of all our impulses is obscure, and every motive from which we act is mixed. Even when it is simplest we like to feign that it is different from what it really is, and often we do not know what it is. It would be idle, then, to attempt to give the reason Ford alleged to himself for yielding to the attraction which he felt. His cheek flushed and his pulse quickened, as he mounted the steps to Mrs. Le Roy's door; but this was the mood, half shame and half thrilled expectation, of many people who rang her bell.

The door was set ajar by the servant, who revealed a three-quarters view of her face and a slice of her person in response to Ford's summons. He asked if Dr. Boynton or Miss Boynton were at home, and she answered that they were gone, adding, "I don't know as they're gone for good;" and as he turned lingeringly away she said that Mrs. Le Roy was in.

"I'll see her," rejoined Ford, and entered.

Mrs. Le Roy made him wait her coming some minutes. He must have been announced to her merely as a gentleman, for after greeting him first with "How do you do, sir?" she added, "Ah, *how*

do you do?" as if upon recognition, and offered him her hand.

"I don't know that I ought to have troubled you," said Ford; "but I wished to ask when you expected Dr. Boynton back."

"Why, they ain't coming back!" exclaimed Mrs. Le Roy. "They've gone home. Did n't she tell you so?"

"She? Who?" asked Ford.

"The girl."

"Miss Boynton?"

"Laws, no! The girl at the door."

"Oh!" replied Ford, in confusion.

"No; she said she was n't certain."

"Well, they have."

Ford rose. After a moment's hesitation, he asked, "They live somewhere in Maine, I believe?"

"Yes, down there some'er's," assented Mrs. Le Roy, indifferently.

"Do you know their address?"

"Well, no, I don't," Mrs. Le Roy admitted. She asked, after a questioning glance at Ford, "Did you want to find out anything about them?"

"Yes," returned Ford.

"Well," explained Mrs. Le Roy, "I could give you a see-aunts."

"A *what*?"

"A see-aunts, — consult the spirits."

"Oh!" said Ford. "No, thanks. I have n't time now," he said, as he would put off an importunate barber who had offered him a shampoo. "I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Le Roy, following him out into the hall. "We have test see-auntses the first Sunday evenin' of every month. Should be pleased to see you any time."

"Thanks," said Ford.

At the head of the street he met Phillips, walking toward the Public Garden. "Ah," said Phillips, "I was thinking of you."

"Were you?" growled Ford.

"Yes. I wanted to ask if you'd heard anything more of the Pythoness and her papa. They're as curious an outcome

of this bubble-and-squeak that we call our civilization as anything I know of. How did you find them?"

"I did n't find them; they've gone away," said Ford, not caring to deny the imputation that he had been to look them up.

"Gone away? How extraordinary! Has the doctor found Boston such a barren field, after all? Ford, you've deprived us of a phenomenon. You ought to have met him. It is n't often that a father comes and invites a young man to contest his control over his daughter. The contest is generally against the old gentleman's wishes. Where have they gone?"

"They've gone home," replied Ford.

"And that is" —

"I don't know. In Maine, somewhere."

"I might have known, in Maine, — the land of Norembega, the mystical city. The witches settled Maine, when they were driven out of Salem. You will find all the witch names down there. Well, I'm sorry they're gone. I had counted upon seeing more of them. One does n't often find such people in one's way. I've been speculating about them since I saw you, and I find myself of two minds in regard to them, — just as I was before I began. I suppose we must consider them parts of a fraud; the question is whether they are conscious or unconscious parts of it. If they're unconscious, it's pathetic; if they're conscious, they're fascinating. I don't wonder you could n't keep away, — that you had to come and try for another interview with them. As for me, I wonder that I have n't fluttered about them continually ever since I first saw them. The girl is such a deliciously

abnormal creature. It is girlhood at odds with itself. If she has been her father's 'subject' ever since childhood, of course none of the ordinary young girl interests have entered into her life. She has n't known the delight of dress and of dancing; she has n't had 'attentions;' upon my word, that's very suggestive! It means that she's kept a child-like simplicity, and that she could go on and help out her father's purposes, no matter how tricky they were, with no more sense of guilt than a child who makes believe talk with imaginary visitors. Yes, the Pythoness could be innocent in the midst of fraud. Come, I call that a pretty conjecture!"

"Why do you waste it on me?" asked Ford. "You could have made your fortune for the evening with that piece of quackery at the next place where you dine."

"Oh, it is n't lost," said Phillips. "I was n't wasting it; I was merely trying it on. Will you go with me to see a picture I'm hesitating about?"

"No; you know I don't understand pictures."

"Ah, that's the reason I want you to see it. You are the light of the public square, the average ignorance, — an element of criticism not to be despised."

"If I thought I could be of use," said Ford, "I'd come."

"You can. But what is the matter? Why this common decency?"

"I owe you a debt of gratitude. You've given shape to the infernal sophistry that was floating through my mind, and made it disgusting."

Phillips laughed. "About the Pythoness? My dear fellow, I'm proud of that conjecture. It was worthy of Hawthorne."

W. D. Howells.

WORDSWORTH.

THE complete edition of Wordsworth's Poems¹ of seven volumes compacted into three, and brought out by the Riverside Press in a most attractive form, with a portrait of the poet in his advanced years, and an introduction compiled from Mr. Lowell's fine critical essay, will meet a solid demand of many American readers. It may also serve as a fit occasion for some comments upon the works of one who with the progress of this century has steadily risen to the high position he occupies in literature.

The works of William Wordsworth have long been undergoing that winnowing process which has been and ever must be the fate of all literature claiming to be poetry. His name has become as familiar to English and American ears as those of any of the great poets of the world. And though it can hardly be said that his rank among these is definitely settled, yet it seems as if the verdict of the public speaking the language in which he wrote were more and more becoming final. This verdict, however, may in some respects vary from that of those enthusiastic contemporaries of his, who, almost banded together by a party spirit on his side, accepted all his verses as equally excellent; but it can never, of course, coincide with the narrow-souled censure and ridicule of the critics in the early part of the present century. The age grows more and more wisely critical, and is continually under the necessity of reviewing and enlarging its former judgments, now that so many poets with so many styles of thought and expression have sprung up since this commanding genius undertook to lay down the law of the muses, and to illustrate it in his own writings.

Wordsworth, though then unknown to fame, did not hesitate to come before the public in the double rôle of poet and expounder of the canons on which he thought poetry should be written. He published in 1798 the first volume of the Lyrical Ballads. It contained twenty-three of his poems, and one of Coleridge's, *The Ancient Mariner*. This was followed in 1800 by a second volume, containing thirty-seven poems. The author here informs the public that these poems "were written chiefly with a view to ascertain how far *the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society* is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure." In the preface to the second edition he has modified this language, and says of the former volume, "It was published as an experiment, which I hoped might be of some use to ascertain how far, by fitting to metrical arrangement *a selection of the real language of man in a state of vivid sensation*, that sort of pleasure and that quantity of pleasure may be imparted which a poet may rationally endeavor to impart." And in his larger volume of 1815 he says, "The observations prefixed to that portion of these volumes which was published many years ago under the title of Lyrical Ballads have so little of special application to the greater part of the present enlarged and diversified collection that they could not with propriety stand as an introduction to it. Not deeming it, however, expedient to suppress that exposition, slight and imperfect as it is, of the feelings which had determined the choice of the subjects, and the principles which had regulated the composition of those pieces, I have transferred it to an appendix, to be attended to, or not, at the pleasure of the reader."

¹ *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. With a Memoir.* Seven volumes in three. Boston: VOL. XLV. — NO. 268. 16

Houghton, Osgood & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1873.

In these essays, the appendix and its supplement, he goes into a long and argumentative defense of his theory of poetry, which is, in the main, that there is no essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. Poetry is only a more animated, spontaneous, passionate prose; and "if metre be superadded thereto a dissimilitude will be produced, altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind."

Here it is seen that Wordsworth, in the course of fifteen years, changed his tone somewhat as expounder of the laws which he conceived should underlie poetry. But the critics and those of his readers who took the trouble to read and ponder his arguments, notwithstanding his noble definition of poetry and the function of the poet, still considered him a dangerous innovator. But the head and front of his heresy in their eyes was his selection of so many humble themes, and the extreme simplicity and sometimes baldness of diction with which he made his entrance into the literary world.

It is not very difficult to understand either the enthusiasm of his friends in the younger days of his revolt from the artificial and conventional poetry that satisfied most readers, or the narrow principles and spirit which prompted his conservative reviewers. He had entered the lists and thrown down the gauntlet, and stood before his countrymen without the time-honored costume of the popular minstrel, and the critics shouted that it was almost like coming in a ridiculous garb bordering on the *puris naturalibus*. He had shown an intellectual independence and an unyielding self-reliance in maintaining his opinions and in defending his verses that were almost unexampled in the biography of literary men. Jeffrey and his clique had great fun in picking him to pieces in the *Edinburgh Review*. But the *Quarterly*, the *Monthly*, and the *Critical* reviews praised him.

Charles Lamb, in 1814, wrote a review of *The Excursion* for the *Quarterly*, which, however, Gifford so mutilated that poor Lamb could hardly recognize it as his own. Lord Byron, who at the age of twenty-one felt it his mission to chastise all the poets of his time, had his crack at him with his satirical popgun. To his few admirers, however, — and he might have counted them on his fingers, — many even of those homeliest poems of his were indicative of a newer and higher poetic gospel, a return to true reverence of man and a true insight into nature, as those of a loftier strain. Time and culture gradually brought about more discrimination among the critics. His earnest friend, Coleridge, was from the first on his side, almost alone in a scholarly appreciation of his genius, and doubtless did much to influence the public in his favor. In his *Biographia Literaria*, he criticises some of his poems with a great deal of metaphysical subtlety. Still, while defending some of them which had been roughly handled by the reviewers, he differs widely as to his theory of poetry, and even goes so far as to say that he thinks the *Anecdote for Fathers*, *Simon Lee*, *Alice Fell*, *The Beggars*, and the *Sailor's Mother*, notwithstanding the beauties which are to be found in each of them, where the poet interposes the music of his own thoughts, "would have been much more delightful in prose, told and managed, as by Mr. Wordsworth they would have been, in a moral essay or pedestrian tour." Coleridge devotes many pages of this interesting work to the purpose of showing by extracts from Wordsworth's poems that his theory contradicted his practice, — or rather that the poet, while aiming at a natural and simple diction, and disgusted with the conventionalisms and affectations of much of the current poetry, "suffered himself to express at once in terms too large and too exclusive his predilection to a style the most remote possible from the false

and showy splendor which he wished to explode."

He appeals from the Wordsworth theoretic and controversial to the Wordsworth in his best inspiration; and maintains that "were there excluded from his poetic composition all that a literal adherence to the theory of his preface would exclude, two thirds at least of the marked beauties of his poetry must be erased." To such counsel as this his friend must have listened, as well as to his own wiser instincts, for subsequently his works bear evidence that his theories were not so strict that he could not often show a noble inconsistency in departing from them.

As somewhat indicative of the changes of public opinion with regard to Wordsworth, it is curious to note the gradual softening of the tone of the Edinburgh Review towards him between the year 1814, when Jeffrey penned the famous critique on *The Excursion*, beginning "This will never do!" and some thirty or less years later. The writer calls this poem "a tissue of moral and devotional ravings; a hubbub of strained raptures and fantastical sublimities." He talks of its "mawkish sentiment" and its "inflated description of sunsets;" asserts that "it is impossible for an ordinary reader to conjecture what he is about;" that "his effusions on external nature are eminently fantastic, obscure, and affected." He expresses "the repugnance excited by the triteness of its incidents [the tale of Margaret] and the lowness of its objects." The critic, however is not so prejudiced that he cannot mingle some praise with his censure. "Mr. Wordsworth, with all his perversities, is a person of great powers, and has frequently a force in his moral declamations and a tenderness in his pathetic narratives which neither his proximity nor his affectation altogether deprive of their effect." He notes many beautiful passages, which he is fair enough to quote.

In 1815 there appeared a review of the *White Doe of Rylstone*, which represents the poet to be "in a state of low and maudlin imbecility." But some truths are said about the poem, which can never, I think, rank with his best. In 1822 Wordsworth's sonnets are characterized for "a solemn unmeaningness," — "a sort of prosy, solemn, obscure, feeble kind of mouthing, sadly garnished with shreds and phrases from Milton and the Bible, but without nature and without passion, and with a plentiful lack of meaning, compensated only by a large allowance of affectation and egotism." But in 1825 there seems to be the beginning of a change. The Review quotes what is said of Wordsworth by the author of the *Spirit of the Age*, and which is extremely eulogistic, but merely observes that it is overpraise, and tends to defeat its object. Ten years later the Review ranks Wordsworth's sonnets as next to Milton's; and in 1842 the poet is quoted, though with dissent from certain metaphysical distinctions, as "a high authority."

The new poet found appreciative readers in America sooner than in England, his first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, which had fallen almost dead in his own country in 1798, being reprinted in Philadelphia, along with the second volume, in 1802. His unfailing faith in himself, his indomitable perseverance in what he believed to be his high mission to mankind, sustained him always in the face of adverse criticism and neglect, from the very first. This was perhaps one cause of his final success, and made him a remarkable instance of a poet whose literary life had begun in extreme unpopularity, but was prolonged to his eightieth year, and crowned with laureate honors and the applause of two great nations.

I shall endeavor in this essay to note what appear to me to be the chief excellences, as well as the defects, of Wordsworth's poetry. We should first,

however, I think, look a little at the poet himself, — his mind, character, and the circumstances of his career ; for it is impossible to consider his works quite apart from a personality so strongly marked as his was.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, April 7, 1770, and was the second in a family of five. His father, John Wordsworth, was a lawyer. He was descended from a very old family who had long been settled in Yorkshire. His parents, who were most excellent persons, died when he was a boy. He inherited a disposition easily guided to moral and religious thought. His affections seem to have been strong. His intellectual tastes, his moral training, his love of nature, aided a temperament which easily avoided any vicious deviations. He was fortunate in his early schooling and companions, and in having passed his youth among people of simple habits, and surrounded by picturesque mountain and lake scenery. He was early accustomed to active life in the open air, and while a school-boy took great pleasure in hunting, fishing, rowing, skating, riding, and long country walks. The people among whom he lived were plain folks, unrestrained by conventional fashions, with slight differences of social standing ; and he early imbibed among them that love of liberty and equality, and that ready sympathy with human nature, even in its humblest aspects, which shone so conspicuously in his poetry. His life amidst the beauties, grandeurs, and solitudes of nature was conducive to thought, imagination, and mental independence. He seems never to have ceased to feel and to rejoice in this early ministry of nature to his mind and character. He was a lover of books too, but studied them less than he did nature and his own mind. While at Cambridge, he was apparently quite as much indebted to his long tours among the lakes and the mountains of England, during his vacations, or amid

the Alps, as to his prescribed university studies. But his chief study was evidently — himself. From youth to age this introspective habit of mind predominated in him. Hence that spirit which set him apart as a moral and religious teacher, as one who saw into the soul of things. Hence, too, that self-reverence, self-reliance, and it must be said self-consciousness which characterized him through life.

All the circumstances of that life may be said to have been fortunate for his poetical career. There was a time when, after leaving college, he was uncertain what profession he should choose for his maintenance ; but a timely legacy of £900 from Raisley Calvert, a young man who had known his poetical aspirations, and whom he had attended in his last illness, enabled Wordsworth to pursue that career which was his choice. No less fortunate were his residence in Germany, his experience in France during the Revolution, his intimacy with Coleridge, the constant companionship of his beloved sister Dorothy, and above all his happy marriage with his early school-mate, Mary Hutchinson. Happy, too, was he in living in a picturesque region, and, later, in obtaining a government office whose duties he could transact by deputy, and so be free to follow his literary work ; and last, and not least, in the well-deserved wreath of poet-laureate in his declining years, an office which, on the death of his friend Southey, he at first modestly declined as unsuited to his old age, but which, being urged upon him with the understanding that it should involve no onerous duties, he felt proud to accept.

Wordsworth at an early age considered that as a poet he had a great mission to fulfill. As he tells us in his long autobiographical poem, *The Prelude*, the resolution came to him one early morning among the hills, when returning home after a night of “ dancing, gayety, and mirth : ” —

“Magnificent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld: in front
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tintured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn, —
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.
Ah, need I say, dear Friend, that to the brim
My heart was full? I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to
me

Was given, that I should be, else sinning great-
ly,

A dedicated spirit.”

And as a dedicated spirit he gave himself
to his life-long work.

What this work was let us consider. Making all allowance for his defects and short-comings, there can be no question that we must accept the almost unanimous vote of our time, that he was a great and an original poet. This greatness and originality are chiefly noticeable in the wise and deeply reflective character of his poems, in their high moral and religious tone, in his faith in the ministry of nature to the soul, and in his expression of the religion of humanity. Nature and man form the substance of the themes he seeks to illustrate. Other poets, before him, have touched these chords, and their immortal music he listens to and loves. But from them he hears it come in fitful strains, often in a careless or expressionless rendering. Like a great musician he would use all the stops of his organ. He would commune at first-hand with the soul of man and nature. He would see creation to be a living, many-languaged symbol of the Creator. In the heart of the humblest peasant or beggar he can detect the heraldry of heaven, and find in the lowliest daisy thoughts too deep for tears. His finest passages, those that have become domesticated in the hearts of his readers, ring with this interior music. In his inspired moments he utters lines of wisdom and beauty memorable for all time, — second only to Shakespeare and Milton.

But Wordsworth has his prosaic side; and the truth must be spoken in making up a fair estimate of him. Perhaps there never lived a more unequal poet. We follow him, as we would in one of his long country walks, through loose, monotonous sands, over rough rocks and furze and wide, barren moors, and up steep mountain heights into regions of clouds and sunrises and sunsets, — an uneven path, and often requiring patience. With all his genius, the judgment of the posterity to which he appealed has by this time pretty clearly settled it as a fact that as a poet he is truly great only at wide intervals. His verses have good health and strong limbs, but they too often lack wings. His muse ranges from the highest flights of thought and emotion down to common and prosaic themes, treated in a dry and didactic way; and he often disappoints us in his treatment of even his noblest subjects. We are not lifted, not fascinated, as we hoped. Why *he* should not have felt this deficiency in his cooler self-criticism, and shown at least a more decided preference of his best to his worst, might seem strange, but that such instances of lack of true judgment of their own works have been no uncommon cases, even with men of genius. Perhaps it is their very genius that blinds them.

In Wordsworth's estimation everything that came from his pen had a peculiar value. It was as if he were listening to a divine voice, not when he was most unconscious, but the reverse. Probably there are few examples in the history of literary men more marked than his complete intellectual independence and self-justification, from his very first appearance before the public till his latest. Such is the tenor of his preface and its supplementary essays; and such is the impression left on us by a perusal of his *Memoirs* by his nephew. Hardly ever does he speak of his own poems without expressing this unshaken confidence

that they are destined to live.¹ Not that he did not carefully revise and correct sometimes, and take counsel of others; for the influence of Coleridge upon him must have been very powerful in suggesting alterations, in modifying some of his youthful tenets, and in enlarging his ideals. It was unavoidable that he should have profited by his intimacy with this remarkable man, and by his frank criticisms; and in *The Prelude* he himself confesses it. But both he and his friend Coleridge agree that great poets must “create the taste by which they must be relished,” “must teach the art by which they are to be seen.” In a letter to Sir George Beaumont he says, “Let the poet consult his own heart, as I have done, and leave the rest to posterity. The fact is, the English public are at this moment in the same state of mind with respect to my poems as the French with respect to Shakespeare; and not the French alone, but almost the whole continent. . . . Every great poet is a teacher; I wish to be considered as a teacher, or as nothing.” This was in 1807. Unfortunately Wordsworth adopts the lofty but dangerous motto, “All, or nothing.” He will admit of hardly any inequalities in his work. He stands up stoutly and proudly for the intrinsic poetic worth of every line he has written. All came sincerely from the fountains of his heart and soul, — why should not all be good? He is the great poet autocrat. He believes in and reverences himself so highly that it is impossible his Homeric head should ever be caught nodding.

Yet there is something about this lofty self-consciousness which would be almost Napoleonic in its tone, were it not that he is willing to argue about his works, and makes the mistake of going into reasons why such and such lines are highly poetic, and why the public is

in error about much that he has written. This is *aside*, of course, to his intimate friends, who he knows agree with him. He is too proud and too indifferent to public opinion to seek to change *that*. This consummate belief in himself has such a proudly calm, persistent character that it is almost contagious; and at times you begin to think you must have been wrong in any underestimate you may have arrived at, and must suspend your judgment, for a time at least.

I cannot help regarding this self-consciousness of Wordsworth as a grave defect of his nature, and as a cause of his having written so much heavy-paced, if not prosaic verse. It is significant that he chose for the theme of his longest poem the growth of his own mind. And this trait was doubtless intensified by the solitude in which he lived. Often random thoughts and trivial incidents seem to have been chosen for themes, and because they impressed him for the time were magnified into undue importance in his imagination. In those lonely walks among the lakes and hills, where he was wont to compose his poems, afterwards dictating them to his wife or sister, whatever pleased him stood a chance of being turned into verse. And he could always remember, and loved to recall, just where he had composed such and such a poem. He was fond, too, of quoting from himself, even in print, as he would from some other poet. It is curious to see what value he set on such simple effusions as *Harry Gill* and *The Idiot Boy*. Of the latter he says, “It was composed in the grove of Alfoxden, almost extempore;” and adds, “I mention this in gratitude to those happy moments; for in truth I never wrote anything with so much glee.” He afterwards alludes to it in the same strain in one of his letters, where he defends it at great length. He also refers to it in *The Prelude*. *The Idiot Boy* comes about as near the humorous as anything Wordsworth’s grave muse

¹ An exception to this, however, is found in a letter to Professor Reed, of Philadelphia, in 1839. See *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 354.

ever flung off. Even Coleridge calls it "a fine poem;" on what principle any one who knows his poetic creed, stated at such length in the *Biographia Literaria*, would be at a loss to discover. If Wordsworth had had a spark of the sense of the ludicrous, or the least notion of the obvious popular reception it could not fail to meet with, he would never have printed it except for a public of children.

To a poet thus habitually conscious of his high vocation, it must have been a moral duty, as well as a pleasure, to record mentally everything he could turn into verse. In his contemplative country walks he became omnivorous, like a hunter intent on bagging all sorts of game. On theoretic principle, as well as by choice, he drew into his net a variety of subjects such as few of the poets would have chosen, and treated them in a matter-of-fact and moralistic rather than an artistic way. Hence we have such poems as *An Anecdote for Fathers*, *We are Seven*, *Rural Architecture*, *The Idle Shepherd Boys*, *The Sailor's Mother*, *The Red-Breast and Butterfly*, *Lines Written in March*, *Simon Lee*, *The Waggoner*, and many more that might be named. Had he been constitutionally and habitually an artist, what great things he might have done! But he seemed to lack the artistic faculty both in selection and execution. How many leaves in his bulky volumes we must turn before we light upon anything on which we care to linger with deep delight! And how few are the poems, or the passages in poems, to which we return with zest, — few, I mean, in comparison with the whole mass of his poetry! For this is the true test of a poem: when, having read it, it haunts us with a vague aroma of its beauty, and draws us again and again, as we are drawn by some masterpiece of art in a gallery of paintings, or by the finest symphonies of Beethoven or Schumann. I can remember how the *Tintern Abbey* poem

so haunted me and drew me, and I was unsatisfied till it could be repeated from memory. To this day it has not lost its spell. So, too, the lines, "She was a phantom of delight," *A Complaint*, *Laodamia*, the poems on *Yarrow*, the *Ode to Duty*, the *Ode on Immortality*, some of the sonnets, and many golden passages bedded in the longer poems, — how they glow and shine contrasted with the great bulk of his work! Wordsworth *preaches* a little too much. Even his letters to his friends are didactic essays. We should rather hear him talk or sing. "It is always good to be with Wordsworth," says a critic I read lately. Well, it is good to go to church; but there are preachers *and* preachers, as the French would say.

The truth is, Wordsworth wrote too much to write always with poetic inspiration. For about sixty years his pen was seldom idle. Moreover, *he did not believe* that inspiration was necessary except on rare occasions. If true to his creed, this was not one of the obligations laid upon him. He is so undisguisedly prosaic in the greater part of his verse that I sometimes wonder he did not throw off altogether the shackles of metre and rhyme, and anticipate Mr. Walt Whitman. But it seems that though he did believe in prose-poetry he did not believe it was his mission to write poetic prose. The long-sanctioned demand for measure and rhyme had great importance for him. He was not unlike a broad-church divine, who preaches radicalism, but clings to his surplice and ritual. He must have his singing-ropes about him even when he talks

"Of Betty Foy and Alice Fell,
And Harry Gill and Peter Bell,"

and old Simon Lee, with his thin, dry legs and swollen ankles, and the blind Highland boy floating off in his wash-tub (afterwards exchanged for a turtle-shell). He could prove himself so insensible to the incongruous as to pen that stanza in *Peter Bell*: —

"Now, like a tempest-shattered bark
That overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
And in a moment to the verge
Is lifted of a foaming surge,
Full suddenly the ASS doth rise!"

and that other, which still stood in 1819:

"All by the moonlight river side
It gave three miserable groans.
'T is come, then, to a pretty pass,'
Said Peter to the groaning ass,
'But I will bang your bones.'"

In *The Idiot Boy* this stanza held its ground until 1827:—

"Beneath the moon that shines so bright,
Till she is tired, let Betty Foy
With girt and stirrup fiddle-faddle;
But wherefore set upon the saddle
Him whom she loves, her idiot boy?"

But the most unfortunate eclipse that ever a bright, poetic star experienced—we can call it no less than a lamentable blunder—was his modern version of the find old ballad of Helen of Kirconnel. This is so strongly marked an illustration of that side of Wordsworth's nature which was not only matter of fact, but incapable of feeling the incongruous and ludicrous, that I must ask the reader to compare the two poems at length. Note the intensity of passion and movement in the original ballad. The version reads almost as if some one were trying his hand at a travesty of Wordsworth's most inferior work.

Of Wordsworth's sonnets, I have counted nearly five hundred, which is the best proof how fond he was of this form of expression. But of all these, let the reader ask himself how many retain for him in memory a charm that lures him back to them, as to the best of Wordsworth's other shorter poems. It is a little singular that, loving the sonnet as he did, he should not have concentrated his powers with more artistic effect upon what he has done in this way. Judgments differ, of course, but it seems to me there are not more than thirty or forty really fine sonnets among his works. I fear we must exclude from a high rank some hundreds he has written. We are all familiar with a few that are well

known. Next to these we may rank the stirring sonnets dedicated to liberty, several of which have the true Miltonic ring. But when we come to those on the River Duddon, those on his tours in Scotland and on the Continent, the long, dry series of ecclesiastical sonnets, and, lastly, those duldest of all, on capital punishment, we are troubled with the same old difficulty, only more so, of effort in getting through them.

In lento luctantur marmore tonsæ.

I should like, however, to quote here, especially as I have never seen it quoted, one of the most beautiful of all his sonnets, as it seems to me, and quite unlike any other he has done:—

"Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a medicant
For naught but what thy happiness could spare
Speak, though this soft, warm heart, once free to
hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold,
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow,
Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine,—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may
know!"

It is not often we meet with anything he has written so full of his life-blood as this.

In his narrative poems there is want of action and flow. It is the pictures we see by the way, and the truly poetic touches of feeling or glowing soliloquies, that redeem them from tameness. As Lowell says, "*We are forced to do our own rowing*, and only when the current is hemmed in by some narrow gorge of the poet's personal consciousness do we feel ourselves snatched along on the smooth but impetuous rush of unmistakable inspiration."

Of sluggish or unmusical rhythm there are abundant specimens, especially in his earlier works. In reading Wordsworth, I often feel about his rhythm as if I were wading against a stream in-

stead of floating along with it. This would never be so were the feeling of form in the poet's soul as sensitive as his thought. We could dispense with much profundity of thought, were we only borne along by a musical motion which wedded itself spontaneously to the idea. A perfect poem demands a fine accord between the body and the soul of thought. We are often moved by the *soul* of Wordsworth's thought; not often, I think, by the soul in intimate conjunction of form with his thought.

In one other respect, too, he fails to show himself a consummate artist. A painter would say he wants *effect*. This is felt in most of his sonnets. Even his stories lack point. He trusts to the value of a thought, but is too indifferent about artistic presentation. But the more precious the diamond, the more we demand for it an adequate setting.

That sensuous element¹ which is indispensable to a complete poetic organization, and is tremulously sensitive to form and rhythm, seems to have been small in Wordsworth's nature. I do not remember that a decided love of music is mentioned among his traits. He has little variety of metrical form, and is content with a limited range. And when he wanders into an unaccustomed metre, he is capable of such rhymes as

"Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill."

He had, however, enough rhythmic feeling to write — as to form — very good blank verse, which is evidence that he

¹ His biographer tells us that he was without the sense of *smell*, and regretted it exceedingly. And must not this defect have dulled his sense of *taste*?

² His sister writes in her journal at Grasmere, May 21, 1802, "W. wrote two sonnets on *Buonaparte*, after I had read Milton's sonnets to him." These were among the first sonnets he had written.

³ Mr. Matthew Arnold has published a selection of Wordsworth's poems, with a preface, in which he ranks him next to Shakespeare and Milton, and in a tone of confident assertion, yet very vaguely, as it seems to me, lays down the law of poetry.

must have considerably cultivated this sense. No doubt he was influenced in this respect by Coleridge, and by an intimate study of Milton,² the grand master of this measure. Perhaps it was in this dress that he felt most at ease, for it suited his grave, contemplative moods, and admitted the widest range of style, from the metrical prose that makes up the great bulk of his blank verse to the noble passages of genuine inspiration scattered through it.

There is one little poem of Wordsworth's, seldom quoted, I think, called *A Complaint*, which in completeness of artistic form stands conspicuously among his early and shorter poems, — as *Laodamia* and a few others do among those of more length and elaboration.

A COMPLAINT.

There is a change, — and I am poor;
Your love hath been, nor long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow;
And flow it did, not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
Blest was I then all bliss above!
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I? Shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love; it may be deep, —
I trust it is, — and never dry.
What matter? If the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity.
Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

The only defect here is in the fourth line. What a pity some other word was not substituted for that "business"! ³

"Poetry," says Mr. Arnold, "is perfect speech." "The noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness . . . under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and truth." Mr. Arnold's love of formula, of theory, warps him into eccentric statements on this theme, which strike me as plausible half-truths. Poetry does not certainly consist in noble and profound application of ideas to life without noble and beautiful expression of them. Nor would Mr. Arnold assert this, I suppose, for he takes care to add, "under the conditions," etc. But he does not say what these

If he is not, strictly speaking, a poet of the poets, Wordsworth has the great merit, which he shares with Burns (who must have deeply influenced him in his youth) and with Cowper and others, of appealing to the common sense, the affections, the love of nature, the moral and religious sentiment, of a widely increasing number of readers who look more at the substance of ideas than their form. But he has more than this. He is deeply spiritual. He has the "vision," if not always "the faculty divine." It is a great boon to the thoughtful readers of to-day, to those who have become surfeited upon the highly seasoned but unsubstantial food which some of the popular poets have given us, to be able to turn to pages where they may find a genuine intellectual nutriment. And there are so many hours of life when this must outvalue all purely æsthetic enjoyment we may derive from poetry. Let us not ask too often for "winged words," for there are calmer moods that are content with more moderately moving vehicles of thought. Is there not nowadays too much tendency in poetry, as in other modes of art expression, to neglect a profound or a simple utterance of thought and feeling, and to overvalue some novel trick of manner and execution? How many wonderful dilutions are praised, let them only be sufficiently perfumed and spiced and seltzer-watered! Body and soul in verse are both, as I said, desirable; but if we cannot have both, let us for Heaven's sake have the soul. With Wordsworth this is the paramount necessity. Here is no light-brained, light-fingered minstrel, no flashy singer with a *répertoire* of trivial

conditions are. He dwells on the soul of poetry altogether, and not at all on its body. He eccentrically classes Molière among the great poets, therein seeming to sink the poetic form in the thought. He leaves us somewhat mystified as to the principles on which he makes his selection of the poems of Wordsworth. He says, "I can read with pleasure and edification Peter Bell, and the whole series of ecclesiastical sonnets, and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the

and vapid themes clothed in studiously captivating numbers, but a deep-thoughted seer and teacher. If he rarely thrills you with electric shocks of surprise and profound emotion, he at least leads you out into the bracing air and the cloudless sunshine, where you may feel the immanent soul of things, the life that lives in and above nature and man. If he does not fascinate, he strengthens and consoles. That Wordsworth was no coldly moral philosopher, but had deep and tender affections, his biography and letters, no less than his poetry, must convince us. How he mourned for his noble brother John, the brave commander of the Abergavenny East-Indianman, who lost his life by shipwreck; how he loved his sister and his wife; how constant are his friendships with Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, and others; how he was touched by the distress of the poor and unfortunate, is well known.

He wrote poems that were welcomed by childhood as others were by youth and old age. Can we not remember the time when his simple rhyme of Barbara Lewthwaite and her lamb touched us to tears? Yet the *blasé* critics who hung enraptured on the scene-painting of Moore and the fire-works of Byron laughed at this genuine bit of pathos. And if there be any youth or maiden who is insensible to the strains of the Tintern Abbey poem or the Ode on Immortality, I can feel for such a one only regret and pity.

In his sympathetic portrayal of the hard, homely peasant life of shepherds or plowmen, surrounded by bare, rugged rocks and exposed to bleak winds and

Thanksgiving Ode, — *everything of Wordsworth, I think, except Vaudracour and Julia.*" By what strange caprice of judgment does he except these two poems, one of which, The Ode, certainly seems to me to be nearly among his best (though it lacks swiftness of movement), and the other to be as good as most of his blank verse narratives? Or why does he select sixty of Wordsworth's sonnets, and omit Why Art Thou Silent? and why does he omit A Complaint, quoted above?

burning suns, and in the earnestness and sincerity with which he tells their humble stories, we are reminded of the noble pictures of François Millet and Jules Breton.

His sympathy with France in the Revolution, before that rising star which excited the hopes of all the friends of liberty was eclipsed by the bloody disk of anarchy, was a marked era in his life. Though the course of events on the Continent helped to change his political view, he had always a strong republican bias; and some of his finest sonnets and odes were inspired by the stirring incidents and commanding characters of that momentous time.

One of his deepest beliefs was in the beneficent ministry of nature to the soul of man. He is never weary of proclaiming this article of his faith; and the passages in which he dwells upon it are among his finest. It is a pervading and coloring element in his poetry. This makes the charm of the Tintern Abbey poem, of some memorable stanzas in Peter Bell, of *Three Years she Grew*, of many of the sonnets, and of many noble monologues in *The Prelude* and *The Excursion*.

No poet has given us more graphic, more glowing, descriptions of natural scenery. But nature is for him never dully and densely material, but radiant and glowing with spiritual meanings. He hears a language in her thousand voices to which most men are deaf and uninstructed, but which to him brings unceasing consolation and strength, endless revelation of truth. No poet has better expressed the mysterious correspondences of the material and spiritual worlds. What priceless passages, full of insight, wisdom, tender humanity, devout and rapturous aspiration; what lines and sentences that we never forget, that comfort and lift us, and plant our feet on foundations that have nothing to do with accident or change; what openings through the clouds of mortality; what

assurances that all is somehow and somewhere for the best! We hail him as the great poet of optimism. What an antidote was his sanative poetry to the morbid Byronism and Werterism that enervated the youths and maidens of the early years of this nineteenth century! Honor to the seer whose intuitions were so wise, whose sight was so clear, whose laborious hands gave such help in draining off the stagnant scum of the malarial waters which infected those days!

We cannot but admit there are times when poetry is like a refreshing bath in the ocean surf, stimulating to the higher life by virtue of its essential freshness, independently of its artistic form, and reminding us that

"O'er that art
Which you say adds to nature is an art
That nature makes."

I am not insensible to the hygiene of poetry,—the oxygenic quality that lies in an apt expression of a commanding idea, though it be in prose form. And I think that here lies much of the debt we owe to Wordsworth. We open his book and look for poetry, and we find wisdom, we find humane sympathies, we find religion, as we go out to take a walk and enjoy the beauties of nature, and find health, and come home with a good appetite. It is this quality that makes our own Emerson so dear to us as the first of American poets, in spite of his innumerable faults of inartistic construction and unmetrical finish.

We must therefore, I think, rank Wordsworth among the foremost English poets. Precisely what that rank is to be, who can say? And why weigh any poet by arithmetical scale, any more than you would the great painters, or tone-masters, or indeed than you would the rare flowers of a garden?

We remember other poets of this century who in some qualities surpass him. We remember the passion and the flow of Byron, the rapt improvisations and cloud tints of Shelley, the imaginative

thought of Coleridge, the warm color and sometimes Miltonic splendor of Keats; and, later, the fresh vigor and dramatic force of Browning, and the exquisite blending of poetic idea and musical rhythm in Tennyson. But for simple, heart-felt, graphic painting from nature, for tender touches of human sympathy, for wise and prophetic utterance of the highest thoughts and aspirations of the soul, what poet has surpassed Wordsworth, when at his best?

The force of his poetry is more cumulative than dynamic. It is a steady, earnest, self-confident movement in one true direction; and you may take up his volumes anywhere, sure of finding him faithful to a high standard that is in his thought, if not always in the glowing and highly poetic expression of it. Great is the debt of this century to the genius which so wooes us from the low and external and accidental shows of things

into purer regions of contemplation and imagination. We may feel his limitations as an artist and inspired singer, — and how few are the poets who have written so much where these are not felt! — but we must give him high praise for what he has uttered in his hours of highest thought and emotion. We still sit at his feet and listen to his sincere and earnest voice, his words of thoughtful contemplation, of delight in the glories of nature, of reverence for humanity, and are still lifted into a serener air by his confessions of that noble Pantheism which our Emerson has so devoutly and wisely taught us, and which, misunderstood as it may be by small and narrow minds, is the spontaneous faith of all true poets. Onward and upward, like Æolian music marching before us, his strains will ever lead us, through nature, in her manifold symbols of beauty and truth, towards nature's God.

Christopher P. Cranch.

HELEN OF TYRE.

WHAT phantom is this, that appears
Through the purple mists of the years,
Itself but a mist like these?
A woman of cloud and of fire;
It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,
The town in the midst of the seas!

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats,
And the Israelites, that sell
Thy lilies and lions of brass,
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur "Jezebel!"

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gray gabardine,
With beard that floats to his waist;
It is Simon Magus, the Seer;
He speaks, and she pauses to hear
The words he utters in haste.

He says : " From this evil fame,
From this life of sorrow and shame,
I will lift thee and make thee mine !
Thou hast been Queen Candace,
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be
The Intelligence Divine ! "

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn
Are whispered words of praise,
For the famished heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land
The wizard's beckoning hand,
As a leaf is blown by the gust,
Till she vanishes into night !
O reader, stoop down and write
With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,
With thy rafts of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise and thy ships,
Thou, too, art become as nought,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.

Henry W. Longfellow.

ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS AND THE VIOLIN.

IN what I have heretofore written upon the violin, that is, the papers, Seeking a Lost Art, and King Cole and his Band, in the *Galaxy*, and the article Violin in the *American Cyclopædia*, I have in the two former treated discursively many points connected with the making of the instrument and its gradually taking the place of the viol, and in the last confined myself to a methodical description of the instrument and a chronological account of its most celebrated makers. Among the divisions of this subject which remain for me untouched is the very interesting one which is offered by a comparison of the work of the great violin

makers of the past and an estimate of its real value.

As I was once asked, in sober, matter-of-course earnest, by an intelligent man, a great lover of music, whether I thought that a violin which I had in my hand, and of which I had been speaking, was " really made by Cremona himself," those of my violin-loving readers who never heard of any Signor Cremona will pardon me when I say that the history of violin making is, very briefly, this : The art, after having been long practiced by a promiscuous horde of unknown makers, who modeled their instruments each according to his own fan-

cy, — and their fancies were often grotesque enough, — was advanced greatly, and somewhat suddenly it would seem, at Brescia about A. D. 1525. There is reason to believe that in this ancient town of Lombard Italy the violin first took the form which it has retained for more than three centuries, and which it will probably never change. An attempt has been made to obtain for Bologna the honor of having produced the modern violin; the maker in whose favor this claim is set up being Gaspard Duiffoprugcar. But although Duiffoprugcar distinguished himself as a maker of viols and of lutes, there is no satisfactory evidence that he ever made a violin, — the violin having been looked upon, it should be remembered, as an inferior, “vulgar” instrument until the beginning of the seventeenth century, and even later. Of this the intending violin buyer may be very sure: that the aged seeming instruments offered to him, with inlaid backs and bellies, and very wide, stiff *f* holes, and the name of Gaspard Duiffoprugcar and a date of from 1512 to 1530 faintly printed in Roman letter on a soiled and discolored ticket, were never in the hands of that ancient lutanist, but are imitations of old Brescian instruments, and are at most thirty or forty years old. Bologna, having invented the sausage, should not be greedy of other fame. That is honor enough for one town.

There was another Gaspard, however, who did make violins with great success in the sixteenth century; and possibly the identity of name has something to do with the confusion of the function of the two persons. For in Italy at that time artists and artisans of high class were known, like kings and princes, by their baptismal names, to which was sometimes added the name of the places where they were born, — as, for example, Lionardo da Vinci. This Gaspard, having been born in the little town of Salo, when he went to Brescia and began to make violins there was known among

the Brescians as Gaspard da Salo, and that name he put upon the tickets in his violins. Gaspard da Salo's violins soon attained a great reputation, — so great that Benvenuto Cellini did not deem it beneath his dignity to carve the head of one of Gaspard's instruments, doing it by the order of Cardinal Aldobrandini. This violin has been for many years in the possession of Ole Bull. Toward the end of the sixteenth century Gaspard da Salo was succeeded in Brescia by Giovanni Paolo Maggini, who was in his turn succeeded by other Brescian makers of more or less repute; but with none of these have we at present any concern.

Before the appearance of Maggini in Brescia, an imitator of Gaspard, possibly a pupil, had begun at Cremona, another town of Lombardy, a manufacture of violins which was to transfer the great violin mart of Italy from the former place to the latter. This was Andrea Amati, the first of the great “Cremona violin” makers, and the first of a family which for four generations, and through a century and a half, maintained and augmented the reputation of the Cremona instruments, until their work was surpassed by the members of two other Cremonese families, the Guarneri and the Stradivari, and finally by Carlo Bergonzi, the pupil and successor in business of Antonio Stradivari, and the last of the really great Cremona makers. Andrea Amati was succeeded by his sons Antonio and Geronimo; they in turn were succeeded by the son of Geronimo Nicolo Amati, the most celebrated of this family of distinguished artisans. Nicolo Amati's reputation was rivaled, and during the last three quarters of a century has been partly eclipsed, by that of his pupil, Antonio Stradivari, whose reputation is now rivaled, although in no way dimmed or diminished, by that of his skillful pupil, Carlo Bergonzi. Of the Guarneri family, Andrea was the first. He worked between 1630 and 1690, and was a pupil of Nicolo Amati.

In turn, in his family, followed his sons Giuseppe and Pietro, and his nephew Giuseppe Antonio, called for distinction from his cousin Giuseppe "Joseph del Gesù," because of an I H S monogram which he used upon his tickets. When we add to these Lorenzo Guadagnini and Giovanni Battista, of the same family, with Francesco Ruggieri and his nephew Giovanni, who was a pupil of Nicolo Amati, we shall have completed the roll of all the makers of high repute in the great Cremona school. Andrea Amati, the founder of the school, began to make violins about 1550; Carlo Bergonzi, its last great exemplar, continued to make instruments until 1755-60; and Guarneri del Gesù died in 1745. We thus see that the Cremona school lived vigorously for just two centuries. It was really a school, each eminent Cremona maker having been the pupil, and in most cases the son or nephew, of some other eminent maker in whose family and workshop he was brought up. The craft would thus naturally have its traditions; and that it had them the workmanship of the instruments produced at Cremona between 1550 and 1750 very clearly shows.

The excellence of the Cremona violins as musical instruments and their fine finish as specimens of working in wood gave them early a high reputation, which they richly deserved. Undoubtedly they were the best and the handsomest violins that had been made. They had also this advantage, that as years went on their positive excellence became greater. The older they grew and the more they were used, — careful use being assumed, — the finer, richer, sweeter, mellow, became their tone. For although if a fiddle be in the beginning a bad one no age and no playing will make it good, one which is good in the beginning and has enough substance in it for a robust life becomes better every year that it is in the hands of a constant and careful player. Therefore it was that toward the end of the last century there began in

the musical world of Europe a "craze" for Cremona violins. The demand was at first for the Amatis, so great was the positive merit of the instruments made by that family, and so had its members through generations and centuries impressed themselves upon the musical world as the leading lutanists of Cremona. Such was the supremacy of the Amati name, and so comparatively underrated, if not unknown, was that of Stradivari, that it is recorded that Cervetto took to England, about 1775, instruments by the latter maker, and, being unable to sell a violoncello for five pounds, he took them back again to Italy! They would now, if they were good specimens of Stradivari's work and in good condition, easily be sold for five hundred pounds, and if of unusual excellence for seven or eight hundred. In 1876 I saw in London three violoncellos by Stradivari, for which the prices were severally six hundred and fifty, seven hundred and fifty, and one thousand pounds; and the possessor, although he was a dealer, was not at all eager to sell them at those prices. True, they were instruments of uncommon excellence and character, and were in perfect condition; but so rapidly has the reputation of Stradivari increased during the last seventy-five years that it is now impossible to buy any sound instrument made by him for less than five hundred pounds. The influence of fashion could not be more strongly exemplified. If violins are bought for the beauty of their tone, what was the matter with the ears of the violin players in England in the last century, that they could not discover the positive merit of Stradivari's instruments, and their superiority to those made by the Amati family? For a "Strad" is now worth as merchandise at least twice as much, and generally three times as much, as any Amati instrument in equally good condition.

When Paganini appeared playing upon a Cremona instrument, the admiration excited in all musical and semi-musical

circles of Europe by his wonder-working bow was reflected upon the Cremona violin makers ; and as all sorts of foolish and exaggerated and affected notions were set afloat about the player, so like notions began to prevail about the instrument — the violin in the abstract — on which he played, and the great makers of it. It was supposed that there was some wizardry about his playing, and some mystery about violin making. The world is always so ready to find the source of all things greatly good in mystery, in inspiration. Alas that it is so ! for in life there is no mystery unfathomable but life itself, as there is no evil irremediable but death. Paganini's wizardry is now all understood and equaled. It was the fruit of study, thought, and hard work. All the great players now do what Paganini did ; and the mystery of Cremona violin making is a mystery no longer.

There was never any mystery at all about it, or any secret, or any art incommunicable or undiscoverable. This may be made plain by the consideration of what a violin is, and how it is made.

A violin is simply an oblong box of vibrating wood, — nothing more.¹ Make a box fourteen inches long, eight inches wide, and one inch and a quarter deep, of which the top is deal and the sides and back are of any hard, tough wood, like maple, or sycamore, or pear-tree wood ; affix to one end of this a neck or handle about five inches long, and you have all the essential parts of a violin, except the strings. Moreover, if your wood, and particularly your deal, has been well chosen, and well proportioned in thickness, and the joints of your box are air-tight, it is within the bounds of physical possibility that when your instrument is properly set up it may equal in the quality and volume of its tone any violin made by Amati, Stradivari, Guar-

neri, or Bergonzi. Truly, the possibility is very remote, but it exists.

To set up your instrument for playing, you will have to stretch the strings over a bridge, and contrive some way of turning them, by increasing or diminishing their tension. This is easily done. But ere long certain difficulties would arise. In the first place, the corners of your box would be so much in the way as to annoy you, and indeed as to prevent your playing with any comfort ; and a like difficulty would be made by the sides of the box just opposite the bridge, which would so interfere with the passage of your bow that you could play but little, if at all, upon the first and fourth strings. These difficulties would inevitably lead you, as the same difficulties led the makers of violins hundreds of years ago, to round off the corners of your box in sweeping curves, which would make it easy to handle and to hold beneath your chin, and to hollow out the sides opposite the bridge, so that the bow might pass over the two outside strings (first and fourth) without touching the sides of the instrument. Draw a parallelogram of the proportions mentioned above, but make it a little wider below than above ; then mark with dotted lines these curves made for mere convenience and comfort, and you will find you have, to all intents and purposes, the well-known outlines of a violin. The form thus given is a very peculiar combination of curves, and it has helped not a little in the mystification of the world about this instrument. But this form has nothing whatever to do with the musical functions or the musical power of the violin, or with the quality of its tone. It is merely the result of mechanical contrivance to make the manipulation of the instrument easy. It need hardly be said, however, that as this form is required for convenience, efforts have been made to give it as much symmetry and beauty as possible.

Other difficulties or defects would soon

¹ It need hardly be said that all through this article I use the word *violin* for the whole violin family, including the viola and the violoncello.

be discovered. The tension of the strings would produce a pressure upon your deal top, or sounding-board, that would check its vibration, and also, ere long, cause the top to sag under the bridge, and finally to break. A certain dullness of sound might also lead you to suspect that your instrument did not vibrate as freely and completely as it might, could, and should, and that the sound did not "come out."

These defects of course were discovered centuries ago, and they were remedied in the following manner; the means being, as it will be at once seen, purely mechanical and to mechanical ends. Indeed, they are just such as would be adopted under similar circumstances by an engineer, a machinist, a ship-wright, or a house-builder. The top, the sounding-board, or as it is usually called the belly, of the violin, instead of being made flat, was arched to resist the pressure of the strings. This expedient, however, did not completely remedy the defect. The continuous pressure of the strings would bend or even break the arched belly directly under the bridge; and, moreover, the vibration was yet imperfect. The next step was again a purely mechanical one: it was the introduction of a sort of girder or string beam, which stiffened the arch of the belly against the pressure of the strings. This is called the base-bar. It is a long strip of wood glued firmly to the inner side of the belly, directly under the foot of the bridge, which sustains the pressure of the heaviest or base string. The base-bar extends nearly from one end of the belly to the other; it is thickest in the middle under the bridge, and tapers off in a curved line either way, until it comes almost to a point at each end. Thus supported, by a bar properly proportioned, the belly is able to bear up against the pressure of the strings.

It will be seen, however, upon a moment's reflection, that if the base-bar does no more than to strengthen or support

the belly the latter is still left in the position of a table upon which rests a heavy weight which it is able to bear. This condition of things is not good for vibration. The weight, that is, the pressure of the strings, checks in a measure the performance of the very function upon which the strings depend for their musical effect. What is needed is not only a support, but a counteracting force, — a force operating upward upon the belly, just as the strings operate downward. It will be seen that if this end can be attained exactly, that is, if the two forces just counterbalance each other, the belly is left as nearly as possible in its natural condition, and will vibrate as if, or almost as if, it were bearing no pressure. Again, a purely mechanical necessity is met by a purely mechanical contrivance. The base-bar is set in with "a spring." The convex curve of the bar is made upon the arc of a somewhat smaller circle than that of the concave of the belly to which it is to be glued. The result is that the belly is thrown up into a somewhat higher arch, and that there is an upward force operating constantly which is, or should be, equalized by the downward pressure of the strings. The equalization of these two forces is a very nice piece of mechanical work; but it is purely mechanical, both in end and means, — as much so as the shoring up of an old wall.

The more complete vibration of the instrument is obtained by another mechanical contrivance, one much more simple and obvious than that of the base-bar. The belly is connected with the back by an upright piece of wood which is pressed in between them, just behind, almost under, the other foot of the bridge, which is thus supported on one side by the base-bar and on the other by this piece of wood, which, from its effect, is called the sound-post. Upon these two appliances depends in a great measure, but by no means in an equal measure, the quality and volume of tone in a vio-

lin. The French, with that fanciful use of language which has less of simple manliness than suits us English-speaking folk, call the sound-post *l'âme du violon*, the soul of the violin, and such is the estimation in which it is commonly held. This preëminence I deny to it, and with no doubt or hesitation. Next in importance to the quality of the wood of which the belly is made, its thickness and its form, comes the base-bar, which indeed is so important that it will in a measure correct faults of construction and supplement defects in material, and moreover will, by change in its form and size, change the tone of an instrument entirely in character, for better or for worse. In one instrument upon which I experimented, a common Mittenwald violoncello, worth some fifteen or twenty dollars, but fairly well made, I had five base-bars, differing in weight and form, put in, at intervals of three months. I designed and shaped the base-bars myself, and stood by to see the workman put them in. Each one made an entire change in the tone of the instrument, which, be it remembered, was left in all other respects just as it was originally made. With one of these base-bars the tone of the instrument was not only clear, free, and large in volume, but noble in quality and sympathetic. The next bar that I put in made the tone thin, hard, mean, and tin-pan-like. It was difficult to believe that two such differing sounds came from the same instrument. Now the sound-post has no effect of this kind. A change in its place or its size will make an instrument a little more or less brilliant, or will transfer strength from one string to another; but the sound-post has no such formative power as the base-bar has, which may be said to make or mar a violin.

No other point in the construction of the violin calls for particular remark; and it should be kept in mind that all those which I have mentioned, the outline of the instrument, the arching of

the belly and the back, the sound-post, and the base-bar, are all mechanical contrivances for convenience in handling the instrument, or to relieve by mechanical means some mechanical disability.

Every one of these points in the construction of the violin was perfectly well known and practiced before the times of the earliest of the great makers. Before Stradivari, before the Guarneri, before the Amati, before Gaspard da Salo, violins were made with all the curves and arches that those makers gave them, and with the formative base-bar and the modifying sound-post. The violin was gradually perfected by unknown makers in the ages before the day of the first maker known to us, Gaspard da Salo; since which time there have been only unessential, although not unimportant, modifications in construction and slight changes in external form. The violin was fitted to be "the king of instruments" not by Amati, or Guarneri, or Stradivari, but by humble, nameless experimenters in the Middle Ages, who gradually, by one mechanical contrivance or appliance after another, made it what it has been for three hundred and fifty years.

The all-important point in a violin is one which does not depend at all upon the skill of the maker, and a defect in which no constructive skill can remedy,—this is the quality of the wood in the belly. If this be of fine, resonant quality, and the instrument is but tolerably well made, the tone is sure to be good; and if the wood has been left thick enough, any deficiency in vibration may be remedied by a little judicious working of it down on the inside by a competent person; whereas, of a piece of light, spongy wood, not all the skill of Stradivari or of Bergonzi could make an instrument of more than tolerable tone. The fitness of wood for violin making (by "wood" deal being always understood) depends, according to my observation, almost wholly, if not wholly, upon the

strength of the grain; that is, those hard, dark lines which mark the yearly growth of the tree, and which, owing to the way in which the log is cut for violin making, run edgewise straight up and down the belly of the instrument. If these are strongly developed, so that the wood looks coarse and presents a roughish surface, notwithstanding the varnish, it is almost surely resonant, and has in it the stuff of a good violin. If they are weak, and the surface presents a soft, smooth, pretty look, the wood is quite surely poor, and the violin made from it will have a weak, unsatisfying tone.

I once took in hand an instrument with which the possessor was dissatisfied, and with reason, for the tone was dull and hard. But I was very sure, on a brief examination, that it was an old Italian instrument of the Neapolitan school, and I saw that there was plenty of wood in it — too much in my judgment — of the good kind which I have described. On taking off the belly, which was very carefully worked inside, the reason of the dullness of the tone was at once apparent. The maker, evidently to try an experiment, had not only left the top too thick, but had made a sort of ridge down the middle, so that instead of one arch from side to side there were in a manner two. The great thickness of the wood enabled me to remodel the inside entirely, and work it all over; and the result was an instrument of exceptionally powerful and delicious tone, which was due entirely to the wood. It proved to be by the younger Gagliano.

Another case in point was that of the wreck of an old violoncello, a collection of slabs and splinters that in its grimy, ragged wretchedness looked more like an ash-barrel stranded on a curb-stone than like a musical instrument. Moreover, it had at first been very poorly and clumsily made, — so poorly that it had never had “corner blocks,” and every violin connoisseur will know of what poor manufacture that is evidence. But I had

rarely, if ever, seen such a piece of deal. The grain marks ran through it like copper wires, promising inexhaustible nerve and ample resonance, and I saw that it was more than a hundred years old and had never been tampered with. I bought it for a trifle; and under the restoring hands of that master lutanist and most skilfull surgeon of disabled fiddles, Herman König, this ruin of the work of some clumsy nameless old maker became an instrument which for richness, power, and grandeur of tone I have rarely heard equaled. All the virtue was in that robust grain, which made the wood as elastic as steel, yet with the soft, rich vibration of wood.

The violin having been made what it is now in all its essential points before the time of Gaspard da Salo (A. D. 1525–50), and the chief requisite of a fine quality of tone being a piece of highly resonant wood for the belly, the fact that there is no mystery in violin making, and that no peculiar genius is required for the making of instruments of the very highest quality, need not be further insisted upon. The notion to the contrary which has so long prevailed is due partly to ignorance, and partly, as I have before remarked, to that unreasoning enthusiasm and love of mystery which is so prevalent among men. Mr. Gladstone has made a remark, which is quoted on the title-page of Mr. Hart's book on the violin, to the effect that “to perfect that wonder of travel, the locomotive, has perhaps not required the expenditure of more mental strength and application than to perfect that wonder of music, the violin.” I cannot but believe that if Mr. Gladstone had known more of the construction of the violin and of its history he never would have uttered such a misleading opinion. There have indeed been many endeavors for the improvement of the violin within the last fifty or seventy-five years, although the “mental strength” that went to them has probably not drawn

largely upon the reserve of constructive force in the human race; but these efforts have not in any way "perfected" the violin. On the contrary, they have all failed, and have all, one after the other, been abandoned; and the violin remains, in all essential points, just what it became in the hands of the nameless makers of the Middle Ages.

What, then, did the great Cremona makers, what did Stradivari, in many respects, in most respects, the greatest of all of them, do which has given their instruments such celebrity? Simply this: they made carefully and with high finish of workmanship that which their humbler predecessors made carelessly and rudely. It was upon the viol, a weak instrument, with frets upon its finger-board, like those of a guitar, that the earlier lutanists of reputation expended their skill. It was the viol that was played by ladies and gentlemen; and it continued in favor with them even until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the violin and the violoncello with imperial power drove it out of existence. But in earlier times the violin was used only by "fiddlers," who played in companies of jesters and "jongleurs," and as the providers of dance music. Viols were made of great beauty of design and the highest finish; it was not until Gaspard da Salo began to make violins that they received much attention, as to either their construction or their appearance. What remained to be done for the "perfection" of the violin was merely the proper graduation of the thickness of the wood, the determination of the best form of curve for the arch, and the beautifying of the instrument externally. As Gaspard da Salo and his follower, Maggini, both used what has been found to be the best arching, it will be seen that what was left for the Cremona makers was mere matter of detail and of finish.

The Amatis, however, began by try-

ing experiments with the arch. This was heightened, producing what is known as the high model. Nicolo Amati at one time raised the arch somewhat suddenly from a flat surface, almost a groove, that ran around the edge of the instrument, and Jacob Stainer, the once famous imitator of the Amatis, exaggerated this high arching to an almost ridiculous pitch. But Nicolo Amati himself gave up this high arching in the latter part of his life, and returned to the flat model (which may be found in many of Gaspard da Salo's instruments), in which he was followed by his distinguished pupil, Stradivari, by Guarneri del Gesù, by Bergonzi, and since their time by all the best makers. The reason is plain. There is no mystery, or trick, or even knack about the matter. The belly of a violin is a vibrating plate of wood. The brilliancy and power of tone in the instrument depends upon the freedom of the vibrations. Now it is plain that a plate nearly flat will vibrate more freely and more strongly than one that is highly curved and twisted into hills and hollows. Hence, and hence only, the superiority of the flat model. But it was thought at one time that there was some hidden mystery of sound in the exalted curves of the big-bellied, high-backed fiddles; and they were preferred and looked upon with a kind of awful and wondering admiration. But as the violin drove out the viol by inherent strength, so the flat model drove out the high model; and Stainer violins that once would command fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars can now hardly be sold for five hundred dollars.

And thus it was that Stradivari and Guarneri and Bergonzi rose so highly in estimation above the once supreme Amatis. Their instruments were made on the flat model, and the Amati instruments, admirable in themselves, sweet in tone, but comparatively feeble, could not stand before the superior volume

and power and brilliancy of the flat-modeled instruments of the last three great Cremonese makers.

Of these three men, the first named, Stradivari, has attained a reputation which is at once deserved and fictitious, genuine and exaggerated. The man whose instruments could not be sold in England half a century after his death for five pounds apiece is now looked upon and spoken of as if he were a Heaven-endowed genius sent upon earth to make a revelation of the violin to inferior mortals, — as if he had by inspiration, or by patient elaboration, or by a union of both, evolved the ideal violin, created it, and bestowed it as a boon upon musical humanity. His praises have been sung by poets. Longfellow and George Eliot have honored him in this manner; but I must be pardoned for thinking that had they known what Stradivari really was they would hardly have thus glorified him in verse. For Stradivari invented nothing, revealed nothing. He was merely a careful, tasteful, painstaking workman, who availed himself of what others had done before him, and produced instruments which were made of the best and handsomest wood that could be procured, and finished to the highest point of perfection. Stradivari was a conscientious artisan of the highest class, who took pride in his work; and, being all that, he deserved honor, and the success and the money which his good work and his thrift brought him. There is no doubt that his violins were in most respects the best that had been made up to his time, and that the body of his work has never been equaled. Other makers, especially Guarneri del Gesù and Carlo Bergonzi, have equaled him in some respects, and, in my opinion, have surpassed him in one; but in his long and constantly laborious life (he lived to the age of ninety-three, and worked steadily for more than seventy years), he produced a multitude of instruments of such an average high

excellence that the work of no other maker can be compared as a whole with his work. In symmetry and in finish his instruments have never been equaled, except by some of those of his pupil and successor in business, Carlo Bergonzi; and in tone many of them leave little to be desired. But he was no inventor, no original genius, even in violin making; he brought no “mental strength” to his work, and there was no need that he should do so. He was an eclectic maker, and merely brought to mechanical perfection and the highest possible external beauty the violin which had been made with equal knowledge, but not with equal manual skill, by his predecessors, and notably by the first known of them, Gaspard da Salo.

In one point some of the instruments made by one of his contemporaries, Guarneri del Gesù, and by one of his successors, Carlo Bergonzi, are superior to his, — tone; not in power, not in brilliancy, in clearness, or perhaps even purity, but in an element of supremest musical value, — quality. I have never heard from any “Strad,” in whatever hands, that delicious, penetrating, ravishing quality of tone that I have heard from more than one Guarneri del Gesù, even in the hands of an amateur. The tone of Stradivari’s instruments is generally in every respect admirable, and they — the best of them, at least — may be relied upon for their equality, and for their ready and true response to the bow; but there is in the tone of some of Guarneri del Gesù’s instruments a charm and grace beyond all this, — a tone that pierces the soul, and makes the delighted hearer forget admiration in emotion.

To what this difference is due I shall not pretend to say. I suspect that there are two causes of it: the wood of which Guarneri’s best instruments are made, and a slight difference in the modeling of the belly. It must be only to their quality of tone that the violins of Guar-

neri owe a reputation which makes them the chief rivals of the "Strads," so that the price of good instruments by the two makers is nearly equal. For Guarneri's instruments are very rarely worthy to be compared with Stradivari's in finish, or even in careful modeling. Compared with Stradivari, he was a slovenly workman. The very modeling of the bellies and backs of his instruments, upon which the tone depends, is in very many cases far from being exact, and is even positively irregular. But there nevertheless is the delicious tone, — an enduring, indisputable proof that high finish and even careful workmanship are not absolutely necessary to the highest musical qualities in a violin. Unfortunately, Guarneri made no violoncellos, — a great loss to music. A violoncello with the Guarneri quality of tone would be the most enchanting instrument of its kind that was ever heard.

It is in a very great measure to the fine mechanical finish of Stradivari's instruments and to the beauty of the wood which he used for their backs and sides that they owe their reputation and the "fancy" prices which they now command. They are beautiful specimens of the finest kind of (so to speak) cabinet-maker's work; and this excellence being added to their very great merit as musical instruments makes them sought after as fast horses are, and old china. In their external beauty they have been equaled only by Carlo Bergonzi, the best of whose work is quite equal to his master's. As to varnish, a very important point in the external beauty of a violin, Bergonzi seems to me the superior. Among the many "Strads" that I have examined, violins and violoncellos, I have not found one quite equal in this respect to more than one of the few Bergonzis that I have met with. Bergonzi's varnish is richer in tone, more brilliant, and clearer.

Moreover, upon one principal point I hold an opinion which by all violin fan-

ciers and specialists will be pronounced rank heresy. I do not hesitate to say that the forms adopted by Stradivari, both in the outline of the instrument and in the scroll, are inferior to those of some other makers in the highest quality of beauty. They have positive beauty in a high degree; they are symmetrical; and besides they are well adapted to bring out all the power of the instrument; for they preserve as much vibrating surface as is compatible with the mechanical requirements for convenience of playing, before spoken of. But in its form the instrument has an unmistakable eclectic look. It lacks individual character, originality, expression. It seems too obtrusively to be the correct thing; and indeed has a self-conscious air of propriety and smugness which is as priggish as wood and varnish can be. It seems as if the form of such a violin might be arrived at by the rule of three. So as to the scroll: it is quite perfect. Such a volute you will hardly find, except in the capital of an Ionic column; and this it brings to mind more than it does the convolutions of the shell. It is so exact and correct that it suggests a machine as its origin rather than the carving tool of an artist. In a word, Stradivari, with all his unsurpassed finish of workmanship, seems to me to "dwell in decencies forever."

The question arises whether there are or will ever be violins equal to those of Cremona. So far as I can answer this question, I have almost done so already, — in the affirmative. If violin making were a mystery, and the conception and production of a violin were the result of inspiration or of genius, — such genius as produces a beautiful picture, statue, or building, — then indeed it might be as hopeless to expect violins of Cremona excellence as it would be to look for paintings equal to the productions of the great masters of Venice and of Florence. But violin making is no such art. It is simply a question of wood of a cer-

tain quality carefully worked into certain shapes and thicknesses. Take the *chef-d'œuvre* of Stradivari or of Guarneri del Gesù; find a piece of wood equal in resonance to that of your model; make the outlines identical by laying your model down upon your wood and marking the outside line with a pencil; make the back and the belly by measurement with calipers of the same thickness as that of the model; and you will have as good a musical instrument as your "Strad" or your Guarneri. That is, after it has been played upon as long as the other has been (or I will not say so long, but a few years), it will be as good, and possibly it will be better. It is inevitable, in the nature of things, that it should be so. For a violin is not a thing with a soul; nor is it the product of a soul; it is merely a combination of wood, which can be judiciously selected, and of form, which can be exactly determined. It is not only inevitable that it should be so; in fact, indisputable fact, it is so. This has been proved by a gentleman of leisure in Brooklyn (L. I.), Mr. Walter Colton.

Mr. Colton, an amateur musician, a lover of the violin, and a man of remarkable inventive faculty and mechanical skill, has given years to the study of the violin, in Europe as well as in this country. He makes violins; and having time and ample means at his disposal, he has invented, and with his own hand has made, tools and instruments by which he is able to reproduce forms and to graduate thicknesses to the last conceivable point of exactness and accuracy. Give him a "Strad" or a Guarneri, and he will reproduce its form, its proportions, and its thickness with such an absolute certainty that no difference can be detected by the nicest mechanical test, by sight or even by touch. Yet more: he will make an instrument on the model designed by Stradivari more exactly than "Strad" made it himself. For by his exquisitely delicate mechan-

ical appliances he secures a gradation of forms and thicknesses which is mathematically and scientifically true. But even "Strad" could do this only approximately and tentatively (although with remarkable success); and as to Guarneri, careful mechanical tests show ridges and hollows in his backs and bellies. As to the quality of tone of the instruments thus produced, it is equal, and in some cases superior, to that of some, at least, of the Cremona instruments.

I had an opportunity of comparing an instrument which had only just left Mr. Colton's hands with a very beautiful Guarneri violin,—one, indeed, which is well known and celebrated in Europe. The comparison was made in the only way in which such a test can be safely applied,—by having both the violins played in an invisible part of an adjoining room, with the doors open. This not only tests the quality of tone, but the "carrying" power of the instrument, and secures perfect impartiality on the part of the hearer. Thus compared, the Guarneri violin, admirable as it was, showed a very perceptible inferiority to the new violin which had been finished in Brooklyn not a month before the trial. This was not only my judgment at that time, but the opinion of musicians of unquestioned competence at others.

Nor do I suppose that Mr. Colton, with all his intelligence, with all his study, and with all the means and appliances that leisure and money can bestow, has a monopoly of making violins which equal those made in Cremona. There are doubtless hundreds of violins in the world which, being exact copies of Stradivari and Guarneri, and made of wood equally resonant with that used by those makers, *must* be, by physical and mechanical necessity *must* be, equal to their models. For they *are* just what their models are. The Cremona makers breathed no soul into their instruments; they were merely careful, intelligent,

painstaking workmen. The only advantage which the old instruments have over the new is that of long and careful use.

In one point Mr. Colton has achieved a great and a unique success. He is able to equal the Cremona varnish. Of the beauty of this varnish and of the mystery that has been thrown about it I need say nothing to the reader who knows anything of the history of violin making. For a hundred years it has been one of the lost arts. When I wrote *Seeking a Lost Art*, I recounted some of my experiences in trying after the Cremona varnish; but I left my readers uncertain whether or no I had discovered it. I now acknowledge that I did not discover it, and at the same time declare my conviction that Mr. Colton has done so. And after all it proves to have been an open secret,—no secret at all. I had discovered that all the talk about amber in the Cremona varnish was nonsense. It contained no amber. But Mr. Colton discovered in Italy that this varnish was used two or three hundred years ago commonly by all fine workmen in wood. Not only violins, but lutes and virginals and clavichords, and even tables and chairs, were adorned with it. He reproduces all the richness of color, all the transparency and all the splendor, of those old-time workmen. The lost art has been discovered.

One man, not a violin maker, did more for the violin than Stradivari did, or Guarneri, or Gaspard da Salo, or indeed than any other man known in the history of the instrument. This was the Frenchman Francis Tourte. In the latter part of the last century Tourte invented the modern violin bow. The old bow, as known to Gaspard da Salo, the Amatis, and even to Stradivari, was really a bow, to which the horse-hair supplied the place of bow-string. It was little more than a foot long. It must have been a very impotent instrument. Tartini, by increasing its length, added greatly to its efficiency. But still what

he effected was merely an improvement. The bow remained still a bow, a piece of wood bent over the hair. Tourte saw that to bring out the tone of the violin something more was needed, some power which would act upon the string in a more vivid and mordant way. He conceived the idea of making the bow not a bow,—a stick bent, not toward the string, but away from it. Under this he stretched the hair, which he (in effect) shortened by a screw and nut (called the frog); and thus he produced not only a high tension of the hair, before unattained, but a constantly active spring, which caused the hair to “bite” the string, to leave it elastically, and to press upon it with a clinging power before unknown. This great and original invention revolutionized violin playing. Without Tourte, Paganini would have been impossible, and all his great successors would have been impossible. No intelligent violin player will doubt this, upon a moment’s reflection. But without Stradivari, Paganini was possible; for he played upon a Guarneri instrument. All the splendor of modern violin playing, its grand and beautiful phrasing, its brilliant *staccato*, its long, sweeping *legato*, is the direct consequence of the invention of the Tourte bow. And not only these elements of style, but even, it would seem, the pathos of the instrument; for in all that we read of the great performers of an earlier date, the greatest praise is generally bestowed upon what is called “running divisions upon a plain ground,” or, in modern phrase, playing variations upon a theme. Nor are the violin compositions of the earlier masters and writers without evidence to the same effect. In their short phrasing, their lack of contrast of *staccato* and *legato*, and the absence of those passionate passages in which the violin is now surpassed only by the human voice, they all show the restraining influence of the short, limp bow. Tourte, who enabled modern violinists to work their won

ders, brought his invention to perfection; and bows of his workmanship are now so highly prized that one hundred and one hundred and twenty-five dollars are not uncommon prices for them, and even one hundred and fifty dollars has been given, the value depending merely upon the stick, the fiddle-stick, that was fashioned by his hand. This will not seem 'strange to laymen, when they know that if an artist, in coming before the public, had to choose between hav-

ing a first-rate instrument with a second-rate bow and a second-rate instrument with a first-rate bow, he would choose the latter. Of such supreme, such absolute importance is the bow since the days of Francis Tourte, who made the only essential improvement in regard to the violin of which there is any record. In all essential points the instrument has existed at its present state of perfection for more than three hundred and fifty years.

Richard Grant White.

BENJAMIN ROBBINS CURTIS.

THESE volumes¹ are the fitting monument of family love and admiration. A brother writes the memoir, and a son selects and edits the works. Both brother and son have achieved their respective duties better than is too apt to be the case where such near relatives undertake to deal with the memory of one deceased. But the malice of an enemy could hardly have dared to predict that Mr. George T. Curtis would allow his judgment to be over deeply tinged by his enthusiasm, and a certain coldness of mental temperament, which was a serious drawback in his *Life of Webster*, has secured a high degree of excellence in this less ambitious but better written biography. It is the sketch of an intellect strikingly grand and massive, yet of singular simplicity of structure. Mr. Curtis's extraordinary power of intellectual insight was united with an equally admirable capacity for lucid exposition. What faculties he had outside of these were not remarkable. Thus, his literary tastes were not noteworthy; he manifested no leaning towards poetry, philosophy, art, or science; he never displayed either wit

or humor; he had surprisingly little propensity for an active participation in politics, and on the rare occasions when he concerned himself with public affairs he was by no means successful; he showed no fitness whatsoever for business, and lost much money in bad investments; he was not an orator; for though his weighty manner and clear statement could convince dispassionate men, yet he was altogether devoid of the power to sway the general concourse to his will. But if there were so many regions which he wisely refrained from seeking to penetrate, there was at least one province in which, during his life-time, he reigned almost supreme and invincible, — the province of legal argument. To some persons this may seem a circumscription of his powers within the narrow limits of a technical profession; on the contrary, it is far from being so. He was one of the very few members of the profession, either in England or in this country, who have vindicated the real greatness of the law, and have justified its final supremacy over all the rights and all the affairs of civilized men. In his hands

¹ *A Memoir of Benjamin Robbins Curtis, LL. D.* By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. With some of his Professional and Miscellaneous Writ-

ings. Edited by his son, BENJAMIN R. CURTIS. Two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

the science took its proper character, as that of perfect clearness and fundamental right. Subtlety and intricacy vanished like noxious vapors beneath the powerful sunlight which he sent over and through his subject, and into its every darkling corner. His language, alike in his arguments and his opinions, was concise, lucid, and forcible, a fitting vehicle for his thoughts, a model for judges to set before them, but which few judges have ever rivaled.

A striking difference between Judge Curtis and English lawyers of like distinction lies in his exclusive devotion to his profession. He was not a public character; he was simply a lawyer and a judge, differing from the poorest lawyer and the most insignificant magistrate not in kind, but only in greatness. It is probable that his life will be read by few persons outside of his own profession, and by them but for two or three generations. Then his memory will soon sink into oblivion. In England, on the other hand, a man of his professional standing would, in the natural and almost unconquerable order of events, have been made a public man, and put more or less prominently into the history of his country, to be known through many coming ages. He could hardly have avoided being made lord chancellor; he would have been obliged to go into a cabinet, and could not possibly have evaded Parliament. In short, he would have been compelled at least to dabble in statesmanship, in spite of his will or of his nature. Probably in Judge Curtis's case it would have been in spite of both: for he showed singularly little predilection for political life, and less aptitude for it than might have been expected from his eminence as a constitutional lawyer. As an attorney-general, indeed (which he might have been, had he so chosen, under President Johnson), he could have advised a government as few governments ever have been advised in any country. But a statesman is sel-

dom fortunate or successful who steers by the unvarying compass of rigid law and perfect logic in times as stirring as those in which Judge Curtis's life was passed. Upon pretty much every one of the few occasions when he gives us the opportunity to estimate his fitness for public life, we find him wanting in the most essential of all traits, — a comprehension of his fellow-men. Matters of feeling and belief with others were with him matters of law and reason. He was prone to set his irrefutable argument against the people's invincible sentiment, and in this unequal clashing the argument always had to go to the wall, while its advocate lost very much of his personal influence. He could never appreciate by how much popular conviction is more powerful than professional logic, and certainly could never believe that this superiority might often be right and fortunate.

In 1851 he was conducting a large and excellent practice in Boston, when the death of Mr. Justice Woodbury created a vacancy upon the bench of the supreme court of the United States. At once President Fillmore thought of Mr. Curtis as the best successor whom he could name; and the letter in which he suggested this nomination to Mr. Webster crossed one in which Mr. Webster made the same suggestion to him. The appointment promptly followed, and was greeted with a wide-spread satisfaction which must have been as gratifying as it probably was unexpected to the lawyer, only forty-two years old, who had been content sedulously to follow his profession, chiefly in his native State, and never to show himself in public life. He was immediately placed in the then very trying position of presiding at a fugitive-slave trial. A negro, alleged to be a fugitive slave, had lately been rescued from the United States marshal by a body of men who had burst into the court-room during an adjournment of the court. A negro lawyer, indicted for

complicity in this seditious enterprise, was to be tried at once before the new judge. John P. Hale appeared for the defendant, and haranguing the jury in his vehement way showed plainly that he meant to take the case altogether out of the control, not only of the court, but if need should be of the law also, and to secure an acquittal by an appeal to the passions and feelings of the panel. He actually ventured to tell the jurors that they were judges of the law, and need not and ought not to be trammelled by the rulings which should emanate from the bench. Judge Curtis stopped him short, and on the following day delivered a ruling or opinion, one of the strongest and clearest which he ever uttered, in which he disposed conclusively and forever of this preposterous claim, that the jury might make the law without regard to the bench. It should be remembered that at this time Judge Curtis sat only by virtue of an appointment made in a recess of Congress, and that the question of confirmation was yet to come before a senate composed of members who were certainly not beyond the reach of the popular excitement then surrounding all fugitive-slave questions. But he was never lacking in a perfect and serene courage.

Two or three years later, at the time of the famous Burns riot in Boston, when one of the defenders of the courthouse was slain by some unknown person among the assailants, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, and others were indicted. Popular feeling was intense. The established law of the land and the supreme law of humanity were seen to be at variance. Each found abundant zealous supporters, and each inevitably numbered among its supporters some few who were neither wise nor temperate. These extremists of the abolitionist section dreaded that the predictions of Judge Curtis would be hostile to the prisoners, and they assailed him, before the trial, in a manner which

was not only unbecoming, but subversive of the independence of the judiciary. The temper of his mind and character was shown in the notice which he took of these manifestations; he wrote to Mr. Ticknor, "This is no affair of mine. My duty is to administer the law. This will be done." Such was the composed courage of the man. It so happened that the issue of the trial — favorable, as is well known, to the accused — was due to the unjustly abused judge, who detected and pointed out a fatal flaw in the pleadings which had escaped the eye of the over-excited counsel. The affair shows at once the strength and the weakness of Judge Curtis as a public man. It can hardly be doubted that he would have been well pleased to see offenders against a constitutional statute receive condign punishment, though they had only fulfilled the nobler laws of man's nature. On the other hand, he could not permit them to be condemned upon a bad indictment, though he alone was aware of the error. The sentiments of mankind meant little to him, but the law was holy.

His dissenting opinion in the famous Dred Scott case, delivered in 1857, was a monument which should long endure to his ability as a lawyer and his courage as a judge. The opinions in that cause had been before the country but a very brief time, when not only every lawyer but every clear-headed and unbiased man in the United States knew that the court had been obviously, grossly, and unpardonably wrong, and that the true law of the case had been pronounced by Judge Curtis in dissent. He made it perfectly plain that the negro might be a citizen of the United States, in spite of his race and of the serfdom of his parents. But even if it be admitted that a different view of this question could have been honestly taken by an able lawyer, at least there was not a nursing in any law office in the land who did not know that, after the majority of

the court had denied Scott's citizenship and had thrown out his bill on the ground that, since he was not a citizen, the lower tribunal had had no jurisdiction, the court thereupon became *functus officio* in the cause, had no further duty or power in respect of it, and committed an utterly improper and unprofessional act in proceeding to discuss and determine the further and subsequent questions which might have arisen on the merits. This course was adopted from a mistaken hope that the voluntary and irregular dictum of the court might put at rest forever the vexed matter of the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories; but it had the result which usually attends upon doing wrong in the hope that good may come of it. The good was not accomplished, and the dignity and authority of the court before the country suffered very serious and unfortunate diminution. But Judge Curtis individually, standing out in strong relief against the background of blundering furnished by his associates, received a great accession of reputation and influence with the people at large.

A further deplorable result of this ill-advised conduct on the part of the majority of the court lay in the misunderstanding to which the proceedings gave rise between Chief-Justice Taney and Judge Curtis, the full history of which is given for the first time in this biography by the reproduction, without mutilation, of the entire correspondence between the two. Judge Curtis appears preserving his temper, though under extreme provocation, throughout; but the chief-justice presents the sad and humiliating spectacle of a distinguished magistrate conscious of having done an inexcusable wrong, the vast consequences of which cannot be forecast, yet which from its peculiar nature can be neither avowed nor repaired. It is a painful spectacle that is exhibited in these letters, which nevertheless history must faithfully preserve, if for no other pur-

pose, then for the sake of the moral lesson and the warnings which it conveys. A brief synopsis of a narrative which, however, ought to be read at length, is as follows: After the cause had been twice argued, the chief-justice prepared an opinion which was read at a conference of the judges and adopted as the opinion of the court. Curtis and McLean, JJ., dissenting. Judge Curtis prepared, as he was entitled to do, his dissenting opinion. On March 6, 1857, the opinion of the chief-justice was publicly read from the bench as the opinion of the court in the cause. On the following day the dissenting opinion of Judge Curtis was read. A rule of the court required that forthwith after such reading the opinions should be filed in the clerk's office, whereby they became, by universal custom, if not by actual law, substantially public property, open to inspection by any person. Immediately after Judge Curtis had read his opinion he handed it to the clerk to be filed; the term of the court was adjourned and the judges separated. Judge Curtis was at once applied to, on behalf of a Boston newspaper, for a copy of his opinion, which he readily furnished. It was at once printed, and was soon distributed far and wide over the country, vastly to the discomfiture of the chief-justice whose errors it so clearly exposed. That magistrate, meanwhile, had not complied with the rule of the court concerning the filing of opinions, but had kept back that which he had read for the apparent purpose of trying, by addition and amendment, to strengthen it so far as possible against the destructive assault of Judge Curtis. When he had achieved this object so far as he was able, he filed the opinion, but at the same time notified the clerk to let no person obtain a copy of it until it should be published in its place in Howard's Reports. The authority for this instruction was found in a rule of court hastily made to meet this especial emergency at a meeting of some of the

judges held in vacation, and of which Judge Curtis was not even notified. The country was greatly vexed at this unusual secrecy, and almost any means would have been resorted to for obtaining the mysterious opinion. Judge Curtis, meantime, was passing his leisure days at Pittsfield, when the rumor reached him of what had been going forward. It is the privilege, founded in obvious necessity, of every dissenting judge to see the opinion from which he is obliged to dissent. Judge Curtis accordingly wrote to the clerk to obtain the amended document filed by the chief-justice. The clerk refused to send a copy, by reason of the orders of the chief-justice. Judge Curtis then wrote to the chief-justice, requesting that the clerk might be instructed to give him the copy which he wished, and to which he regarded himself as entitled from the very character and necessity of his office. The chief-justice replied, sustaining the action of the clerk; and in addition to this most extraordinary refusal to allow an opinion of the bench, delivered and filed, to be seen by a member of that bench he actually went so far as to utter an insulting insinuation that Judge Curtis did not wish the opinion for any proper purpose, but in order to furnish it to a relative of his for publication. Judge Curtis rejoined with perfect dignity and temper that he wished the document for uses strictly proper and official, and utterly repudiating the unfounded notion of the chief-justice. But it was to no purpose. The chief-justice had fallen into one of those terrible errors which deprive the unhappy blunderer of all reason and judgment; beside himself with anger and suspicion, he floundered more deeply and hopelessly than ever into the wrong. He wrote to Judge Curtis a letter which cannot be read without sensations of indignation and disgust, still withholding the opinion, tacitly thereby questioning Judge Curtis's good faith, and actually in terms accusing that gentleman

of having, for the first time in history, begun an assault upon the very court and bench of which he was himself a member, and of having sought, as the avowed object of his dissenting opinion, to impair the authority of the opinion of the court and to discredit it as a judicial decision. To this inexcusable outburst of foolish wrath Judge Curtis replied with force and dignity, and still with perfect self-control. The controversy was not further prosecuted, as indeed it could not well have been. The chief-justice triumphed for the moment, but at the cost of a stain upon his judicial career which can never be obliterated.

When Mr. Curtis was appointed to the supreme court, it was hoped that his age and constitution would lead to a long term of service. Many persons, therefore, were seriously disappointed, and a few were inclined to condemn him, when he resigned in 1857, after only six years of incumbency. But he had passed the meridian of life, and had accumulated very little property as a provision for his own old age or for his family after his death, and his niggard salary enabled him to lay nothing by. The history of the Dred Scott case had shaken his confidence in the bench, and though a proper sense of decorum had prevented a quarrel, yet it is impossible to suppose that his personal relations with his associates had not been over-severely strained. He was the first judge of the supreme court who had ever come back to the bar to practice, and some persons warned him that he would find it disagreeable in some respects to do so. It does not seem, however, that he did. He confined himself to arguing questions of law to the judges, and his practice was largely in the supreme court at Washington and in the circuit courts of the United States, whence it came to pass that his reputation was more national than is often the case. We are told that in the seventeen years elapsing be-

tween his retirement from the bench and his death he received for opinions and law arguments, which were his exclusive business, \$650,000. His opinion books are volumes of great value; he did a large and important business of this kind, and such was the weight of his authority that he saved an immense amount of costly litigation by the settlement of cases made by the parties solely upon the strength of his opinion, without recourse to the courts.

His unwillingness to go before juries prevented his being engaged in any of the *causes célèbres* of the day, except, indeed, the impeachment of President Johnson. But in his conduct of this great cause he won a distinction which should survive to a remote date in the history of the United States. The burden of the defense has ever been ac-

knowledged to have been borne wholly by him, and for the manner in which he bore it the nation owes him a large debt of gratitude. It has been long since admitted that, however President Johnson may be blamed, this impeachment was a grave political blunder, and that its success would have been a national misfortune, the magnitude and results of which we are fortunately left to imagine rather than to learn. That it so happily came to naught was chiefly, if not wholly, attributable to the fact that Judge Curtis delivered an argument so perfectly irrefutable that the republicans whose frame of mind enabled them to be convinced, or rendered them in any degree fit to assume the judicial function, were simply compelled by his clear statement of the law to vote, however reluctantly, for an acquittal.

J. T. M. Jr.

MR. FISKE'S ESSAYS.¹

THE last thing we read in a book is apt to be the motto upon its title-page, and it is only after an attentive perusal of Mr. John Fiske's *Darwinism* and other Essays that one can fully appreciate the appropriateness of the passage from Spinoza, by which the collection is prefaced:—

“Who studies thus to regulate his affections and appetites by the sole love of freedom, he will endeavor to fathom effects and their causes, and to fill his mind with the joy arising from a right understanding of the same.”

If ever there was a spirit thoroughly enlightened and invigorated by the “joy of right understanding,” it is that of the author of these pieces. Even the reader catches something of his intellectual

buoyancy, and is thus carried almost lightly through discussions which would be hard and dry in the hands of a less animated writer. If a philosopher is also to be a teacher, this is one of the best gifts he can possibly have, as well as one of the rarest.

Mr. Fiske is a thorough-going Darwinian, and his first essay is but a summary of a large variety of experiments and discoveries, all tending toward the scientific verification of the now familiar doctrine of the development of species by natural selection. In the second, third, and fourth essays, the objections of Mivart, Büchner, and Batesman to Mr. Darwin's hypothesis are examined and set aside, more or less respectfully, but always with the same open and charming good-humor which seems a necessary concomitant of Mr. Fiske's *gaudium cognitionis*. The pa-

¹ *Darwinism and other Essays*. By JOHN FISKE, M. A., LL. B. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

per entitled *A Crumb for the "Modern Symposium"* admirably supplements these three. No less confident and serene than his acceptance of the utmost logical results of recent scientific discovery is Mr. Fiske's assurance that the foundations of spiritual truth, so called, cannot possibly be shaken thereby. He takes, indeed, the only tenable ground, namely, that the "things of the spirit," however glorious and essential, are forever undiscoverable by the reason, and so that the two orders of truth cannot possibly conflict. It is difficult to see how any one who thinks on these matters at all can avoid coming to the same conclusion; but the peculiarity of the author of these essays is that he is simply content therewith, while of the majority it seems but to aggravate the craving and unrest. The difference between the cheerful and collected enunciations of Mr. Fiske and the impassioned sadness and difficult resignation of Mr. Frederic Harrison and some others of the authors of *A Modern Symposium* is very like the difference between the two best known of the Stoics, — between Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. The mournful magnanimity of the emperor is adorable, his gentle remoteness and dignified passivity — "One may live well even in a palace" — are very impressive. To be in the world, but not of it, and soon, soon to be quit of it, — such is the mood, hardly distinguishable from the pietistic, and only too congenial to many modern minds, which is caught from the spiritual aristocrats of all time. But the lusty courage of the lowly Greek braces the nerves and pricks to action: "Boldly make a desperate push, man, as the saying is, for prosperity, for freedom, for magnanimity. Lift up your head at last, as free from slavery. Dare to look up to God and say, Make use of me for the future as thou wilt. I am of the same mind. I am equal with thee." The prince was all his life-time

in bondage to sadness; the slave was emancipated and glad. And it would hardly be possible to find, outside the *Hand-Book of Epictetus*, a passage more strikingly akin to his own sane and sunny spirit than Mr. Fiske's last word on the *Modern Symposium*, which we quote almost entire for this and the additional reason that it makes a more direct appeal than any other in his book to the moral sense of the reader: —

"For all that physiological psychology has achieved, there is no more ground for doubt as to a future life to-day than there was in the time of Descartes. Whatever grounds of belief were really valid then are equally valid now. The belief has never been one which could be maintained on scientific grounds. . . . The question is simply one which science cannot touch. In the future, as in the past, I have no doubt it will be provisionally answered in different ways by different minds, on an estimate of what is called 'moral probability,' just as we see it diversely answered in the *Modern Symposium*. For my own part, I should be much better satisfied with an affirmative answer, as affording perhaps some unforeseen solution to the general mystery of life. But there is one thing which every true philosopher ought to dread even more than the prospect of annihilation, and that is the unpardonable sin of letting preference tamper with his judgment. I have no sympathy with those who stigmatize the hope of immortal life as selfish and degrading, and with Mr. Harrison's proffered substitute I confess I have no patience whatever. This travesty of Christianity by positivism seems to me, as it does to Professor Huxley, a very sorry business. On the other hand, I cannot agree with those who consider a dogmatic belief in another life essential to the proper discharge of our duty in this. Though we may not know what is to come hereafter, we have, at any rate, all the means of knowledge requi-

site for making our present lives pure and beautiful. It was Jehovah's cherished servant who declared in Holy Writ that his faith was stronger than death. There is something overwhelming in the thought that all our rich stores of spiritual acquisition may, at any moment, perish with us. But the wise man will cheerfully order his life, undaunted by the metaphysical snares that beset him, learning and learning afresh, as if all eternity lay before him; battling steadfastly for the right, as if this day were his last. 'Disce ut semper victurus, vive ut cras moriturus.'

Extremely able and interesting for quite other than didactic reasons are Mr. Fiske's papers on the late Chauncy Wright, on the Races of the Danube, and on the Fallacies of Mr. Buckle. Warm, personal admiration and acute, critical discernment could not well be blended in finer proportions than in the article on the lamented Mr. Wright. Whichever way the hackneyed *nil-de-mortuis* motto be read, whether it be taken that we are to praise the dead without stint, or say nothing at all if we cannot so praise them, it is most nobly superseded by the fond and fearless candor of a memorial like Mr. Fiske's. He loved Mr. Wright with that rare love which passes so far in generosity the ordinary love of women. He feels his loss to letters an irremediable one, but he thinks that he was too vague in some of his speculative views, and wholly mistaken in others, and he distinctly says so. Perhaps the most valuable passage in the whole book, philosophically, is that in which, still led by the "sole love of freedom," he criticises the attitude both of Mr. Wright and of John Stuart Mill toward the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and shows the opposite ways in which they appear to him to have misapprehended Mr. Spencer's meaning. His genuine and irrepressible tenderness for either man increases many fold the value of his

strictures. On Mr. Mill he makes the extremely lucid and sympathetic observation, which goes so far toward explaining the ascetic charm of that great writer and the mysterious popularity of his most difficult discussions, that there were in his mind not only immense enthusiasms, but even a slight tinge of mysticism, and that the wonderful equipoise of that mind did not come by nature altogether, but was in great part the result of consummate training and unremitting watchfulness over self. On the other hand, there is one favorite and highly characteristic expression in the conversation of Mr. Wright, "cosmical weather," which he quotes over and over again with the most affectionate iteration, and praises for its point and pregnancy in a manner which appears slightly exaggerated to one for whom it has not the charm of vividly recalling the presence of its author. For the phrase, after all, is only an image, — novel and striking indeed, but one which, as Mr. Fiske himself half allows, will not stand, for aptness, the test of a very searching scrutiny.

The essay on the Races of the Danube is so clear and orderly an account of the origin, migrations, and mutations of the different races now living on the continent of Europe that it is the reader's own fault if it does not make the subject permanently plainer to his mind; and it forcibly suggests the idea that Mr. Fiske has qualities of mind almost unused hitherto which would make him an exceptionally valuable writer of history.

The careful article on the Fallacies of Mr. Buckle has one aspect more remarkable than all the rest. It was written and published when the history of civilization was new, — that is to say when the writer was nineteen years of age; and the years — almost nineteen more — which have elapsed since then have rather confirmed than detracted from its value as a piece of criticism.

The judgment of posterity on the most ambitious book of its generation, and one of the most bewildering, was actually anticipated by a stripling, and its final rank assigned with singular fairness and precision. Scarcely even in the style is there a trace of immaturity, unless it be in a certain too conscious and cumbrous application to Mr. Buckle's loose arguments of the formal tests of logic, — a slight parade of *ignoratio elenchi* and *petitio principii*, like the complacency of a cadet in his uniform. The appendix to the critique on Mr. Buckle, which was written fifteen years later, on the appearance of Mr. Stuart Glennie's reminiscences, has greater simplicity of manner than the original piece, and not a whit less of ardor, vivacity, generosity, or any of the other engaging qualities which we instinctively associate with youth, and

admire most in it. The writer has reviewed his precocious effort, and knows now that it was good; wherefore, in all simplicity and modesty, he offers it unchanged to his new public, along with his own latest reflections on the same theme.

A like boyish simplicity of spirit and carelessness of effect seem to have dictated the addition to the graver and more elaborate papers in this collection of a few remarks on Table-Tipping and the supposed nature of Inspiration, and a longer essay on the management of large libraries, full of excellent practical suggestions based on the author's experience at Harvard. If Mr. Fiske had been in the least over-scrupulous about the symmetry and dignity of his book, he would have left these minor papers out, but it is very agreeably characteristic of him to have admitted them.

THE STRONG GOVERNMENT IDEA.

I NEED not review the history of the country to prove that up to this time there has been steady progress towards the realization of a broad ideal of national authority. Everybody knows how the constitution grew out of the demonstrated weakness of the confederate scheme of government; how the ability of the nation to deal with foreign enemies was shown by the War of 1812 and the Mexican War; how in the long conflict between the opposing theories of state sovereignty and national supremacy the former idea grew in strength, while the latter drew its nourishment only from the exigencies of the slave system; and how, finally, the civil war made the one theory patriotism and loyalty, and the other treason, while immensely strengthening the recognized powers of the national government, and giving it a hold on the hearts of the

people it never had before. The state's-rights theory survives, it is true, but only as a sentiment associated with the beaten rebellion. Even in the South the younger generation does not understand it, or care for it. The intelligent whites have made use of it to some extent, under the cry of "home rule," to release themselves from the consequences of negro suffrage; but it is not the living force in the convictions of great masses of people which it used to be. In its place there has come what the democrats call "opposition to the centralizing tendencies of the republican party." This opposition is scarcely formulated, however, into a political creed, and no democrat ventures to give it the old discredited name of state sovereignty. The existence and strength of the tendency towards nationalism are clearly shown by its avowal by one political party, and by

the hesitancy of the other to antagonize it with the counterpoise of state rights. A blind opposition without a well-defined hostile theory of government is a recognition of its force. If it were necessary to seek for further proofs of the existence of the centralizing movement, we should find them in a multitude of projects of legislation brought forward every winter at Washington, in the assertion by the republican party of the duty of the government to protect the citizen in his right of suffrage, and in the impossibility of conducting state canvasses on state issues. The latter evidence is an important indication of the condition of the public mind, irrespective of party feeling. It is very difficult now to have a state election that will be purely a verdict on state affairs. There may be important state offices to fill, amendments to the state constitution to ratify or reject, and legislative acts closely affecting the welfare of the people to approve or condemn; but when the contest grows hot, both parties draw their ammunition from Washington, and fight the battle over questions raised in national conventions, or at the last session of Congress. Men of first-rate talent can barely be persuaded to go to the legislature, and the state governments have fallen into the hands of small politicians, who use them as mere stepping-stones to influence and place in national politics.

It may be said in reply that we have a great political party opposed to centralization, and that its triumph, which in the natural course of politics must some day come, will reverse the engine and set the country back towards the old state's-rights theories. I grant that the masses of the democratic party in the North are opposed to a strong government. Being incapable of governing themselves wisely, they dislike all forms of restraining authority. The leaders imagine, just at present, that they want to abstract power from the national gov-

ernment and distribute it among the States. Let them once get possession of the administration at Washington, and they will change their tone. There is a great deal of truth in the remark made by President Hayes recently, that the party in power always favors a strong government, and the party out of power opposes it. When the democracy was in power, it had no scruples about dragging Kansas to make it a slave State, nor did it hesitate to place its hand upon every citizen and force him to be a slave catcher. At that time the republicans were state's-rights advocates. With their personal-liberty bills they attempted to nullify the fugitive-slave law, and defied the federal authority. The war changed the attitude of parties; but if the democrats were again to be a few years in power, another change would very likely take place. The democrats would in all probability endeavor to perpetuate their hold on the government by schemes of centralization, against which the republicans would raise the standard of state authority. The South may probably be expected to remain for many years attached to its state's-rights notions, by reason of its natural desire to escape from the results of its defeat in war, and the unwillingness of its governing classes to recognize the full citizenship of the negroes; but the South will not be formidable much longer. Political power in this country is fast passing to the growing West, which is increasing in strength every day. The census of 1880 will shear the South of a large part of its relative power; and the census of 1890 will still further reduce its weight in electoral colleges and in Congress. While the East has got its growth, and the South is standing still, so as not to get out of sight of its former delusions and mistakes, the great West, with an almost limitless food-producing capacity, a population made up of the enterprising from all sections,

free from hampering prejudices and outworn faiths, and imbued with a strong sentiment of nationality, will continue to increase in power, and from its central position will reach out to govern the extremities of the country. Whatever may be the attitude of parties, therefore, the working of the forces which are producing great, compact nationalities wherever civilization prevails is not likely to be much impeded in the United States.

If we are now convinced of the existence in the United States of the same centralizing tendency, with the effects of which we are familiar in the Old World, let us inquire as to its probable results here. How will it affect the form and workings of our governmental system? Evidently, it is going to bring the government and the citizen into closer relations with each other. The citizen begins to demand more than he has received heretofore. He says to the government, "You have the right, in case of insurrection or foreign war, to seize my property and force me into the army, where my life is subject to the terrible hazards of battle and disease. Now I insist that you shall do more for me in return than to coin my money and carry my letters. I want protection in my essential rights of citizenship. Only once in two years do I have any voice in influencing the legislation of the country; only once in four years can I exert any control over its executive policy. On these rare occasions, when I can put my hand on the government which can always put its hand on me, I demand that I shall be free from restraint and violence, and that the expression of my will shall be guaranteed its due force and result." If he is told that he must look to his State for this protection and guaranty, he says, "This is illogical. I am not dealing with the State at these elections for congressmen and for president; I am dealing with the nation. From the nation I demand my

rights." There will be no resisting this demand. The democratic politicians will talk in vain about the prerogatives of the States. In vain will they dig up old anti-federalist interpretations of the constitution. The federal election laws will not be repealed. They will be strengthened and perfected, until the supervisory power of the national government over national elections is made much broader than it is now. The citizen will not stop with a demand for protection to himself and his ballot. He will go much further. He will say that he has the same interest in a fair election in another State as in his own, because the congressmen chosen in that State have just as much voice in making laws for him to obey as his own representative. He will therefore say that it is his personal right as a citizen that all elections of a national character should be fair and honest, and that all voters, wherever they may live, should have the same freedom to express their opinions and wishes with their ballots that he himself enjoys. If he lives in New York, he cannot look to the state government of Louisiana to insure such elections within her borders. He has no claim on that government, and no way to get at it. Yet he is wronged individually if, by the suppression of the vote of his party in a dozen parishes on Red River, a congressman is returned who helps establish a political policy antagonistic to his own views. To right such wrongs and prevent their repetition he must look to national law and administration.

Furthermore, in a government by parties, the right of each party to the exercise of the full measure of power which its voting strength entitles it to is unquestionable. If the republican party has a majority of the voters in a majority of the congressional districts in the country, it is entitled to control legislation in the house of representatives. If it is deprived of a majority in the

house by intimidation or ballot-box stuffing in a few districts, the whole party is wronged, every member of it is outraged in his essential rights of citizenship, and the basis of representative institutions is undermined. The party thus wronged cannot turn for justice to the State which permitted and perhaps instigated the injury. It will have recourse to the national authority, and will find warrant in the constitution for the exercise of power sufficient to punish and prevent such evils. In a free country the usurpation of a party by violence or fraud is as intolerable as the usurpation of a tyrant in a monarchy.

An early result from the development of the national idea, we may therefore expect, will be the exercise by the general government of still greater control over elections which are national in their character, and the recognition of its duty and power to protect the rights of citizenship and of parties. I think we may next look for a change in the manner of electing the president and vice-president. The present method is clumsy and antiquated, and is based on two notions now wholly discarded: one that the people are not to be trusted to vote directly for their chief magistrate, and the other that the States, rather than the people, constitute the national government.

The electoral colleges no longer serve a useful purpose. Their members have no free choice, as the constitution intended they should have, but are the mere instruments to express the will of the constituencies electing them, and often serve to balk the purpose of a majority of the whole people of the country. An aristocracy of electors like that which chose the old German emperors has no place in our republican system, and the choice of a president by thirty-eight separate bodies of electors, not a man of whom has any real freedom of choice, is a grotesque absurdity. The people are as competent to vote for their presidents

as for their state governors, and they will demand the privilege before long.

We may expect, too, that a system of legislation for the control of railways will be adopted at no distant day, which will afford protection to the capital invested in railway stocks and bonds, and to the lives of passengers, and will guarantee shippers against extortionate rates and sudden and arbitrary changes of tariffs. Ample warrant for such legislation can be found in the clause of the constitution which empowers Congress to regulate commerce between the States. A national marriage and divorce law is already demanded by public opinion. The conflicting laws of the States relating to this subject often work cruel wrong to individuals, and tend to weaken respect for the foundation institution of modern society. When an honest couple are sent to the penitentiary in Virginia because of a marriage that was perfectly legal under the statutes of the District of Columbia, where it was contracted, and a citizen of Indiana goes to jail for bigamy because that State refuses to recognize the validity of a divorce obtained by him in another State, the absurdity of the present system is glaringly apparent.

A national quarantine system is already in a fair way of being established. Our national currency system has withstood the assaults of demagogues for more than a decade, and has now passed all serious danger of destruction. The right of the national government to improve rivers and harbors, and construct canals and railways, was long denied, but is now recognized by all political parties. We may expect a more liberal and intelligent exercise of this power in the future. Among other results which the centralizing tendency will probably produce, we may, I think, foresee the following: an increase in the strength of the army and navy; the lengthening of the presidential term to six or seven years; the granting of larger powers to

the federal courts, to enable them to protect the rights of citizenship ; the establishment of a postal telegraph system ; the introduction of the metric system of weights and measures ; the annexation of Canada ; the conquest of Mexico, followed by a protectorate ; government aid for an interoceanic canal, and for a railroad from the Rio Grande to the Isthmus of Darien ; an intelligent and vigorous policy for extending our foreign commerce, building up our commercial marine, and opening markets for our manufactures. Authority will be found for many of these measures in the constitution as it now is. That instrument admits of very expansive interpretations. In framing it our fathers wisely made it elastic enough to be stretched to meet the needs of the powerful nation which they foresaw would grow out of the thirteen feeble colonies. When its capacity for liberal application is exhausted it will be amended, and finally it will, in all probability, be subjected to a thorough revision at the hands of a national convention.

Will not this crowding of the state governments into narrower fields of action, and this enlargement of the powers of the national government, weaken and in the end destroy republican institutions ? Not necessarily. The demand for a stronger central government carries with it no disposition to surrender individual rights. The citizen believes that the central power is a more effectual agency to protect his rights and work out beneficial results to him than the

State can possibly be. He does not relinquish the principle that government should be for the sake of the governed. Never was republicanism stronger in the world than to-day. It would be folly to suppose that while Europe is weakening the authority of its sovereigns, or getting rid of them altogether, America is going to set up a Cæsar. The cry of imperialism will no doubt be raised again and again by the party out of power, in its denunciation of the measures of its successful rival ; but unless the whole course of human thought should be sharply altered there will be no real danger of an invasion of popular rights by the central authority. Respect for office and dignity is not increasing. Indeed, it would be well if there were more of it. There was far more aristocracy of birth in this country a hundred years ago than now. As for our new aristocracy of wealth, it inspires no personal respect, and seldom succeeds in obtaining important public trusts. The great majority of the voting population will always be composed of men of small means or no means, and the national government will be their servant, and not the tool of great capitalists and corporations. Universal suffrage may work much mischief before universal education leavens it with judgment, but it will not enslave itself. No tyrant will be raised upon its shoulders. The strong government towards which we are steadily tending, we may feel assured, will be "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

A PLEA FOR IMMORTALITY.

At the breakfast given in honor of Dr. Holmes, nothing, to one observer, was so impressive as the contrasts. There were gathered over one hundred people,

presumably of intellectual power, dedicated to one pursuit, inspired by a common purpose, and met in a holiday mood to salute a prince of their line. At first

thought, the elements of sympathy and likeness seemed the telephonic wires that encircled the bright scene; as one studied it, the distances and distinctions started out like the true natures of men seen in their dreams.

There, for instance, were the well-nourished lives, — it was easy to distinguish them: the people whose paths had fallen in pleasant places, and whose soul's bread had been eaten by still waters; the men and the women who had become what they were by possession, not bereavement, — who had been expressed, not repressed. We did not need to be told who or where these were. It was not necessary to know that the gentleman with the quick smile, alert eye, and placidly whitening hair was the great Mr. Smith who wrote the treatise on *The Hopes of the Happygoluckies*; who had a home at Cambridge, belonged to the Literary Club, knew everybody, went everywhere, saw everything, heard everything else, — in short, who was born in Boston. It was not necessary to have pointed out to us the celebrated Mrs. Jones, familiar to us from infancy as the author of the epic poem on *New England Sewing Societies*, — Mrs. Jones, with the radiant brow, the conversational electricity, the absence of care and becoming bonnet which mark the woman whom the critics respect, whose books sell, who spends her summer at the mountains and her winter in town, and who feeds — and thrives, too — on the adulation of her intellectual inferiors and the recognition of those beyond her. We know her at once, — fair, fresh, and frolic, pulsating with hope and proud with achievement, rounded by attrition with the world, and grown muscular by the "passive exercise" which the soul, like a *Massage* patient, receives from a full and varied life. Hers is a happy story and a high mission, — may both be spared to us!

Then there are the other faces, into which one cannot look long without

tears, — the faces of the "starving authors." Of course, as we are often told, nobody starves in America, and I do not mean that any of our guests went without a supper, or wrote their last Lines to keep creditors from carrying away the cook stove. Yet ah, here, and there, and there, I know you, and you, and you, and I know the famishing you come from, and I read the hunger in your eyes. You are the care-worn and the care-broken, to whom your own gift is hid treasure. I know you, brave fellow! You are bowed with secret burdens that no man may number; you know what it is to be poor as death and hopeless as the grave. You have six children and an ailing wife; you support them by preaching in a parish in Sahara, or you cash checks in a bank in East Petroleum. The struggle for existence and the evil of it press hard upon you. Now and then your voice rings out, and you speak a word as tense as fever and as clear as duty. You do not speak it very often. You are tired when you get home at night, and cannot have a quiet study where the children may not come. Yet when you speak, we listen, and we always shall. Be comforted, and eat your breakfast!

And you, ah, you I know, — the little woman in the corner, looking out upon us all with thoughtful, clear, and yet half-deprecating eyes. She lives sixty miles up country, with a sick mother. She cannot come to Boston often. Under her quiet lady's uniform of black silk and *crêpe de lisse*, she hides impatient, crippled life enough to stir the world. Her eye is keen, her forehead good. Her story in *The Atlantic* commands attention. She is young. Life is before her. She is ambitious. She has power; she knows it, and so do we. All the sibyl in her chafes. She must go home to-night, and to-morrow tell the invalid about the breakfast, and a few people in the village will like to hear. Quivering yet with the friction of

mind on mind, the stir of presence, the fine wine of select society, she will sit down now and think it over, and tell us what it meant to her. She begins a new story. Her mother is taken worse. She herself caught cold, riding out sixty miles in her thin best clothes in the chilly evening after the breakfast was over. It begins to snow. The torpor of death settles on the village. The editor of something returns a manuscript of hers, with his regrets and thanks. A literary life seems as impossible to the poor girl as a dragoon's or a drayman's. She finishes her story for the village church fair.

How shall we tell her to be patient, — how bid her to go to her Goethe and read what he said of the power that developed best by long suppression? It needs a greater than Goethe to help that woman, — to teach her that the lesson learned in endurance may be the one which the world wants, the message spoken from denial the benison for which it waits, and that it was in the voice of one crying in the wilderness that it first heard the word, Repent.

Keener still, perhaps, in just such a group as this, are the heavily-drawn lines between the young and the old.

"The young," it has been finely said, "are never happy unless they are enjoying pleasure. The old are happy when they are free from pain." At our breakfast party, how eager the faces of the men and women on the hither side of fifty, — how nervous, how unrestful, insistent, how full of the stir of ambitions satisfied or thwarted, of aspirations nurtured or famished, of the jar of *doing*, not the calm of *done*!

Peacefully beside them rise, like statues in their niches, the figures of those to whom life is already as a tale that is told. The prophets, the priests, the kings, of our tribe are all of these. We do not need to name them. Every heart contains "their vision." Theirs is the glory, not the grasping, now. They seem to

tower above us high as a solemn thought above a light one. It occurs to me, as I watch them, that they are already set apart from us by an invisible line as silent as death, which yet God grant for years upon blessed years to come may be as near and dear as life! What do they see with eyes that look over into the eternal mystery? How shall they tell us? How should we understand? Does achievement seem less, far less, to them looking back than to us looking on? Does fame look small? Already the fret of life has fallen from them, like superfluous garments, dropped at home. They approach the Home of the soul. Do they see that it knows no exile and no burden, no loneliness, no denial, and no end?

One of the best appeals for immortality ever made by mortal was urged by Victor Hugo, not long ago, at a literary dinner in Paris. It is easy to understand, in such a company as that which gathered to honor our great poet and Professor, how a man came to pursue an argument for the eternal life of the human soul at an after-dinner speech. Let the wit flash, the thought leap, the feeling burn, but still the unsaid outmeasures the said, and the unfulfilled outweighs fulfillment. The success is there, and the struggle, the hope, and the dismay, the crown and the thorn of gifted life.

The great Frenchman, absorbing, as the great soul will, the solemn view of a merry scene, rebuked the sneer of youth with the faith of years, and flung his proud personality into the meek scale of truth.

He needed no other proof of eternal life than the fact that Victor Hugo existed. He knew that Victor Hugo's work was not yet finished.

"Messieurs, I perceive that the soul shall live forever because I know what I have done; I perceive that I shall never die, because I know what I have not completed."

O Poet and O Friend, whose birthday still in our hearts keeps festival! in the music thou hast given, in the strains thou hast not struck, in the New Song

thou shalt sing, in deepening reverence for truth, in deepening gentleness towards error, in deepening dreams of holiness, we feel thine immortality begun!

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

DICKENS'S LETTERS.

THE letters of Charles Dickens,¹ which Miss Hogarth and Miss Mary Dickens have lately given the public, are material which for one reason or another was not placed in the hands of the late Mr. John Forster for use in his biography of the novelist. Some of them are such as it is incredible a biographer should not have asked for, — even so autobiographical a biographer as Mr. Forster. They are what he would have wished to see, even if he did not wish to use them, but we are not at all sure that they would have lent much value to his work. They do not throw fresh light upon a character which we have learned to know in its energetic and egotistic hardness, upon a philosophy extraordinarily limited; upon the life so separately lived in its personal and its literary phases that the same man may be said to have carried on a double train of being. In most lives authorship reflects experience, or takes form and color from it; but Dickens's work after the wreck of his domestic happiness did not lose the charm that it had drawn from such happiness, and did not cease to portray it. His iron nerve was equal to this tremendous *tour de force*; but the sort of consciousness in which it resulted is matter for no analysis less subtle than George Eliot's or Hawthorne's, and is not pleasant to imagine. It seems to have resulted at least in an intensification of his disposition to centralize all things in himself.

¹ *The Letters of Charles Dickens.* Edited by his Sister-in-Law and his eldest Daughter. In two

He was a man who did not arrive at a Copernican conception of the universe. The sun always rose on his right hand and set on his left, and for the rest employed its time in revolving about him. As he advanced in life his universe narrowed, till there was scarcely room in it for the sun to perform this necessary function without incommoding the central figure. His last letters from America are curious and pathetic witness of his self-absorption. No fable was too gross for his vanity. He wrote home to Miss Hogarth in the actual belief that people brought their beds and slept all night in the streets, that they might be up betimes to buy tickets to his readings, and he mistook the movement of newspaper gossip about him for an excitement stirring the country to its depths. Life in the United States appears from these letters to have been a struggle for three terrible months to see and hear Charles Dickens; and the sound of Mr. Dolby stamping thousands of tickets in the room above the novelist's bed-chamber was a noise that rose above all public and private clamor in a nation that was then settling the terms upon which a conquered empire was to be readmitted to union and self-government. Twice he is sure that half Boston will be out to see his agent walk a match; and he is perpetually astonished that, though people turn and look after him, they do not follow him up, or block his progress on the street. The letters

volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

are not very discreetly edited, as regards America, and the boasted English tenderness of the privacy of living persons has not been used. Those who had the misfortune to be immediately connected with Dickens suffer most; they are classed with his doorkeeper and his man-servant; but very few Americans whom he mentions escape his patronage. He finds the country much reformed, in respect to himself; and the nation at large seems to have made a vast advance in not intruding upon him. But otherwise he did not find much to surprise him. The tobacco-chewers and the newspapers keep it up as badly as ever; and there are furnaces and stoves everywhere that discomfort him. There is a disease, he tells us, known as the American catarrh; he has this terribly, and he insists upon it a great deal.

But for observation of the country, or reflections upon it of the slightest value, the reader will look in vain. Perhaps it was the professional habit of exaggeration that had grown upon him; perhaps we did not deserve the exact truth; but he puts even unimportant facts concerning us a little awry. Mr. Stanton, as he calls the great secretary of war, he found remarkable as knowing Dickens's novels better than Dickens himself; and he pronounces upon the subtlety of his own insight by admiring the late President Johnson. His letters from this country during his last visit are, in fine, chiefly a shout of astonishment and exultation at the success of his readings. They are written in the boisterously high spirits, tending to horse-play in the humorous passages, which characterize all the letters. He did not like us, and small blame to him. We stood before him in the attitude of pirates offering a splendid ovation to their victim, and he naturally found us ridiculous and contemptible. His purpose was to get all the money he could out of us; and, if we would not legally grant him his rights in his property, and pay

for the privilege of reading him, at least to make us pay for seeing and hearing him. He did not have any hope of the international copyright, which we now fondly trust is near; and he did not recognize the fact that all decent American publishers now pay copyright to English authors, while American authors seldom receive compensation from English publishers. He was not a philosopher, and it is probable that the loss of copyright colored his opinions of us in all respects. He was not our friend during the war; and even after the war he was sorry that England had not joined the "French usurper" in breaking us up. A certain vulgarity of heart is shown in the terms in which he speaks of the Eyre massacre of the blacks in Jamaica; but he shared this vulgarity with another eminent paper-philanthropist, and it is probable that if they had both lived he would have stood shoulder to shoulder with Canon Kingsley in the foremost ranks of the Jingo.

The letters relating to his first visit to America are few and unimportant; but they are characterized by the same inability to philosophize,—by the same narrow horizon, shutting down ten feet away from an observer who saw superficial generalities with preternatural keenness within that limit; though even within that limit he did not see detail correctly, or was unable to report it correctly. His literary conscience was a matter of slow growth; the critical reader of his earlier books must see how willing he is to sacrifice truth to effect, and stage effect at that; but he cannot help seeing, too, that while Dickens clings, to the last, to certain conventionalities and mannerisms of his own, he grows more and more truly dramatic, and more and more true to life. In these letters, however, there is no growth, apparently, of judgment or feeling. They are a young man's letters in 1837, and a young man's letters in 1870; a young man always in high spirits, fluent, quick, restless,

not deep nor wise. Considering that the half century of Dickens's literary life covered a period full of the most important events in the world's history; considering that he passed them in a great capital where he must daily have met famous and interesting people of every sort, it is prodigiously astonishing how devoid of generous interest they are. They relate almost wholly to himself, and not even to himself in an entertaining or significant way. They tell how he came and went, where he slept, and what he had for dinner. In the second volume they are intolerably full as to his readings and his amateur theatricals, and his audiences and his fellow

performers. Unless his whole heart was in these things, they show very little of his intimate life. They are even more silent as to his literary art and method, and the reader of his books will get no light from his letters. A fair half of his work was such as the author of these letters might have produced, you say; but the other half seems beyond him. Perhaps no greater proof of his genius could be demanded than this fact, that his own work seems greater than he in any light which he or his friends have been able to throw upon him. Great genius he was and remains, and his genius will shine more and more as his personality becomes remote.

JAMES'S HAWTHORNE.¹

MR. JAMES's book on Hawthorne, in Morley's English Men of Letters series, merits far closer examination and carefuller notice than we can give it here, alike for the interest of its subject, the peculiarity of its point of view, and the charm and distinction of its literature. An American author writing of an American author for an English public incurs risks with his fellow-countrymen which Mr. James must have faced, and is much more likely to possess the foreigner whom he addresses with a clear idea of our conditions than to please the civilization whose portrait is taken. Forty-six, fifty, sixty-four, are not dates so remote, nor are Salem and Concord societies so extinct, that the people of those periods and places can be safely described as provincial, not once, but a dozen times; and we foresee, without any very powerful prophetic lens, that Mr. James will be in some quarters promptly attainted of high treason. For

ourselves, we will be content with saying that the provinciality strikes us as somewhat over-insisted upon, and that, speaking from the point of not being at all provincial ourselves, we think the epithet is sometimes mistaken. If it is not provincial for an Englishman to be English, or a Frenchman French, then it is not so for an American to be American; and if Hawthorne was "exquisitely provincial," one had better take one's chance of universality with him than with almost any Londoner or Parisian of his time. Provinciality, we understand it, is a thing of the mind or the soul; but if it is a thing of the experiences, then that is another matter, and there is no quarrel. Hawthorne undoubtedly saw less of the world in New England than one sees in Europe, but he was no cockney, as Europeans are apt to be.

At the same time we must not be thought to deny the value and delight-

¹ *Hawthorne*. [Morley's English Men of Letters.] By HENRY JAMES, JR. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

fulness of those chapters on Salem and Brook Farm and Concord. They are not very close in description, and the places seem deliciously divined rather than studied. But where they are used unjustly, there will doubtless be abundant defense; and if Salem or Brook Farm be mute, the welkin will probably respond to the cries of certain critics who lie in wait to make life sorrowful to any one dealing lightly with the memory of Thoreau or the presence of the poet Channing. What will happen to a writer who says of the former that he was "worse than provincial, he was parochial," and of the latter that he resembled the former in "having produced literary compositions more esteemed by the few than by the many," we wait with the patience and security of a spectator at an *auto da fé*, to see. But even an unimbattled outsider may suggest that the essential large-mindedness of Concord, as expressed in literature, is not sufficiently recognized, although it is thoroughly felt. The treatment of the culture foible and of the colorless æsthetic joys, the attribution of "a great deal of Concord five and thirty years ago" to the remark of a visitor of Hawthorne that Margaret Fuller "had risen perceptibly into a higher state of being since their last meeting," are exquisite, — too exquisite, we fear, for the sense of most Englishmen, and not too fine only for the rarefied local consciousness which they may sting. Emerson is indeed devoutly and amply honored, and there is something particularly sweet and tender in the characterization of such surviving Brook Farmers as the author remembers to have met; but even in speaking of Emerson, Mr. James has the real misfortune to call his grand poem for the dedication of the monument to Concord Fight a "little hymn." It is little as Milton's sonnet on Shakespeare is little.

We think, too, that in his conscience against brag and *chauvinism* Mr. James

puts too slight a value upon some of Hawthorne's work. It is not enough to say of a book so wholly unexampled and unrivaled as *The Scarlet Letter* that it was "the finest piece of imaginative writing put forth in" America; as if it had its parallel in any literature. When he comes to speak of the romances in detail, he repairs this defect of estimation in some degree; but here again his strictures seem somewhat mistaken. No one better than Mr. James knows the radical difference between a romance and a novel, but he speaks now of Hawthorne's novels, and now of his romances, throughout, as if the terms were convertible; whereas the romance and the novel are as distinct as the poem and the novel. Mr. James excepts to the people in *The Scarlet Letter*, because they are rather types than persons, rather conditions of the mind than characters; as if it were not almost precisely the business of the romance to deal with types and mental conditions. Hawthorne's fictions being always and essentially, in conception and performance, romances, and not novels, something of all Mr. James's special criticism is invalidated by the confusion which, for some reason not made clear, he permits himself. Nevertheless, his analysis of the several books and of the shorter tales is most interesting; and though we should ourselves place *The Blithedale Romance* before *The House of the Seven Gables*, and should rank it much higher than Mr. James seems to do, we find ourselves consenting oftener than dissenting as we read his judgments. An admirably clear and just piece of criticism, we think, is that in which he pronounces upon the slighter and cheaper *motif* of Septimius Felton. But here there are not grounds for final sentence; it is possible, if that book had received the author's last touches, it might have been, after all, a playful and gentle piece of irony rather than a tragedy.

What gives us entire satisfaction, however, is Mr. James's characterization, or illustration, of Hawthorne's own nature. He finds him an innocent, affectionate heart, extremely domestic, a life of definite, high purposes singularly un baffled, and an "unperplexed intellect." The black problem of evil, with which his Puritan ancestors wrestled concretely, in groans and despair, and which darkens with its portentous shadow nearly everything that Hawthorne wrote, has become his literary material; or, in Mr. James's finer and more luminous phrase, he "transmutes this heavy moral burden into the very substance of the imagination." This strikes us as beautifully reasonable and true, and we will not cloud it with comment of ours. But satisfactorily as Mr. James declares Hawthorne's personality in large, we do not find him sufficient as to minor details and facts. His defect, or his error, appears oftenest in his discussion of the note-books, where he makes plain to himself the simple, domestic, democratic qualities in Hawthorne, and yet maintains that he sets down slight and little aspects of nature because his world is small and vacant. Hawthorne noted these because he loved them, and as a great painter, however full and vast his world is, continues to jot down whatever strikes him as picturesque and characteristic. The disposition to allege this inadequate reason comes partly from that confusion of the novelist's and the romancer's work of which we have spoken, and partly from a theory, boldly propounded, that it needs a long history and "a complex social machinery to set a writer in motion." Hawthorne himself shared, or seemed to share, this illusion, and wrote *The Marble Faun*, so inferior, with its foreign scene, to the New England romances, to prove the absurdity of it. As a romancer, the twelve years of boyhood which he spent in the wild solitudes of Maine were probably of greater advantage to him than if they had been passed at Eton

and Oxford. At least, until some other civilization has produced a romantic genius at all comparable to his, we must believe this. After leaving out all those novelistic "properties," as sovereigns, courts, aristocracy, gentry, castles, cottages, cathedrals, abbeys, universities, museums, political class, Epsoms, and Ascots, by the absence of which Mr. James suggests our poverty to the English conception, we have the whole of human life remaining, and a social structure presenting the only fresh and novel opportunities left to fiction, opportunities manifold and inexhaustible. No man would have known less what to do with that dreary and worn-out paraphernalia than Hawthorne.

We can only speak of the excellent comment upon Hawthorne's *Old Home*, and the skillful and manly way in which Mr. James treats of that delicate subject to his English audience. Skillful and manly the whole book is, — a miracle of tact and of self-respect, which the author need not fear to trust to the best of either of his publics. There is nothing to regret in the attitude of the book; and its literature is always a high pleasure, scarcely marred by some evidences of hurry, and such *writerish* passages as that in which *sin* is spoken of as "this baleful substantive with its attendant adjective."

It is a delightful and excellent essay, refined and delicate in perception, generous in feeling, and a worthy study of the unique romancer whom its closing words present with justice so subtle and expression so rich: —

"He was a beautiful, natural, original genius, and his life had been singularly exempt from worldly preoccupations and vulgar efforts. It had been as pure, as simple, as unsophisticated, as his work. He had lived primarily in his domestic affections, which were of the tenderest kind; and then — without eagerness, without pretension, but with a great deal of quiet devotion — in his charming art.

His work will remain ; it is too original and exquisite to pass away ; among the men of imagination he will always have his niche. No one has had just that vision of life, and no one has had a literary form that more successfully expressed his vision. He was not a moralist, and he was not simply a poet. The moralists are weightier, denser, richer, in a

sense ; the poets are more purely inconclusive and irresponsible. He combined in a singular degree the spontaneity of the imagination with a haunting care for moral problems. Man's conscience was his theme, but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy which added, out of its own substance, an interest, and, I may almost say, an importance."

INTERPRETED.

THE master's portrait hangs upon the wall
 'Mid votive flowers ; his pictures, left and right,
 Hover and bend, and seem to woo his sight
 With pleading look and gesture. Silent all :
 Voiceless the thunders of the mighty Fall ;
 Noiseless the drum-beat and the bugle-tone,
 The hiss of wave and spray, the rustling leaves,
 The shout which hails the heaped-up harvest sheaves,
 The whisper of the father to the son,
 Heart clasped to heart and tearful cheek to cheek, —
 Voiceless and moveless all, and yet they speak.
 And he, the master, answers to his own,
 " You are my best of life ; stand forth and be
 Interpreters between the world and me."

Susan Coolidge.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

LETTER-WRITING has become one of the characteristic occupations of our time. We keep up multiplied correspondences with people whom we know and like in very various degrees, just as we also possess photographs of people whose lives have cut accidentally across our own, but whom we may never meet again. How different from the more concentrated life of three or four generations ago, when a letter and a portrait were solemn things, both connected only with persons really interested in one

another ! Notwithstanding the occasional pleasure of a letter from a stranger, or the excitement of some unusual sentiments expressed in language more telling and natural than is generally used, letter-writing has become a conventional matter and an onerous tax on one's time. If we must answer for every idle word we speak, it is to be hoped that the idle words we write are not to be exempt from responsibility. Women especially treat their correspondence as an affair of state, magnify its idleness into pressing

business, make it a pretext almost as universally available as the old-fashioned "headache," and end by believing themselves as important as cabinet ministers. A man in any public position is generally assailed with letters, many utterly frivolous; editors have protected themselves only by the avowed use of the waste-basket; but even in the quietest walks of private life, the letter-writing which affectionate friends expect from one is frequently a severe and unavoidable ordeal. Business letters can be dispatched in five minutes; great interests and important transactions can be compressed into half a dozen lines and a few moments of time; but when it comes to the friendly letter which politeness requires you to write, you look hopelessly round, with the conviction that you will be dubbed heartless unless you devote at least three quarters of an hour to detailing the state of your health, your trivial occupations, the last book you read, the last local news you heard, the state of the weather, etc. It such letters are a relief to a sick person, or to one buried in cares likely to damp his spirits, charity may be alleged as a reason for the inditing of them; but this is a specious pretext, often used in cases to which it really does not apply. We have forged an additional social chain in thus gradually making correspondence a necessary part of our life. "The mail" has come to be the turning-point of the day in many households. What you hear and what you write is nothing more or less than gossip, which does not change its character, nor grow more respectable, by being *written*. Two thirds of our letters are utterly unnecessary, and a waste of time to the writer, while to the recipient they are often the source of foolish and unwholesome excitement. As usual, the ease and cheapness of communication have been abused, like the invention of printing and every other beneficial institution. In London, where city mails are delivered every two hours with unfailing

accuracy, the evil has grown even worse than we know of here. During the "season," the number of notes, on card-board paper, with elaborate monograms, treating of such weighty subjects as a toilet, a drive, an invitation, a begging for some social *protégé* who wants to go to So and So's ball, an appointment or an excuse for some party of pleasure, is bewildering, and a still greater tax on the time of the recipients than even their customary daily correspondence. However, such people have so much time to "kill" that they need not quarrel with the facilities which the post-office gives them of accomplishing their object and yet seeming immensely busy; but for ordinary human beings, it is a great pity that fashion should encourage aimless correspondence to the degree usual at present. Let us hope that our cities will not do more in the way of repeated mail deliveries than exist at present, and that when letters open with excuses for previous silence our friends will take the hint.

— The father, the uncle, even the mother-in-law or the step-mother, plays an important part in fiction; but the mother, if she is introduced at all, is always an uncomfortable figure, is always in the way. Can any student of human nature explain this? No love like mother's love ever was known, — so sings the ballad, though in many keys and in many ways; but in love stories every love but mother's love is sung, and sung and sung again. The practical Scotch lassie said not long after her marriage, "A man's a man, ye ken! but he's no' a body's mither!" Put the practical Scotch lassie into a novel, and see how quickly and how completely she forgets and forsakes her mither, and cleaves to her man. The mothers who ran to catch us when we fell were not common even in the literature of our childhood. The English Orphans certainly were motherless. Robinson Crusoe's mother was rarely, if ever, in his thoughts. Friday

found his father, but does not seem to have asked for his mother. There were no mothers in Sandford and Merton, in The Boy Hunters, or in The Wide, Wide World! Mother Goose was a mother only to other people's children; Mother Hubbard's only child seems to have been her dog; and the old lady who lived in the shoe went so far to the other extreme that her children were greater in number than she could properly bring up.

Mothers are specially conspicuous by their absence in all the novels of Dickens: the Pecksniffs, the Chuzzlewits, the Dombey, Walter Gay, Lizzie Hexam, Dick Swiveller, the Marchioness, the Fat Boy, Oliver Twist, Little Dorrit, Little Em'ly, Little Ned, Smike, Traddles, Poor Jo, the Wards in Chancery, Agnes, Dora, Ham, Sloppy, Pip, and many more knew no mother's love, no mother's care. Even the mothers Dickens did create were more entertaining to other people than to their own children. The most motherly of all of them, perhaps, was the mother of Mr. Micawber's twins. David Copperfield's mother was ever the "poor baby" Miss Trotwood called her; Sam Weller's mother was his step-mother; Arthur Clennam's mother, it seems, was not his mother at all; Steerforth's mother was not very lovable, nor was the mother of Uriah Heep; the Nicklebys, the Jellybys, the Wilfers, had but little comfort in their mothers; Esther Summerson's mother she could never claim, poor girl, and it would have been better for Edith Skewton if her mother had died in giving her birth. And so it goes through the long list of novels, from the History of a Foundling to Elsie Venner and Jane Eyre. The Braddons, the Ouidas, the Guy Livingstones, even the George Eliots, have little room and little liking for mothers. Trollope has mothers; so has Charles Reade, Catherine in The Cloister and the Hearth, for instance, and the Baroness in White Lies; but there are three fathers and no mothers in Foul

Play; Griffith Gaunt has two wives at once, but no mother; we cannot imagine Peg Woffington's mother; and Lady Bassett, who has no mother of her own, is so anxious to become a mother that she is led into the Terrible Temptation, and borrows another mother's child. Thackeray, whose critics say he could never draw a woman, has given us mothers, and good ones. Helen Pendennis and Amelia Osborne were, if anything, motherly; but even these are neutralized by the mother of Clive Newcome's wife. From Richardson to Henry James, Jr., the novel has been little more than a half orphan asylum. Who can tell why? Who will give us a Becky Sharpe who is not forced to become her own mamma; or a Jenny Wren who is not only her own mother, but her father's mother too? Why have all the Pips been brought up by hand; why have all the Topsy's grown?

— In the Contributors' Club of November, mention is made of a certain renowned English author who makes an inordinate use of the phrase "all the same;" and surprise is expressed that the professional critics have not commented upon it.

It has, for years past, been a constant subject of wonder to me that a similar criticism has not been passed upon Mrs. Oliphant's use of the word *soft*. At first, its incessant repetition wrought in me a feeling of impatience, and then of disgust; until, one day, I conceived the happy thought of reading her books with a lead-pencil in hand, with which to underscore the word in the text and number it in the margin. Ever afterward, its appearance became a source of un-mixed delight to me. I find she is sure to recur to it more than once in a page throughout the book.

But a more outrageous instance of this mannerism is Trollope's use of the words *of course*. The hunter for the phrase is sure to bag a brace or two on every page; and the very acme of such sport

was found in *The Way we Live Now*, where (if I recollect rightly) the aggregate amounted to five hundred and twenty.

Without this expedient, — although I have “a tough faculty of reading,” — I should long ago have been obliged to give up reading the works of these two charming authors, from very weariness.

— Apropos of Mr. White's article on English manners, it may be said that one mistake of the English, or, to speak accurately, of a good many Englishmen, is that of regarding the manners of a well-bred Englishman as the model for all people. It seems difficult for an ordinary Englishman to get rid of the notion that the best of anything which his country can produce must necessarily be the best that can be found anywhere; he is apt to make the English way of doing or thinking the absolute standard for mankind. It is a foible we all more or less indulge ourselves in, — this of judging things by reference to our own habits and likings; but the weakness is very marked among the English. Even many of their best writers are not content to characterize an action as simply brave, or strong, or honest, but as a deed of English honesty or courage, as though England produced a special kind of virtue, a little better than is elsewhere to be seen. It is not worth while to be exasperated by this calm, unconscious arrogance; but whatever hostile criticism the English meet with they provoke by their habit of invidious comparison. The type of good manners which England gives is but one type, after all. The essence of good breeding, we know, is one and the same every-

where; yet so long as races and temperaments differ, men's manners, fortunately, will differ also. Social intercourse would become as monotonous and tedious a thing if we all moved and spoke in the same way, as it would be if we all thought and expressed ourselves alike. We find the manners of a high-bred Englishman pleasing; but so, in a somewhat different way, do we those of a thorough-bred Frenchman or German. Taking them in the aggregate, however, one may say that the French are a better-mannered people than the English; they may have no more essential refinement of thought and feeling, but as a race they are endowed with a superior quickness of intelligence, a grace and tact that render their courtesy a more attractive thing. I should be sorry from a narrow experience to draw too wide an inference, but the civility which Mr. White mentions as commonly to be met with from the lower classes of Englishmen struck me as more like servility and a keen eye to sixpences. An Englishman does not enjoy doing anything for you for nothing. Our own people often exhibit a brusqueness and even positive disrespect of manner which are meant to assert their equality with any one they have to deal with, though the brief replies of our officials and trades-people sometimes come only from a business-like desire not to waste time. One cannot but feel that the more unpleasant manifestations of the democratic spirit among us are partially, at least, compensated for by the genuine self-respect and generous willingness to do a gratuitous kindness, instances of which we have all met frequently.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SUPPLEMENT.

THE HOLMES BREAKFAST.

The Publishers of the Atlantic Monthly ask the pleasure of your company at a Reception and Breakfast to be given at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, on Wednesday, December 3, 1879, at twelve o'clock, in honor of the seventieth Birthday of

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

An early answer is desired.

220 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON,
NOVEMBER 13, 1879.

The 29th of August was the anniversary of Dr. Holmes's birth, but since many of his friends and literary associates would be absent at that season, it was decided to issue the above invitation later in the year. The guests invited were chiefly writers for *The Atlantic*, and it was desired to bring together both old and new contributors to a magazine with which Dr. Holmes had been peculiarly identified. There were some who shared with him the pages of the first number, and some who were for the first time to be fellow-contributors in the number then in type. His own pen had been employed upon the magazine with unflagging interest from its establishment in 1857, and it seemed fit that his associates should do honor at this time to one whose aim and achievement in literature, as recorded in *The Atlantic*, had been so high and so conspicuous.

The company, to the number of a hundred, met at the Brunswick, at noon, and spent a couple of hours socially, after which they took their seats at the tables, according to the diagram on the following page, a lithograph of which was given to each guest, so that it was easy to discover the names of any who might be strangers in person. At the last moment one or two slight changes were necessarily made, on

account of unforeseen absences. Mr. Longfellow, who had expected to be present, was detained by sickness, to the great regret of all.

Grace was said by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., and after the cloth was removed, Mr. H. O. Houghton, senior member of the publishing house, introduced the guest of the day in these words:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—Some writer has said that a pure despotism and a pure democracy are identical. We have present here to-day a despot who rules us with imperial sway, and we all acknowledge his authority, and even claim that it is not his power, but our own, which he exercises over us. It is our thoughts which he speaks; it is our humor to which he gives expression; it is the pictures of our own fancy that he clothes in words, and shows us what we ourselves thought, and only lacked the means of expressing. We never realized, until he taught us by his magic power over us, how much each of us had of genius, and invention, and expression. And it is especially fitting that we should honor, even in his own country, a prophet who has revealed to us what wonderful people we all are. It is also fitting that he who was present at the christening of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and gave it its name, should drink a cup of tea in honor of its attaining its majority, and entering, as we trust, upon a new career of usefulness.

“We have had before this one occasion of celebrating the threescore and tenth anniversary of one of its leading writers. These occasions remind us both of the age of *The Atlantic* and of the youthfulness of its various contributors. One of the pleasant reminiscences of this occasion is the fact that most of the leading contributors, from its start in 1857, are still among its princi-

	Mrs. Jackson.	Mr. Whittier.	Mrs. Houghton.	Dr. Holmes.	Mr. Houghton.	Mrs. Stowe.	President Eliot.	Mrs. Winter.	
Mr. Warner.									Rev. Phillips Brooks.
Mrs. Whitney.									Mrs. Fields.

Mr. Warren.	Rev. J. F. Clarke.	Professor Gray.	Mrs. Moulton.
Mrs. Sherwood.	Dr. Bowditch.	Mr. Agassiz.	Mr. Seudder.
Governor Rice.	Mr. Dyer.	Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr.	Miss Lecom.
Miss Sprague.	Mr. W. P. P. Longfellow.	Mr. Fiske.	Mr. Winter.
Mr. Osgood.	Mr. Van Brunt.	Mr. Perry.	Mrs. Clement.
Miss Jewett.	Mr. Haskell.	Rev. G. E. Ellis.	Mr. Higginson.
Col. Waring.	Mr. Lodge.	Mr. Flagg.	Miss Bloede.
Mrs. Anthony.	Mr. Burlingame.	Mr. Crocker.	Mr. Trowbridge.
Mr. Harper.	Mr. Anthony.	Mr. Coffin.	Mrs. Diaz.
Mrs. Fairchild.	Mr. Bugbee.	Rev. Joseph Cook.	Mr. Burroughs.

Entrance.

Mr. Fairchild.	Mr. A. Smith.		
Miss Annan.	Mr. Eggleston	Rev. Dr. Wharton.	Miss Hale.
Mr. Bishop.	Mr. Dwight.	Mr. Bigelow.	Mr. Parkman.
Miss Perry.	Mr. Millet.	Dr. Brewer.	Mrs. Walker
Mr. Parton.	Dr. Angell.	Mr. Foxcroft.	Mr. Clemens.
Mrs. Wells.	Mr. Andrews.	Mr. Fawcett.	Miss Preston.
Rev. Dr. Bellows.	Mr. Deming.	Dr. Warren.	Mr. Miffin.
Mrs. Aldrich.	Mr. Ward.	Mr. Hovey.	Mrs. Lathrop.
Mr. Norton.	Mr. Davis.	Mr. Gilman.	Mr. Stedman.
Miss Curtis.	Mr. Apthorp.	Mr. Sanborn.	Mrs. Dorr.
Mr. Lathrop.	Rev. J. B. Harrison.	Mr. Atkinson.	Mr. Cranch.
Miss Carrington.	Mr. E. Ingersoll.		

Miss Phelps.								Mrs. Sargent.
Mr. Fields.								Mr. Underwood.
	Mrs. Miffin.	Mr. Aldrich.	Mrs. Howe.	Mr. Howells.	Mr. Longfellow.	Mrs. Howells.	Mr. Emerson.	Mrs. Cooke.

pal writers. Besides our honored guest, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, and Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke are still writers, who were among the original contributors; and there has been a troop of young men and women coming on, nearly a thousand in all, any one of whom might well consider it a laudable ambition, if not to excel, to equal those who have gone before them.

"Nevertheless, both literature and the publishing of books are in their infancy in this country; we have been so given to the development of the material resources of the land, and to settling the great questions of domestic and foreign politics, that but little space has been left for the poet and the historian. But our unrivaled scenery, our soon to be extinguished native races, the wonderful variety of climate, and the heterogeneous character of our population, the new and exciting events of the present age of invention and discovery, all open wide fields for the future historian, the novelist, and the poet. And, we doubt not, this field will be occupied and cultivated, and we shall have other men and women come after us who will sing of the wrongs and heroism of the Indian, who will paint our mountains and rivers, and discuss the great problems of humanity with a more vigorous pen and with a wider reach of knowledge and fancy than has existed heretofore, and we trust that this class will be found among the younger contributors of *The Atlantic*. We welcome many of them here to-day, both ladies and gentlemen.

"To these festivities we always intended to invite the ladies. But the fact is (I trust the reporters will not hear this, for it is spoken in the strictest confidence) publishers are bashful! We were afraid to ask, for fear we should be refused. Those of us who were once young cannot fail to remember how our hearts throbbed and our courage failed when we were about to pop the momentous question, the answer to which was to make us happy or miserable for life. But, when it was once done, and the winter of our discontent had been made glorious summer by an acceptance so sweet and expectant, just as if the answer had been ready for us ages before, we felt that popping the question was no great affair after all, and we should only like to do it

as often as we could have opportunity. Such has been our experience to-day, as witness the gathering around this board.

"And have we not here to-day the author of the great prose epic of the century, — a narrative which preceded, like the murmur which precedes the earthquake, the greatest social revolution of ancient or modern times?

"We have only to look along these tables, and eyes answer back to ours which have scanned the secrets of the human heart, and have portrayed them to us with such vividness that they in turn have become a part of our own lives.

"If the profession of letters were only the tossing of words, like grace-hoops, or the mere fencing with glittering swords, without strength for dealing heavy blows, we might well despair. Not such are the thoughts that breathe or the words that burn. The sweet, sad story of Evangeline is an immortal protest against wrong, and Evangeline and Gabriel are living examples to teach us how 'to suffer and be strong,' while, in the lines of our peace-loving Quaker poet, marshaled in behalf of the oppressed, we hear the crack of the rifle, the crash of artillery, and feel the ground shake under our feet with the tread of squadrons forming for the defense of freedom and the equal rights of all.

"In an old almanac of the year 1809, against the date of August 29, is the simple entry, 'Son born.' The ink with which that entry was made was blotted with the coarse sand universally used at that time, and that sand to-day, firmly imbedded in the ink, still glistens on the record. May the sands of this life, which blot the record of immortality awaiting our autocrat, be as adhesive, and continue for many years to come to give out its coruscations of light and truth and beauty!

"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you as a sentiment, 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. O King! live forever!'"

DR. HOLMES'S POEM.

At the giving of the toast the company rose enthusiastically and drank the health of the poet. When they were again seated and the applause which greeted him as he rose had died away, Dr. Holmes read, without preface, the following poem: —

THE IRON GATE.

Where is this patriarch you are kindly greet-
ing?

Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,
Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting
In days long vanished, — is he still the
same,

Or changed by years, forgotten and forget-
ting,
Dull-eared, dim-sighted, slow of speech and
thought,

Still o'er the sad, degenerate present fretting,
Where all goes wrong, and nothing as it
ought?

Old age, the gray-beard! Well, indeed, I know
him, —

Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills the
prey;

In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem,
Oft have I met him from my earliest day:

In my old Æsop, toiling with his bundle, —
His load of sticks, — politely asking Death,
Who comes when called for, — would he lug or
trundle

His fagot for him? — he was scant of
breath.

And sad "Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher," —

Has he not stamped the image on my soul,
In that last chapter, where the worn-out
Teacher

Sighs o'er the loosened cord, the broken
bowl?

Yes, long, indeed, I've known him at a dis-
tance,

And now my lifted door-latch shows him
here;

I take his shrivelled hand without resistance,
And find him smiling as his step draws near.

What though of gilded baubles he bereaves
us,

Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's
prime,

Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he
leaves us,

The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time!

Altars once flaming, still with incense fra-
grant,

Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how
deep!

Still as the silver cord gets worn and slender,
Its lightened task-work tugs with lessening
strain,

Hands get more helpful, voices, grown more
tender,
Soothe with their softened tones the slum-
berous brain.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age re-
members,

Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening
embers

That warm its creeping life-blood till the
last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token

That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows
cold,

Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken,
Its labors ended and its story told.

Ah, while around us rosy youth rejoices,

For us the sorrow-laden breezes sigh,
And through the chorus of its jocund voices
Throbs the sharp note of misery's hopeless
cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying

From some far orb I track our watery
sphere,

Home of the struggling, suffering, doubting,
dying,

The silvered globule seems a glistening tear.

But Nature lends her mirror of illusion

To win from saddening scenes our age-
dimmed eyes,

And misty day-dreams blend in sweet confu-
sion

The wintery landscape and the summer
skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,

And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions that shunned the glaring noonday find
us,

And glimmering starlight shows the gates
of pearl.

— I come not here your morning hour to sad-
den,

A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff, —
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden

This vale of sorrows with a wholesome
laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has bright-
ened,

Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent mes-
sage came;

If hand of mine another's task has light-
ened,

It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

But, O my gentle sisters, O my brothers,
These thick-sown snow-flakes hint of toil's
release;

These feeble pulses bid me leave to others
The tasks once welcome; evening asks for
peace.

Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
Let me not vex the too long suffering lyre;
Though to your love untiring still beholden,
The curfew tells me — cover up the fire.

And now with grateful smile and accents
cheerful,
And warmer heart than look or word can
tell,
In simplest phrase — these traitorous eyes are
tearful —
Thanks, Brothers, Sisters — Children — and
farewell!

DR. HOLMES'S REMINISCENCE.

"Our honored guest," said Mr. Houghton, as the doctor finished, "after reading such a poem, will not be expected to deliver his prose speech, and has honored me with that duty." He then read the following, from Dr. Holmes's pen:—

"The establishment of *The Atlantic Monthly* was due to the liberal enterprise of the then flourishing firm of Phillips and Sampson. Mr. Phillips, more especially, was most active and sanguine. The publishers were fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Lowell as editor. Mr. Lowell had a fancy that I could be useful as a contributor, and woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering, to call me to active service. Remembering some crude contributions of mine to an old magazine, it occurred to me that their title might serve for some fresh papers, and so I sat down and wrote off what came into my head under the title, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. This series of papers was not the result of an express premeditation, but was, as I may say, dipped from the running stream of my thoughts. Its very kind reception encouraged me, and you know the consequences, which have lasted from that day to this.

"But what I want especially to say here is that I owe the impulse which started my second growth to the urgent hint of my friend Mr. Lowell, and that you have him to thank, not only for his own noble contributions to our literature, but for the spur

which moved me to action, to which you owe any pleasure I may have given, and I am indebted for the crowning happiness of this occasion. His absence I most deeply regret for your and my own sake, while I congratulate the country to which in his eminent station he is devoting his services."

MR. WHITTIER'S POEM.

Mr. Whittier had been obliged to leave the company before this, but he had brought a poem which was read by Mr. James T. Fields:—

OUR AUTOCRAT.

His laurels fresh from song and lay,
Romance, art, science, rich in all,
And young of heart, how dare we say
We keep his seventieth festival?

No sense is here of loss or lack;
Before his sweetness and his light
The dial holds its shadow back,
The charmed hours delay their flight.

His still the keen analysis
Of men and moods, electric wit,
Free play of mirth, and tenderness
To heal the slightest wound from it.

And his the pathos touching all
Life's sins and sorrows and regrets,
Its hopes and fears, its final call
And rest beneath the violets.

His sparkling surface scarce betrays
The thoughtful tide beneath it rolled,—
The wisdom of the latter days,
And tender memories of the old.

What shapes and fancies, grave or gay,
Before us at his bidding come!
The Treadmill tramp, the One-Horse Shay,
The dumb despair of Elsie's doom!

The tale of Avis and the Maid,
The plea for lips that cannot speak,
The holy kiss that Iris laid
On Little Boston's pallid cheek!

Long may he live to sing for us
His sweetest songs at evening time,
And, like his Chambered Nautilus,
To holier heights of beauty climb!

Though now unnumbered guests surround
The table that he rules at will,
Its Autocrat, however crowned,
Is but our friend and comrade still.

The world may keep his honored name,
 The wealth of all his varied powers;
 A stronger claim has love than fame,
 And he himself is only ours!

THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

Mr. Houghton now relinquished the duties of toast-master to Mr. W. D. Howells, whom he introduced as follows:—

"It may be a surprise that the editor of *The Atlantic* should not appear on this occasion. But it may not be generally known to the contributors that he is in some sense a mythical character, and is never seen except by his representative and keeper. He is a tall, cadaverous, and grave-looking being, wearing immense magnifying-glasses on his eyes, and living in an attic, the only furniture being a high stool, a turning-lathe, and a grindstone. His only implement is a sharp knife, which he uses for defense, and for cutting out the brilliant passages from the contributions of young authors. He uses the grindstone to sharpen his knife, and the turning-lathe to reduce all contributions to the uniform *Atlantic* standard. For fear he might disturb us in our festivities to-day, he has been carefully locked in his room, and the junior partner has the key in his pocket. His representative, however, is here. He is a modest young man, very little versed in the ways of the world, but he has sufficient shrewdness to carry only the complaints to the real editor, and keep the compliments for himself.

"I propose now to introduce to you the representative of the real editor, and to beg of you to treat him gently, as it is not his fault if any of you have been treated roughly by the editor. As the remainder of the entertainment is to be purely literary, I shall also ask him to take charge of it."

MR. HOWELLS'S RESPONSE.

"After so flattering an introduction, I ought to let my case rest, perhaps; but I cannot forbear attempting to commend myself a little more specifically. I wish to say that I am *not* the author of a certain printed letter which the ladies and gentlemen present may have seen in the hands of their friends, expressing the regret of the editors that they 'cannot use the inclosed contribution,' but that they 'thank

the author for the opportunity of reading it.' I wish to say that I *am* the author of those comfortable notes of acceptance with which you are familiar; it is I who urge you to write again; it is I who beg the author of a ten-page article to make it twenty, or extend it into a series; and it is I who advise unsuccessful writers of prose to try something in the way of poetry. Finally, it is upon my private bank account that all the large and adequate checks are drawn. When they are meagre or unsatisfactory—But I yield to the imploring gaze of the publishers, and leave this branch of the subject.

"In listening to Mr. Houghton's account of that real editor whom he has withheld from you, I could not help thinking of the truculent personage whom Mr. Byles Gridley brought Gifted Hopkins to behold in the act of 'smelling' (as reading manuscript is technically called) Mr. Hopkins's Blossoms of the Soul. It is a terrible picture to have been painted by one who has never had anything but kindness from our ungente craft, and I shudder to think what it would have been if Gifted Hopkins's own hand had sketched it. I suppose that almost any contributor might portray the real editor of *The Atlantic* in such a way that the editor himself would never know the likeness; and yet, but for the natural enmity of editors and contributors, I think that editor might have safely appeared on this occasion; for looking round these boards he could have seen no writer whose contributions he had ever rejected! Indeed, I conceive a certain propriety in the real editor's being here, if only to behold the honored guest, without the help of whose creative genius there would have been at this moment no *Atlantic* editor, no *Atlantic* contributors, and no *Atlantic* breakfast. The fact is known to you all, and I will not insist upon it; but it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who not only named, but who made, *The Atlantic*. How did he do this? Oh, very simply! He merely invented a new kind in literature, something so beautiful and rare and fine that while you were trying to determine its character as monologue or colloquy, prose or poetry, philosophy or humor, it was gradually penetrating your consciousness with a sense that the best of all these had been fused in one,—a perfect

form, an exquisite wisdom, an insurpassable grace. This, and much more than any poor words of mine can say, was the Autocrat, followed by the Professor, and then by the Poet, at the same Breakfast Table. We pledge him by all these names to-day, not only with the wine in our cups, but with the pride and love in our hearts, where we have enshrined him immortally young, in spite of the birthdays that come and go, and where we defy the future that lies in wait for our precious things to know his quality better, or value his genius more highly, than we. Some of his great compeers, whose names praise them best, we have with us to-day, and while we have to regret the absence of Longfellow and the distance of Lowell we rejoice in the presence of Emerson and of Whittier. We should be glad to sit attentive to them if after-breakfast speaking were their pleasure or habit, but we must respect the silence they prefer to guard. On no others, however, can we have any mercy. The custom of speech-making after a public banquet was invented from a deep and subtle knowledge of human nature. It is to no ordinary observation of mankind we owe the discovery that the most fortunate moment to extort eloquence from those gifted in oratory is when they are helpless from repletion, and every faculty tends to resign itself to a luxurious torpor. But it has been found that in this defenseless condition they may be successfully bidden to stand and deliver, and I shall proceed upon this well-ascertained fact. The ladies, indeed, shall be spared, so far as the speaking goes, when they will; though we should be pleased to hear from every one of them, and we will never believe that *their* silence is more golden than their speech — till they prove it.

"They have long ago proved the reverse in literature, and in every department of a magazine which has so largely embodied American literature they have been of the first. Without entering upon the distinctions that bring differences, The Atlantic heartily welcomes them here, and owns itself their debtor. The time is coming, without doubt, — although I must leave others to prophesy more intelligently of this, — when their power shall be directly felt, not only in our literature but in our polity, and when they shall publicly influ-

ence our civilization. But awaiting that time, I think they may be richly content with the achievement of a woman whom I am very proud to see here, — a woman whose book has done more than the work of any other American to redeem and purify our national life; whose great novel, *Iliad* and parable in one, remains sole and grand as its occasion. I need not name the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and in claiming a part of her fame for the magazine which she has so often honored with her contributions, I desire to salute her first of the women to whom we bow in the only toast I shall read. And I hope that another distinguished woman, whose repute in poetry, oratory, and all generous culture has given us the right to expect so much of her, will not think it too much if we expect to hear her voice in response to the toast, 'The girls we have *not* left behind us.' I call upon Mrs. Julia Ward Howe."

MRS. HOWE'S POEM.

The company rose and drank Mrs. Howe's health, when she responded as follows: —

"Ladies and Gentlemen, — One word in courtesy I must say in replying to so kind a mention as that which is made, not only of me, but of those of my sex who are so happy as to be present here to-day. I think, in looking on this scene, of a certain congress which took place in Paris more than a year ago, and was called a congress of literary people, *gens de lettres*. When I heard this was to take place, I immediately bestirred myself to attend its sittings, and went at once to the headquarters to find how I might do so. I then learned, to my great astonishment, that no women were to be included among these *gens de lettres*, — that is, literary people. Now we have thought it a very modest phrase sometimes to plead that, whatever women may not be, they are people. It would seem to-day that they are recognized as literary people, and I am very glad that you gentlemen have found room for the sisterhood to-day, and have placed them so numerous here. I must say that to my eyes the banquet looks very much more cheerful than it would without them. It looks to me as though it had all blossomed out under a new social influence, and be-

side each dark stem I see a rose. But I must say at once that I came here entirely unprovided with a speech, and not dreaming of one; yet I came provided with something. I considered myself invited as a sort of grandmother, — indeed, I am, and I know a grandmother is usually expected to have something in her pocket. I have a very modest tribute to the illustrious person whom we are met to-day to honor, and with your leave I will read it.”

Thou metamorphic god!
 Who mak'st this straight Olympus thy abode,
 Hermes to subtle laughter moving,
 Apollo with serener loving;
 Thou demi-god also!
 Who dost the powers of healing know;
 Thou hero who dost wield
 The golden sword and shield, —
 Shield of a comprehensive mind,
 And sword to wound the foes of human kind;

Thou man of noble mold!
 Whose metal grows not cold
 Beneath the hammer of the hurrying years;
 A fiery breath doth blow
 Across its fervid glow,
 And still its resonance delights our ears.

Loved of thy brilliant mates,
 Relinquished to the fates,
 Whose spirit music used to chime with thine,
 Transfigured in our sight,
 Not quenched in death's dark night,
 They hold thee in companionship divine.

O autocratic muse!
 Soul-rainbow of all hues,
 Packed full of service are thy bygone years;
 Thy wingèd steed doth fly
 Across the starry sky,
 Bearing the lowly burthens of thy peers.

I try this little leap,
 Wishing that from the deep
 I might some pearl of song adventurous bring.
 Despairing, here I stop,
 And my poor offering drop, —
 Why stammer I when thou art here to sing?

At the close of Mrs. Howe's poem Mr. Howells said: “The language of graceful appreciation is not rich enough and not varied enough to go round all the distinction of this company; and if I attempted to pay tribute in fit terms to each guest whom I invoked to address us, I feel that I might exhaust it at the second or third speaker.

I have observed, moreover, that nobody listens to introductory eulogies except the victim whom they afflict with a prophetic sense that his turn is coming, and put to the pain of trying to look as if some one else was meant. We may, it seems to me, wisely spare ourselves this. We know one another's worth, and fortunately there is no one here who needs a formal explanation or indorsement from me in this or any other company. I will therefore call upon those whom we hope to hear in as brief terms as possible, leaving to the collective consciousness and the general intelligence the praises which I forbear. We have here among us one from another literary centre, — one whose well-known prowess in killing a bear might well make all the lions present tremble, if he were not one of them himself. I will now introduce to you Mr. Charles Dudley Warner.”

MR. WARNER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Warner said: “I have always supposed, until this morning, that the Breakfast Table of the Autocrat was a creation of the fancy. But I see that it is a simple fact, — there is the same long sitting at the table that there was in the book, and more talk than tea. When I was a boy in the western part of Massachusetts, breakfast used to begin by early candle-light, as this one is likely to finish, only at the other end of the day. This is, no doubt, the Boston way. It is the same breakfast of the book, and I think I can recognize most of the familiar characters. I am not going to get myself into trouble by attempting to name them, — to say who stands for the master, and the professor, and the poet, and the divinity student, who has grown up from the boy John, and who might have been the school-mistress who took the long path. But I must be permitted to express my pleasure in seeing here the soldier scholar from Cambridge, the ‘Member of the Haouse.’

“They seem to me a very goodly company, whether they were in a manner created by the Autocrat, who has been stirring about in the literary dough so long, or whether they have risen themselves. The literary folk are getting to be plentier every year; the position is n't quite so lonesome as it was in Irving's day, when all the literary

men and women in America might have been put into an omnibus, without the necessity of hanging out *complet*. Plentier, yes; but they could still all be gathered about a few tables like this. I doubt if they are yet considered very necessary people in the world, — not necessary like business men, merchants and brokers, manufacturers, railroad men, cooks, and dress-makers. They are thought to occupy a little supplementary fraction of creation apart, where they humbly labor to amuse the world in its leisure time, when it has an hour to waste, and to support the publishers. Perhaps it is their own fault, mainly, that the literary workers are looked down on by the Philistines. Literature, to many of us, is only a hand-mirror in which we see ourselves, and not a Claude Lorraine glass, such as the Autocrat set up, in which the world is immensely tickled to see itself, distinct as a photograph, and yet refined as a dream.

"But I merely rose, Mr. Chairman, to express my profound gratitude to one of the noblest doctors in any literature, for the cheer and delight I owe him all along in life, ever since I could read. I confess that I did hope, on coming here, to learn the secret by which one arrived at the age of the Psalmist, preserving all the brilliant vigor and youthfulness of a man of forty. Perhaps he will tell us when we come here next time, — when we come in litters or on crutches, or by telephone, or by that other 'phone' which makes the body appear where it is not, — when we come to celebrate his ninetieth birthday.

"It is my good fortune to be permitted to read a poem, addressed to the guest of the morning, by a lady (I am permitted to do this because the election of school committees has not yet taken place in Massachusetts) whose presence here prevents my saying what I should like to say of her writings. It is written by the poet who dwells in a Grand-Lama-like privacy behind the letters H. H. Nobody knows who she is, and I believe she does not know herself. It is with pleasure, therefore, that I am authorized to announce publicly that H. H. is really the author of certain works of fact and fiction, — I hope I am saying nothing indiscreet, — the maternity of which has been much discussed; of course, I allude to Queechy and Lord Say and Seal, — the

Wide, Wide World is claimed by another person. If I could read this poem so that you would feel the quotation marks, which I see as thickly strewn here as they ought to be in some poems that have none, you would think that the Autocrat himself composed it, though he did not arrange it."

MRS. JACKSON'S POEM.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

All days are birthdays in the life,
The blessed life, that poets live;
Songs keep their own sweet festivals
And are the gifts they come to give.

The only triumph over Time
That Time permits, is his who sings;
The poet Time himself defies,
By secret help from Time's own wings;

From old-age heights descrying dawns,
New dawns more golden far and bright,
"New beacons crowned with brighter flame"¹
Than ever smote his youthful sight.

His "Last Leaf"² flutters, not to fall,
But fifty sunny springs to learn;
His "Comet"³ speeds across the sky,
But year by year will swift return.

His "Pilgrim's Vision"⁴ dims nor wanes;
"Departed Days"⁵ their joys restore
To him whose hand can ever fill
Their hours "from Time's gray urn once
more."

Secrets which lilies share with stars,⁶
And Spanish girls in reverie hide,⁷
Which Yankee maidens tell to none,⁸
And oystermen to waves confide,⁹

The "Voiceless"¹⁰ sorrows, which "have
known
The cross without the crown of glory," —
All find their voice in him who tells
Them in the poet's tender story.

The "Living Temple" men passed by,¹¹
Too blind to see its "mystic gate,"
Revealed by his sweet minstrelsy
Is full of worship true, though late.

¹ The Secret of the Stars. ² The Last Leaf.
³ The Comet. ⁴ The Pilgrim's Vision. ⁵ Departed Days. ⁶ The Star and the Water-Lily.
⁷ A Portrait: A Spanish Girl in Reverie. ⁸ Our Yankee Girls. ⁹ The Ballad of the Oysterman.
¹⁰ The Voiceless. ¹¹ The Living Temple.

Old "Boston Common's" tangled shade¹
 With legends woven thick as leaves,
 He gleans its harvests old and new,
 And binds them in his shining sheaves.

Great "Freedom," "queen" of all our land,²
 With star "stripes folded on her breast,"
 He crowns with jewels, sings her fair,
 And hails her queen from east to west.

Strong hymns for armies and for saints,
 For brave men lying in the dust,³
 For "Sun-Days" and for days of gloom,
 For "trembling faith" that fears to trust;

For summer and its lilled lakes,⁴
 For winter and its "frozen domes,"⁵
 For glowing hours when "hearts are one,"
 And hands are clasped in happy homes;

For "Chambered Nautilus" a praise⁶
 Which its fair "ship of pearl" insures
 Forever from forgetfulness,
 While memory of man endures;

For shadow with its sudden light⁷
 From distant and unlooked-for sun,
 Like his own pensiveness lit up
 By gleams of unexpected fun;

For visions of young "girlish grace,"
 For grave philosophers that wed,⁸
 For portraits of fair grandmothers⁹
 That have a hundred years been dead,—

All these and countless more beside
 Our poet sings with matchless art,—
 Sings out of his exhaustless store,
 Exhaustless as his poet's heart.

What is the calendar could keep
 Such poet's life in date or name?
 His days are as a thousand years,
 His thousand years and days the same.

All days are birthdays in the life,
 The blessed life, that poets live;
 Songs keep their own sweet festivals,
 And are the gifts they come to give.

Then, Poet, grant us now this boon,—
 So small when all is said and done,—
 Thy verses' birthdays let us keep,
 Hundreds of birthdays in this one!

H. H.

¹ Boston Common: Three Pictures. ² Freedom, our Queen. ³ A Sun-Day Hymn. ⁴ Midsummer. ⁵ Nearing the Snow-Line. ⁶ The Chambered Nautilus. ⁷ Sun and Shadow. ⁸ The Philosopher to his Love. ⁹ Dorothy Q.: A Family Portrait.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S SPEECH.

At the close of Mrs. Jackson's poem, Mr. Howells said: "It must be because the groves of Academe really fringe the sea-coasts of Bohemia that I am able to call upon President Eliot, of Harvard University."

President Eliot said: "Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—How shall I interpolate my unprepared prose into this mass of poetical manuscript? Looking around these tables, and listening to what has been said, I have felt as if this company did not fully understand the friend in whose honor we are met. I see here only one or two representatives of the medical profession. It seems to me that it is my duty to remind all these poets, essayists, and storytellers who are gathered here, that the main work of our friend's life has been of an altogether different nature. I know him as the professor of anatomy and physiology in the medical school of Harvard University for the last thirty-two years, and I know him to-day as one of the most active and hard-working of our lecturers. Some of you gentlemen, I observe, are lecturers by profession, at least during the winter months. Dr. Holmes delivers four lectures every week for eight months of the year. I am sure the lecturers by profession will understand that this task requires an extraordinary amount of mental and physical vigor. And I congratulate our friend on the weekly demonstration of that vigor which he gives in our medical school. Most of you have perhaps the impression that Dr. Holmes chiefly enjoys a pretty couplet, a beautiful verse, an elegant sentence. It has fallen to me to observe that he has other great enjoyments. I never heard any other mortal exhibit such enthusiasm over an elegant dissection. And perhaps you think that it is the pen with which Dr. Holmes is chiefly skillful. I assure you that he is equally skillful with scalpel and with microscope. And I think that none of us can understand the meaning and scope of Dr. Holmes's writings unless we have observed that the daily work of his life has been to study and teach a natural science,—the noble science of anatomy. It is his to know with absolute exactness the form of every bone in this wonderful body of ours, the course of every artery and

vein and nerve, the form and function of every muscle ; and not only to know it, but to describe it with a fascinating precision and enthusiasm. When I read his writings I find the traces of this life-work of his on every page. There are three thousand men scattered through New England at this moment who will remember Dr. Holmes through their lives, and transmit to their children the memory of him, as student and teacher of exact science. And let us honor him to-day, not forgetting — they can never be forgotten — his poems and essays, as a noble representative of the profession of the scientific student and teacher.

MARK TWAIN'S EXPLANATION.

Mr. Howells, on introducing Mr. S. L. Clemens, said : " We will now listen to a few words of truth and soberness from Mark Twain," who rose diffidently and said : —

" Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, — I would have traveled a much greater distance than I have come to witness the paying of honors to Dr. Holmes, for my feeling toward him has always been one of peculiar warmth. When one receives a letter from a great man for the first time in his life, it is a large event to him, as all of you know by your own experience. You never can receive letters enough from famous men afterward to obliterate that one, or dim the memory of the pleasant surprise it was and the gratification it gave you. Lapse of time cannot make it commonplace or cheap. Well, the first great man who ever wrote me a letter was our guest, — Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was also the first great literary man I ever stole anything from, and that is how I came to write to him and he to me. When my first book was new, a friend of mine said, ' The dedication is very neat.' Yes, I said, I thought it was. My friend said, ' I always admired it, even before I saw it in *The Innocents Abroad*.' I naturally said, ' What do you mean ? Where did you ever see it before ? ' ' Well, I saw it first some years ago, as Dr. Holmes's dedication to his *Songs in Many Keys*.' Of course my first impulse was to prepare this man's remains for burial, but upon reflection I said I would relieve him for

a moment or two, and give him a chance to prove his assertion if he could. We stepped into a book-store, and he did prove it. I had really stolen that dedication almost word for word. I could not imagine how this curious thing had happened ; for I knew one thing, for a dead certainty, — that a certain amount of pride always goes along with a teaspoonful of brains, and that this pride protects a man from deliberately stealing other people's ideas. That is what a teaspoonful of brains will do for a man, — and admirers had often told me I had nearly a basketful, though they were rather reserved as to the size of the basket. However, I thought the thing out and solved the mystery. Two years before I had been laid up a couple of weeks in the Sandwich Islands, and had read and re-read Dr. Holmes's poems till my mental reservoir was filled with them to the brim. The dedication lay on top and handy, — so by and by I unconsciously stole it. Perhaps I unconsciously stole the rest of the volume, too, for many people have told me that my book was pretty poetical, in one way or another. Well, of course I wrote Dr. Holmes and told him I had n't meant to steal, and he wrote back and said in the kindest way that it was all right and no harm done ; and added that he believed we all unconsciously worked over ideas gathered in reading and hearing, imagining they were original with ourselves. He stated a truth, and did it in such a pleasant way, and salved over my sore spot so gently and so healingly, that I was rather glad I had committed the crime, for the sake of the letter. I afterward called on him and told him to make perfectly free with any ideas of mine that struck him as being good protoplasm for poetry. He could see by that that there was n't anything mean about me ; so we got along right from the start.

" I have met Dr. Holmes many times since ; and lately he said — However, I am wandering wildly away from the one thing which I got on my feet to do, that is, to make my compliments to you, my fellow-teachers of the great public, and likewise to say I am right glad to see that Dr. Holmes is still in his prime and full of generous life ; and as age is not determined by years, but by trouble and by infirmities of mind and body, I hope it may be a very long

time yet before any can truthfully say, 'He is growing old.'"

MR. HARPER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Howells said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, — We have among us to-day a member of the most ancient and honorable house of book-makers in New York, who I hope will say something to you to allay the animosity prevailing between authors and publishers, which I perceive has now risen to its height. I introduce Mr. J. W. Harper, of New York."

Mr. Harper said: "Mr. Chairman, Publishers and Editor of the Atlantic Monthly, Ladies, and Gentlemen, — For more than a quarter of a century I have been coming to Boston on many happy occasions, and this is one of the happiest. I well remember when I first saw to-day's illustrious guest. It was long ago; not, as our Autocrat expresses it, 'in the year eighteen hundred and ever so few,' nor, as Thackeray has it, 'when the present century was in its teens.' It was just after the close of the last half century, and on a cold winter afternoon, when the sun was fast setting behind the then ungilded dome of the State House, and it was in old Bromfield Street. It was not in the Bromfield Street Methodist Church, nor in the contiguous Methodist inn, known as the Bromfield House, which for many years might have been the convenient resort of good Methodist elders, and of the peripatetic presiding elders, who were called by the genial Bishop Wainwright the 'bob-tailed bishops' of their flocks and districts. Doubtless that comfortable inn, with its hospitable sheds, was well known to you, Mr. Chairman. You were then the assistant superintendent of the Bromfield Street Sunday-school, and you were at that time a young man, and a most exemplary young man, for your home was then, as now, in Cambridge; and in those days all the young men in Cambridge were exemplary. In fact, the elective course was unknown!

"I was in the large stable adjoining the Bromfield House, endeavoring to secure a sleigh, when there entered a gentleman, apparently of my own age. He came in quickly, and with impatience demanded

the immediate production of a team and sleigh, which, though ordered for him, had somehow been forgotten. The new-comer, it was evident, was not to be trifled with. There was no nonsense about him, and I was not surprised in the least when, a few years later, I learned that he had become an Autocrat.

"On that particular night he had a long drive before him, for he was to lecture at Newburyport, or Nantasket, or Nantucket, or some other then unannexed suburb of Boston. I doubt if the horse survived the drive, and I am quite certain he is not now living. But the driver lives, and the young New Yorker who then admired him, and would fain have driven with him on that cold winter night, has since, in common with thousands of other New Yorkers, been filled with grateful admiration for what that driver has done for literature and for the happiness and improvement of the world.

"It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, that the peculiar province of the New Yorker is to admire. The *nil admirari* does not belong to him, and I think that is to his credit; for when a man ceases to admire, he ceases to feel. True, the New Yorker sometimes admires the wrong thing, and so does the Londoner, very often the Parisian, and possibly, once in a great while, the Bostonian! We are all of us sometimes apt to admire vulgar success, instead of the thing that deserves success. But, as a rule, patriotic New York sympathizes with whatever is noble and worthy, whether it be at one time the attempt to overthrow a corrupt ring, or at another the assertion of political independence. And I venture to declare, Mr. Chairman, that not here, nor even in your proud Memorial Hall of Cambridge, is there greater reverence for things which Massachusetts holds sacred than in my own native Knickerbocker city. In the same way that, as a nation, we love England for her lessons of freedom, so do patriotic citizens of New York, and throughout our whole Union, love Massachusetts for all her traditions of liberty.

"*Nil admirari*, 'to wonder at nothing, O Numicius, is about the only thing to make and keep a man happy!' This, Mr. Chairman, I think our honest Autocrat, had he edited that epistle, would have said, in a vigorous note, is the sentiment of the snob.

The man who is afflicted with what the late Mr. Bristed, in his entertaining book on English University Life, calls *eironia*; in other words, the swell, the Dundreary, the Sir Charles Coldstream, the man who pretends to be worse than he is, who represses enthusiasm, who would stifle honest admiration of the beautiful and good, and who affects to be a fool, ends generally by being what he affects to be. But I protest, Mr. Chairman, that this young man, or this old man, — for he's old and decrepit when young, — this Mantalini, this ape, is not a New Yorker any more than he is a Bostonian or an Englishman. Surely he hails not from our stalwart West or impetuous South, yet it is a melancholy reflection that he is indigenous to the best society everywhere. To be natural and unaffected and truthful and reverent is to be a gentleman, or, better, a good man, or a good woman, — a Colonel Newcome, if you like, or such a woman as we find in that recent beautiful illustration of young New England womanhood, The Lady of the Aroostook.

"I intimated, Mr. Chairman, that it was the peculiar province of New York to admire Boston. I ought to say that it is a privilege which New York appreciates. It is a privilege to visit your beautiful city, fast becoming the most beautiful city on the continent, to know your brave, earnest men of Massachusetts, and a greater privilege to know your noble women, — ay, and to know that our New York homes, derived from Dutch and English ancestry, are brightened and refined and bettered by many a fair Rose Standish, whose wise and wifely ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace.

"On this occasion it is a very great privilege to join with you, my good and esteemed friends, the publishers of The Atlantic Monthly, in honoring your authors. Your catalogue as publishers and your list of contributors to The Atlantic Monthly (and as a publisher I say it with honest admiration) are, indeed, a roll of honor! But your authors are not yours only; they are the nation's, because their thoughts and words have become part of the nation's life. To apostrophize them in the language of a great master, 'Noble and illustrious names! kind friends, teachers, benefactors! Who shall say that our country, which continues to bring you such an unceasing tribute of

applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honor to the literary calling in the honor which it bestows upon you?'"

MR. STEDMAN'S POEM.

As Mr. Harper sat down, Mr. Howells said: "This is all so good and true — especially in its appreciation of character in a certain fiction which shall be nameless — that I think we had better try another New Yorker. I will invoke now a gentleman whose presence we could wish was as familiar to us as his poetry, — Mr. E. C. Stedman."

Mr. Stedman prefaced his poem with a brief speech and then read the following :

I.

'T was the season of feasts, when the blithe birds had met
In their easternmost arbor, an innocent throng,
And they made the glad birthday of each gladder yet,
With the daintiest cheer and the rarest of song.

II.

What brave tirra-lirras! But clear amid all,
At each festival held in the favorite haunt,
The nightingale's music would quaver and fall,
And surest and sweetest of all was his chant.

III.

At last came the nightingale's fête, and they sought
To make it the tune-fullest tryst of the year,
Since this was the songster that oftenest caught
The moment's quick rapture, the joy that is near.

IV.

But, alas, half in vain the fine chorus they made,
Fresh-plumed and all fluttering, and uttering their best;
For silent among them, so etiquette bade,
To the notes of his praisers sat listening the guest.

V.

Quel dommage! Must a failure, like theirs, be our feast?
Must our chorister's voice at his own fête be still,
While he thinks, "You are kind. May your tribe be increased.
But at this I can give you *such* odds if I will?"

VI.

What avail, fellow-minstrels, our crotchets and staves,
 Though your tribute, like mine, rises straight
 from the heart,
 Unless, while the bough on his laurel-bush
 waves,
 To his own Sängerst the one guest lends
 his art ?

VII.

Whose swift wit like his, with which none dares
 to vie,
 Whose carol so instant, so joyous, and true ?
 Sound it cheerly, dear Holmes, for the sun is
 still high,
 And we 're glad, as he halts, to be outsung
 by you.

MR. ALDRICH'S SPEECH.

When the applause which followed Mr. Stedman's poem allowed him to speak, Mr. Howells said : " We have given New York her innings, and I think we should now like to hear from a metropolis nearer home. I shall call upon a gentleman from Ponkapog, familiar to us both in person and in poetry, — Mr. T. B. Aldrich."

Mr. Aldrich said : " I am quite in the condition of the late Artemus Ward, who said that he felt he had the gift of oratory, but that he did n't happen to have it about him. I cannot, however, let this hour pass without alluding to a certain characteristic of our honored friend which no one has yet touched upon. I mean his judicious and inexhaustible kindness to his younger brothers in literature. In the midst of a life singularly crowded with duties, he has always found time to hold out a hand to the man below him. It is safe to say that within the last twenty-five years no fewer than five thousand young American poets have handsomely availed themselves of Dr. Holmes's amiability, and sent him copies of their first book. And I honestly believe that Dr. Holmes has written to each of these immortals a note full of the keenest appreciation and the wisest counsel. I have seen a score of such letters from his busy pen, and — shall I confess it ? — I have one in my own possession. Twenty years ago I printed a volume of boyish verse : the first copy that came from the binder's was dispatched to the ' Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' — as if he had been waiting for it. In return I received

the kindest letter ever written by a celebrity to an obscurity. It virtually told me not to make any more verses unless I could make better ones. It told me this, but with such delicate frankness of phrase that it seemed to me as if the writer had laid his hand in tender reproof upon my shoulder, as an elder brother might have done. The fresh and subtle learning of the Autocrat, the humor and pathos of the Poet, that sky-lark quality of note in his lyrics, — he could not have perfected all these precious gifts, if God had not given him the most sympathetic of human hearts."

MR. WINTER'S POEM.

" I don't think it will be well," Mr. Howells resumed, " for me to attempt any geographical distribution of the next gentleman, who, exiling himself from his native Cambridge, has made his home in another city. His voice, whether heard in speech or in song, is always musical, and I trust we shall hear it now. I call upon Mr. William Winter, of Nork York."

Mr. Winter, after a few preliminary remarks, of a playful character, read his poem, — naming it for the occasion *Hearts and Holmes*, — which is here, by his request, entitled

THE CHIEFTAIN.

I.

If that glad song had ebb'd away,
 Which, rippling on through smiles and
 tears,
 Has bathed with showers of diamond spray
 The rosy fields of seventy years, —
 If that sweet voice were hushed to-day,
 What should we say ?

II.

At first we thought him but a jest,¹
 A ray of laughter, quick to fade :
 We did not dream how richly blest
 In his pure life our lives were made ;
 Till soon the aureole shone, confest,
 Upon his crest.

III.

When violets fade the roses blow ;
 When laughter dies the passions wake,
 His royal song, that slept below,
 Like Arthur's sword beneath the lake,
 Long since has flashed its fiery glow
 O'er all we know.

IV.

That song has poured its sacred light
On crimson flags in Freedom's van,
And blessed their serried ranks who fight
Life's battle here for Truth and Man, —
An oriflamme, to cheer the Right
Through darkest night!

V.

That song has flecked with rosy gold
The sails that fade o'er Fancy's sea;
Relumed our storied days of old;
Presaged our glorious life to be;
And many a sorrowing heart consoled
In grief untold.

VI.

When, shattered on the loftiest steep
The statesman's glory ever found,
That heart, so like the boundless deep,
Broke, in the deep no heart can bound,
How did his dirge of sorrow weep
O'er WEBSTER's sleep!

VII.

How sweetly did his spirit pour
The strains that make the tear-drops start,
When, on this bleak New England shore,
With Tara's harp and Erin's heart,
He thrilled us to the bosom's core
With thoughts of MOORE!

VIII.

The shamrock green on Liffey's side,
The lichen 'neath New England snows,
White daisies of the banks of Clyde,
Twined ardent round old Albion's rose,
Bloom, in his verse, as blooms the bride,
With love and pride.

IX.

The silken tress, the mantling wine,
Red roses, summer's whispering leaves,
The lips that kiss, the hands that twine,
The heart that loves, the heart that grieves, —
They all have found a deathless shrine
In his rich line!

X.

Ah, well! that voice can charm us yet,
And still that shining tide of song,
Beneath a sun not soon to set,
In golden music flows along.
With dew of joy our eyes are wet, —
Not of regret.

XI.

For still, as comes the festal day,
In many a temple, far and near,
The words that all have longed to say,
The words that all are proud to hear,
Fall from his lips with conquering sway,
Or grave or gay.

XII.

No moment this for passion's heat,
Nor mine the voice to give it scope,
When Love and Fame and Beauty meet
To crown their Memory and their Hope!
I cast white lilies, cool and sweet,
Here, at his feet.

XIII.

True bard, true soul, true man, true friend
Ah, gently on that reverend head,
Ye snows of wintry age, descend;
Ye shades of mortal night, be shed!
Peace guide and guard him to the end,
And God defend!

MR. TROWBRIDGE'S POEM.

Mr. Howells introduced Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, who read a poem entitled

FILLING AN ORDER.

To Nature, in her shop one day, at work compounding simples,
Studying fresh tints for Beauty's cheeks, or new effects in dimples,
An order came: she wiped in haste her fingers and unfolded
The scribbled scrap, put on her specs, and read it, while she scolded.

"From Miss Columbia! I declare! of all the upstart misses!
What will the jade be asking next? Now what an order this is!
Where's Boston? Oh, that one-horse town out there beside the ocean!
She wants — of course, she always wants — another little notion!

"This time, three geniuses, A 1, to grace her favorite city:
The first a bard; the second wise; the third supremely witty;
None of the staid and hackneyed sort, but some peculiar flavor,
Something unique and fresh for each, will be esteemed a favor!
Modest demands! as if my hands had but to turn and toss over
A Poet veined with dew and fire, a Wit, and a Philosopher!

"But now let's see!" She put aside her old, outworn expedients,
And in a quite unusual way began to mix ingredients, —
Some in the fierce retort distilled, some pounded by the pestle, —
And set the simmering souls to steep, each in its glowing vessel.

In each, by turns, she poured, she stirred, she skimmed the shining liquor,
 Threw laughter in, to make it thin, or thought,
 to make it thicker.
 But when she came to choose the clay, she found, to her vexation,
 That, with a stock on hand to fill an order for a nation,
 Of that more finely tempered stuff, electric and ethereal,
 Of which a genius must be formed, she had but scant material —
 For three? For one! What should be done?
 A bright idea struck her;
 Her old witch-eyes began to shine, her mouth began to pucker.

Says she, "The fault, I'm well aware, with genius is the presence
 Of altogether too much clay, with quite too little essence,
 And sluggish atoms that obstruct the spiritual solution;
 So now, instead of spoiling these by over-much dilution,
 With their fine elements I'll make a single, rare phenomenon,
 And of three common geniuses concoct a most uncommon one,
 So that the world shall smile to see a soul so universal,
 Such poesy and pleasantry, packed in so small a parcel."

So said, so done; the three in one she wrapped,
 and stuck the label:
Poet, Professor, Autocrat of Wit's own Breakfast Table.

SOME OF THE LETTERS.

Mr. Howells: "Ladies and Gentlemen, — I think it is only fair at this point that we should hear the defense of those who put themselves in writing, not being present. Mr. Osgood has certain letters which he will read."

Mr. Osgood then read the following letters: —

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
 WASHINGTON, 25 November, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — I am obliged to you for inviting me to a breakfast in honor of the seventieth birthday of Dr. Holmes. Nobody enjoyed his breakfast-table talk some years ago more than I did. Seventy years used to seem a great age, but I can't think of Dr. Holmes as growing old. I am sorry I can't enjoy the breakfast with him. May

he still live many years, — happy himself, and, as he always has done, making others happy. Sincerely, R. B. HAYES.

CAMBRIDGE, November 14, 1879.

GENTLEMEN, — I cannot decline your kind invitation without a word of preface. Between my brother and myself there has never been but one subject of rivalry, — that of age; and there I long since gained the day, — having found myself generally considered his superior on this point. This circumstance has placed me in a *quasi* paternal attitude toward him, and gives me a double claim to enjoy the pleasant evidence of his success which you now offer.

As intermediary between my brother and a casual portion of society, I have been made the depository of many favorable opinions in his behalf, and can honestly say that I have never accepted any commission for my services, in the way of personal compliment. Employed, as I have so often been, as an opaque sentient medium to transmit rays of appreciation without loss of heat by absorption, I am pleased to report to you the uniform success of the experiment.

I wish my brother all that he would himself select from the bouquets of good-will that are made up for such occasions, and freely tender him that title to seniority of which I have so long deprived him.

As on a former occasion, I feel unwilling to seat myself among our *littérateurs*, on the score of my scant authorship, — even with the added plea of brotherhood to your guest.

I thank you, therefore, gentlemen, for the attention, and regret that I must decline your invitation.

Respectfully yours, JOHN HOLMES.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, }
 STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., }
 22 November, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — If it were possible for all of his friends who would gladly take your guest by the hand personally to appear at your feast, they would come as the leaves come when forests are rended; and as he sits among you, honoring and honored, and watches the orators pouring out their homage in sincerely eloquent speech and song, he will see behind each one of

them, as in the old pictures of saints, the cloud of witnesses innumerable filling the distance with their "All hail!" None of the brilliant company, poet, or orator, or wit, or story-teller, will breathe a strain of gravity, or humor, or fancy which will not seem to be his own; for, of all our masters in literature, Holmes is the one of whom it will be said: "He touch'd the tender stops of various quills."

I do not dare to write as fully as I can all that is in my grateful heart for him and for his works. But with all his triumphs there was one thing that he could not do until this year. Never before could he show that at seventy the heart of the man may be still the boy's unworn heart of truth and generous loyalty, and as we sit around the table, — if you will allow me to believe myself among you, — and look at him and listen to him, we can wish for each other no fairer fortune than to be just as old and as young as Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Most truly, his friend and yours,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

1623 H STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., }
November 30, 1879. }

MY DEAR SIRs, — Not distance, but winter, keeps me from your festival. Your guest has ever been so ready to recognize what is praiseworthy in others, that he has twice over the right to be honored for his mastery over the two great instruments of thought, poetry and prose; and over both the most excellent words of human life, the joyous and gay, and the serious and serene.

But as to believing that his seventieth birthday is at hand, I hold him, and shall continue to hold him, in my mind and in my affections, as having an inalienable right to all the freshness and sincerity and vivacity of youth, with gravity struggling hard to keep dominion over his countenance, and laughter escaping for shelter to his eyes; he himself being always true to his friends and true to his country at any cost.

Give him my best wishes for his happiness, as they rise from my heart, and may he live longer than I have time to tell his years.

Your own well-wisher and friend,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

MR. CRANCH'S SONNET.

Mr. C. P. Cranch, on being introduced to the company, said he had a small paper life-preserver in his pocket, in the shape of a sonnet, which he could use at any moment, if he found himself swimming too far beyond his depth in this unaccustomed element of public speech. He wanted to congratulate Dr. Holmes on his health, strength, and youthful appearance. He remembered another seventieth birthday celebration, — that of Mr. Bryant, at the Century Club in New York, at which Dr. Holmes read one of his brilliant poems. That was fifteen years ago, yet how gently time has touched him! We are tempted to apply to him the familiar but still appropriate old lines, —

"Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale
His infinite variety. Others cloy
The appetite they feed. But he makes hun-
gry
When most he satisfies."

Mr. Cranch said that he made this an easy transition, or as musicians would say, a *modulation* into another chord, and then read the following sonnet: —

A fountain in our green New England hills
Sent forth a brook, whose music, as I stood
To listen, laughed and sang through field
and wood,
With mingled melodies of joyous rills.
Now, following where they led, a river fills
Its channel with a wide, calm, shining flood,
Still murmuring on its banks, with change-
ful mood.
So, Poet, sound thy "stops of various quills,"
Where waves of song, wit, wisdom, charm our
ears
As in thy youth, and thoughts and smiles
by turns
Are ours, grave, gay, or tender. Time for-
gets
To freeze thy deepening stream. The stealthy
years
But bribe the Muse to bring thee amulets
That guard the soul whose fire of youth still
burns.

COLONEL HIGGINSON'S SPEECH.

Mr. Howells said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, — I will next introduce a gentleman so well known otherwise that I can only hope to achieve novelty by presenting him to you in his character of legislator, — Colonel T. W. Higginson."

Mr. Higginson said: "I am one of those whose contributions to the pages of *The Atlantic* have of late years not been very abundant, but whose presence at its public breakfasts and dinners has been unfailing and conscientious. And I can truly say that I have never attended any more satisfactory than this, when one of the traditions of years has been broken and the hospitality of the invitation has been as comprehensive as that conveyed on a political handbill which I saw displayed during the heated canvass last year, when in a notice of a meeting were these words: 'On this occasion ladies, without distinction of sex, will be welcome.' Mr. Chairman, and Mr. Autocrat, Mr. Publisher, — and shall I say, Messrs. Publishers and Publisheresses, — it used to be said by Dr. Johnson, or somebody, that poetry was like brown bread: those who made it in their own households never thought much of what they found anywhere else. I am sure it is not true of the poetry of the present day, and least of all is it true in Boston. And in regard to the prose writers, I have not failed to notice the serenity which has marked those among us who are ready to draw our swords upon one another on any other occasion. It is pleasant for an active literary man to look around at this social meeting and see near him at the board some one whom he is preparing to annihilate in the next issue of the Contributors' Club, and whose calmness of countenance can only be understood on the theory that he himself has some experiment of annihilation to try on you, which will appear in the next number but one. All these little, temporary, superficial matters disappear in the great unity of feeling which has prevailed up to this time among the literary men of America; at any rate, they are all lost in the recognition of one Autocrat.

"I have noticed that the gentlemen who have spoken before me have indulged in little personal reminiscences. Mine are perhaps of a tenderer nature than those of any who have preceded. I shall always, to my dying day, look with deepest affection on Dr. Holmes as having been the very last man who publicly in print, before all the world, spoke of me as 'my young friend.' It touched my heart very much at the time; it was more than eighteen

years ago. I should like to speak of that most delightful of sunny old men, the father of Dr. Holmes, whom I knew and loved when I was a child and hardly knew that there was such a person as Dr. Holmes in the world. The Autocrat once said, and it was an admirable truth, that to have a thorough enjoyment of letters it was needful that a man should have tumbled about in a library when he was a boy. I was brought up in Cambridge, my father's house being next door to that of Dr. Holmes's gambrel-roof house, and the library I most enjoyed tumbling about in was the same in which his infant gambols had first disturbed the repose of the books. I shall always remember a certain winter evening, when we boys were playing before the fire, how the old man, gray and gentle and kindly as any typical old German professor, and never complaining of our loudest gambols, — how, going to the frost-covered window, he sketched with his penknife what seemed a cluster of brambles and a galaxy of glittering stars, and above that he wrote: *Per aspera ad astra*, — Through difficulties to the stars. He explained to us what it meant. I have never forgotten that quiet winter evening and the sweet talk of that old man. What the asperities were that he had encountered in the education of his own children I did not take the liberty to inquire. There was something in the hastily sketched thicket that was suggestive of young birch-trees, but that may have been only imagination. As I see our friend here, now in his age that seems so like youth, I remember that wintry evening, and I think of him. His difficulties in life, his *aspera*, have been few; may his passage to the stars be distant."

THE END.

At the close of Colonel Higginson's speech Mr. Howells arose and said: "It is related of the Emperor Charles the Fifth that he satisfied the ardor of the Bolognese for titles by waving his sword above an assembly of all the citizens and proclaiming them '*Todos nobles!*' Profiting by this eminent example, I pronounce you from this point all orators."

The company slowly dispersed; many gathering again about Dr. Holmes to repeat their congratulations.

THE UNREAD TRIBUTES.

There was a necessary limit to the reading of poems, the delivery of speeches, and the naming of letters from absent friends, but it is possible to preserve in this record some of the responses to the invitation, and words of acknowledgment, which were missed in the hearing.

MR. FIELDS'S FAIRY TALE.

Mr. James T. Fields was one of those from whom word was expected. A lecture engagement compelled him to leave the room shortly after the speaking began, or he would have read the following fairy tale :—

Once upon a time a company of good-natured fairies assembled for a summer moonlight dance on a green lawn in front of a certain picturesque old house in Cambridge. They had come out for a midnight lark, and as their twinkling feet flew about among the musical dewdrops, they were suddenly interrupted by the well-known figure of the village doctor, which, emerging from the old mansion, rapidly made its way homeward.

"Another new-born mortal has alighted on our happy planet," whispered a fairy gossip to her near companion.

"Evidently so!" replied the tiny creature, smiling good-naturedly on the doctor's footprints in the grass.

"That is the minister's house," said another small personage, with a wink of satisfaction.

"Perhaps it is a boy," ejaculated Fairy Number One.

"I *know* it is a boy!" said Fairy Number Two. "I read it in the doctor's face when the moon lighted up his countenance as he shut the door so softly behind him."

"It *is* a boy!" responded the fairy queen, who always knew everything, and that settled the question.

"If that is the case," cried all the fairies at once, "let us try what magic still remains to us in this busy, bustling New England. Let us make that child's life a happy and a famous one, if we can."

"Agreed," replied the queen; "and I will lead off with a substantial gift to the little new-comer. I will crown him with Cheerfulness, a sunny temperament brimming over with mirth and happiness!"

"And I will second your majesty's gift to the little man," said a sweet-voiced creature, "and tender him the ever-abiding gift of Song. He shall be a perpetual minstrel to gladden the hearts of all his fellow mortals."

"And I," said another, "will shower upon him the subtle power of Pathos and Romance, and he shall take unto himself the spell of a sorcerer whenever he chooses to scatter abroad his wise and beautiful fancies."

"And I," said a very astute-looking fairy, "will touch his lips with Persuasion; he shall be a teacher of knowledge, and the divine gift of Eloquence shall be at his command, to uplift and instruct the people."

"And I," said a quaint, energetic little body, "will endow him with a passionate desire to help forward the less favored sons and daughters of earth, who are struggling for recognition and success in their various avocations."

"And I," said a motherly-looking, amiable fairy, "will see that in due time he finds the best among women for his companionship, a helpmeet indeed, whose life shall be happily bound up in *his* life."

"Do give me a chance!" cried a beautiful young fairy, "and I will answer for his children; that they be worthy of their father, and all a mother's heart may pray that Heaven will vouchsafe to her."

And after seventy years had rolled away into space, the same fairies assembled on the same lawn at the same season of the year, to compare notes with reference to their now famous protégé. And then and there they declared that their magic had been thoroughly successful, and that their charms had all worked without a single flaw.

Then they took hands, and dancing slowly around the time-honored mansion, sang this roundelay, framed in the words of their own beloved poet :—

"Strength to his hours of manly toil!
Peace to his star-lit dreams!
He loves alike the furrowed soil,
The music-haunted streams!"

"Sweet smiles to keep forever bright
The sunshine on his lips,
And faith, that sees the ring of light
Round Nature's last eclipse!"

LETTERS OF REGRET.

PHILADELPHIA, November 22d.

GENTLEMEN, — I am sincerely sorry that I cannot accept your invitation to be present at your pleasant celebration of Dr. Holmes's birthday. I must content myself to be one with all the rest of the world who delight to honor your good poet every day in their own homes. Very truly,

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, }
WASHINGTON, 18th November, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — It would give me the greatest possible pleasure to be present at the reception and breakfast to be given on December 3d in honor of the birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and I regret very sincerely that my official duties will not permit me to leave Washington about that time. With my best thanks for the honor you have done me by your kind invitation, I remain,

Very truly yours,
C. SCHURZ.

BOSTON, November 19th.

GENTLEMEN, — I regret that my engagements will prevent me from accepting your invitation to be present at the breakfast in celebration of the seventieth birthday of Dr. Holmes. It is my hope and trust that you and he will live to be present at the celebration of his hundredth birthday, when he may look back to the treasures of wit, learning, and wisdom contributed to the literature of his country with even more satisfaction than that with which we all point to his achievements in letters during the past thirty or forty years. One thing appears certain, that he can never grow old, in the mental and moral sense of the term. It is impossible to read his later poems without being impressed by the spirit of youthfulness with which they are animated; and age is of small account when the mind preserves its elasticity and the heart its warmth. Very sincerely yours,

E. P. WHIPPLE.

YALE COLLEGE, }
NEW HAVEN, November 25th. }

GENTLEMEN, — I had hoped till within a day or two to be able to accept your very polite invitation to be present at the reception and breakfast of Wednesday. I find, however, that I cannot do so consistently with my duties and engagements, which at this season are more than usually pressing. It would give me especial pleasure to render honor to the man of seventy who, however long he may live, can never grow old, and, however late he may die, will show that he is loved of the gods, in that he will surely die young. Although I have not always been able to accept his physiological and theological theories, and have sometimes thought they have reached

the extremes of ultra-Calvinism, I have never failed to yield my heart to the wit, the wisdom, and the pathos which he never fails to enshrine in flowing prose or sparkling verse. With greetings to the Autocrat, I am very respectfully yours,

NOAH PORTER.

661 FIFTH AVENUE, }
NEW YORK, November 25th. }

GENTLEMEN, — I am truly sorry that it is not in my power to accept your kind invitation. It would give me the sincerest pleasure to join in the honors to the beloved poet, who, from my pupil in the university, has become my teacher in the high school of life. I would fain add a leaf to the laurel which will crown his brow, and confess my debt for the smiling wisdom, the exquisite humor, the joyous hilarity, the tender pathos that softens the lambent wit of the man who, on the verge of old age, has never grown old, but with the experience of years preserves the freshness of youth.

With my best wishes that the light of his eventide may long shine with the morning beauty of his early manhood, I am, most cordially, his friend and yours,

GEORGE RIPLEY.

COURIER-JOURNAL COMPANY, }
LOUISVILLE, November 26th. }

GENTLEMEN, — If anything short of a famine could induce me to travel all the way from Kentucky to Boston to dine, it would be your hospitable invitation to meet Dr. Holmes and to join his immediate neighbors in doing honor to his seventieth birthday. But I am unable so to arrange it. The best I can do to compensate myself for the loss, and to repay you for your kind remembrance of me, is to devote the time when I should be eating and drinking, and, it might be, speaking, in his praise and to his health, to such a memorial at long range as shall best express the affection in which he is held by Kentucky and the Kentuckians, as a poet and as a genial, patriotic man.

Believe me, we all love him sincerely, and are proud of him, and we warm to you because you love him and are proud of him. I remain, gentlemen, with great respect,

HENRY WATERTON.

PHILADELPHIA, *November 27th.*

GENTLEMEN, — Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to assist at the proposed festival of a great man, whom all men honor, were it not for my miserable condition and the increased suffering which I endure whenever I attempt to travel. . . . In my enforced and most reluctant absence, permit me to wish Dr. Holmes, and the distinguished friends who will gather about him on the memorable 3d of December, all possible joy on the occasion of a festival which, though it should be of Rabelaisian proportions, can hardly repay him the pleasures which he through the majority of his seventy years has given to the world.
Yours very sincerely, GEO. H. BOKER.

1215 J STREET, WASHINGTON.

GENTLEMEN, — I deeply regret that fate will not be so good to me as to allow me to be among the fortunate ones who are to meet on the 3d to greet the Poet at the Breakfast Table. But at least fate cannot prevent me from wishing, no less for the thousands who love him than for the poet himself, many, many happy returns of the day. Yours sincerely,

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

GENTLEMEN, — Thanks for the kind invitation with which you have honored me. I would gladly testify my respect for Oliver Wendell Holmes by attending the reception on the 3d of December, but I am too old to share in public festivities. I can only write to say that I am grateful to him for many pleasant hours, which I owe to his philosophic thoughts, scintillating with sparkles of wit, like deep waters sprinkling sun diamonds as they flow. I also thank him for the healthy tones of pure domestic affection which breathe through his writings; showing that he habitually estimated woman not merely as the petted plaything, with bright eyes, coral lips, and shining hair, but as the beloved and respected friend, companion, and partner of man's life. May his fine faculties remain unimpaired till the soul changes its form and passes into a larger and freer life.

L. MARIA CHILD.

HAMILTON, *November 19, 1879.*

MISS MARY A. DODGE deeply regrets that an expected absence from town pre-

vents her from accepting the polite invitation of the publishers of *The Atlantic Monthly* to a reception and breakfast at the Hotel Brunswick, on December 3, 1879, at twelve o'clock, in honor of the thirty-fifth birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes (which by mistake appears in the note of invitation as the seventieth).

MURRAY HILL, 19 East 37th Street, }
November 20, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — Nothing would have given me more pleasure than to participate in the honor you propose to render to Dr. O. W. Holmes, — the first of our wits, among the first of our poets, and who as an essayist, in his peculiar line, has no equal on either side of the Atlantic, — but I regret that my engagements will not allow me to be absent from New York at the time. With many wishes for your success, I remain yours most truly,

PARKE GODWIN.

EDGEWOOD, }
Thanksgiving Day, *November, 1879.* }

GENTLEMEN, — Illness only has forbidden an earlier acknowledgment of your enticing invitation for the 3d proximo.

I cannot forbear sending from my sick-room words of cheer for the veteran wit, philosopher, humanitarian, humorist, — how shall I characterize him?

I do not know what sort of pabulum he is used to provide for patients in the practice of his special profession; but if it be one half so well weighed and so well put as that which he has furnished in times past — between book covers — for the whole English-reading world, he must have wrought amazing cures.

One wonders how such a man as Dr. Holmes should ever grow old himself or let others grow old about him. Blessings on him! Very truly yours,

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

NORTH BEND, OHIO, }
November 24, 1879. }

DEAR SIRs, — I regret that it will be impossible for me to be present at the breakfast to be given by you in honor of the seventieth anniversary of Dr. Holmes's birthday, and to pay my humble respects in person to the delightful poet. It would have given me great pleasure to be among the fortunate, and of course hungry, guests

at such a breakfast table, and to sit in the electric atmosphere of the happy Autocrat, who, I trust, will live to prove his charming fancy of the Seventy-Year Clock, in his own case, at least, a fable and a dream, taking no note of time thereby, but, instead, continuing to

Drink of Time's rich cup, and never surfeit,
Fling in more days than went to make the gem
That crowned the white top of Methusalem.

Thanking you for your kind invitation,
I remain very truly yours,

JOHN J. PIATT.

P. S. The above quotation may be said to be a *Lamb* chop, and therefore, I hope, not unbecoming a breakfast table.

29 WAVERLEY PLACE, }
NEW YORK, November 18, 1879. }

DEAR SIRs, — I thank you for your kind invitation to the festival of December 3d, which is just received.

I have never known a greater social pleasure than to meet Dr. Holmes, nor is there a man on earth whom I should more delight to join in honoring, but I shall not be able to share these enjoyments with you on this occasion. I am very truly yours,

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, }
BALTIMORE, November 29, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — I have delayed a reply to your attractive invitation to the breakfast to be given in honor of Dr. Holmes, hoping that I should be able to accept; but it is now quite clear that I cannot leave my post, and I must be content to send you my thanks. In this new university we consider "the Professor at the Breakfast Table" as one of the permanent members of the academic staff, and though we do not hear his voice or see his smile we feel his power and enjoy his wit. As the years go on we expect that new generations of young Hopkinsians will delight, as their predecessors have done, in the humor and poetry which "the Professor at the Breakfast Table" has brought to the Harvard festivals, — the salt of many a banquet. With sincere regret that I must be absent, I am, dear sirs, yours sincerely,

D. C. GILMAN.

NEW HAVEN, November 24th.

DEAR SIRs, — Accept my sincere thanks for your invitation to the breakfast

in honor of the birthday of our distinguished poet, prose writer, and scientist, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and my regrets that circumstances personal to myself will prevent my attendance.

Do me the favor also to convey to your honored guest my expressions of esteem for his character and admiration for his writings. . . . In all English literature I do not know any prose but that of the Autocrat and the Professor which can be put on an equality, for brightness and lightness and flexibility, with the rapier-like prose of Voltaire, Abbot, and some other famous Frenchmen. It has been a piece of good fortune, not merely for the American republic of letters, but also for our mother tongue, that Dr. Holmes has lived.

May the valuable life be continued for many years to come. Very respectfully yours,

J. W. DEFOREST.

WASHINGTON, D. C., }
November 22, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — I am much obliged and much honored by your invitation to the reception and breakfast you propose to give at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, on the 3d December, in honor of the seventieth birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes. . . . But I must be content to send you my thanks and my regret that I cannot be with you. I know Oliver Wendell Holmes only as he is known to the millions, — as a man of letters and a man of high character, one of the most brilliant of American authors and scholars, a poet and a philosopher; one whose genial wit has often brushed away clouds of care and sadness from the thoughtful brow of Boston, and mantled our land generally with smiles of joy and gladness.

Though I cannot be with you in person, I shall rejoice with you that the days of Oliver Wendell Holmes have been thus long in the land; that he has reached what Victor Hugo calls "the youth of old age;" that his life has been a success to himself, a source of pride to Boston, an honor to men of letters, a help and a happiness to countless thousands of his countrymen. With my best wishes for the continuance of his life and health, and the hope that I may yet have the pleasure of celebrating one or more of his future birthdays, I am,

gentlemen, with very great respect, very truly yours,
FREDK. DOUGLASS.

46 PARK AVENUE, }
NEW YORK, November 20th. }

GENTLEMEN, — There is a doctor here in New York who thinks I ought not to go anywhere or do anything, and he frowns upon my accepting your invitation to the Holmes breakfast. . . . But I take the liberty to send my congratulations to your honored guest on his arrival at the venerable dignity which crowns so many of his stately and tuneful brotherhood in Eastern Massachusetts. . . . I have often been saddened by words which showed that he was drifting away from his youth with regret. Allusions to the fact that he was growing old have crept into merry song and dainty fantasy. . . . I have been sorry for this, because I and a great multitude of others have enjoyed Dr. Holmes's life about as much as he has himself; so that if life could be measured by the amount of pleasure and satisfaction it begets, he must have been living at a tremendous rate, and have crowded into these brief seventy years of his the age of Methuselah, at least. . . . He has lived young, and done a great deal to help the rest of us to do so, for which we owe him a large debt of gratitude. . . . Yours very truly,

J. G. HOLLAND.

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER, }
PHILADELPHIA, November 27, 1879. }

GENTLEMEN, — It has rarely happened to me to write the word "regret" with stronger sense of its meaning than when I have to write my inability to join the Atlantic company at breakfast next Wednesday, and the festival to mark the seventieth birthday of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I wish I could be there to note the many O. W. H.'s combined into one in him, when they all reach the day that completes the three score and ten together, to see which is older, oldest, or youngest, — the physician curé of the body, the keen but genial wit, the charming raconteur, the poet, the philosopher, the man (rare man who is so many men), — which of these comes to the score of seventy with most of the freshness and vigor of youth, tempered by the maturing influence of years.

We have autocratic authority for be-

lieving "they do well to [breakfast] together. A breakfast party made up of such elements is the last triumph of civilization over barbarism. Nature and art combine to charm the senses; the equatorial zone of the system is soothed by well-studied artifices; the faculties are off duty, and fall into their natural attitudes; you see wisdom in slippers and science in a short jacket."

These are real feasts of wit, intellect, and good-fellowship; and I only half express my regret when saying, I am very, very sorry I can't be there. Very truly yours,
GEORGE W. CHILDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 1, 1879.

GENTLEMEN, — I have delayed until today my answer to your kind invitation to the dinner given in honor of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the hope that it might be possible for me to come, but I now see that it is out of my power. I earnestly wish I could be with you to congratulate your honored guest upon the attainment of the age which Victor Hugo calls "*la jeunesse de la vieillesse*."

Through a long life of literary work — for his first successes were won in his boyhood — he has carried with him the respect and the affection of a constantly growing multitude of readers, and if all who love and admire him could be permitted to give him each a day of their lives his years would extend beyond those of Methuselah. Certainly few men could have their days indefinitely prolonged with equal pleasure and profit to the world. As artist and moralist he is equally blameless. In all his works there is not to be found a slovenly line nor an impure thought. We may all, therefore, with as much selfishness as regard for the public good, heartily wish him long life and undiminished powers. I am faithfully yours,
JOHN HAY.

PALAZZO BARBERINI, ROME, }
Wednesday morning, December 3, 1879. }

DEAR MR. HOUGHTON, — I have just received the invitation of the publishers of The Atlantic Monthly to breakfast today and meet Oliver Wendell Holmes, who I am informed is seventy years of age. I don't believe it. He is as young as ever he was, as full of life and genius and humor as ever he was, and it is all humbug;

he is only a boy. He told me so himself, he has told several persons of my acquaintance the same fact, and I know he meets other "boys" and reads poems to them every year ridiculing their absurd pretensions of being old. But it is a besetting sin of young creatures to pretend to be old. Let him wait; he will get old in time—perhaps; I am not sure. I know some extremely wise and serious fellows of twenty-one who are really old, but I doubt if he ever will be. I accept with the greatest pleasure. I know there will be great fun, and excellent talk, and speeches *ad lib.*, to all of which I shall listen with great pleasure. It is now just a quarter to eleven o'clock, and the breakfast is to begin this very day at twelve. This will just give me time to get there. I shall take the lightning express at half past eleven, and be with you in a flash, so that I shall be able to get back here to a late dinner. I don't

mind postponing my dinner for an hour for the pleasure of meeting a young friend, and telling him how I admire and delight in him, and all he is and all he does, and trying to encourage him to go on. There are so few young people left, we must keep all we have. I shall, in our phrase, "be happy to meet him as an American," and as an (I came very near saying *old*) friend. Please say to him for me, "Bless you, my boy!"

How lucky it was I got your invitation in time! How lucky there is such a thing as electricity and a lightning train! Yours most faithfully,

W. W. STORY.

There were other letters from invited guests who were unable to attend, which would have found a place in this record except for the unfortunate fire which destroyed them before they were placed in the editor's hands.